★ Sept. 8, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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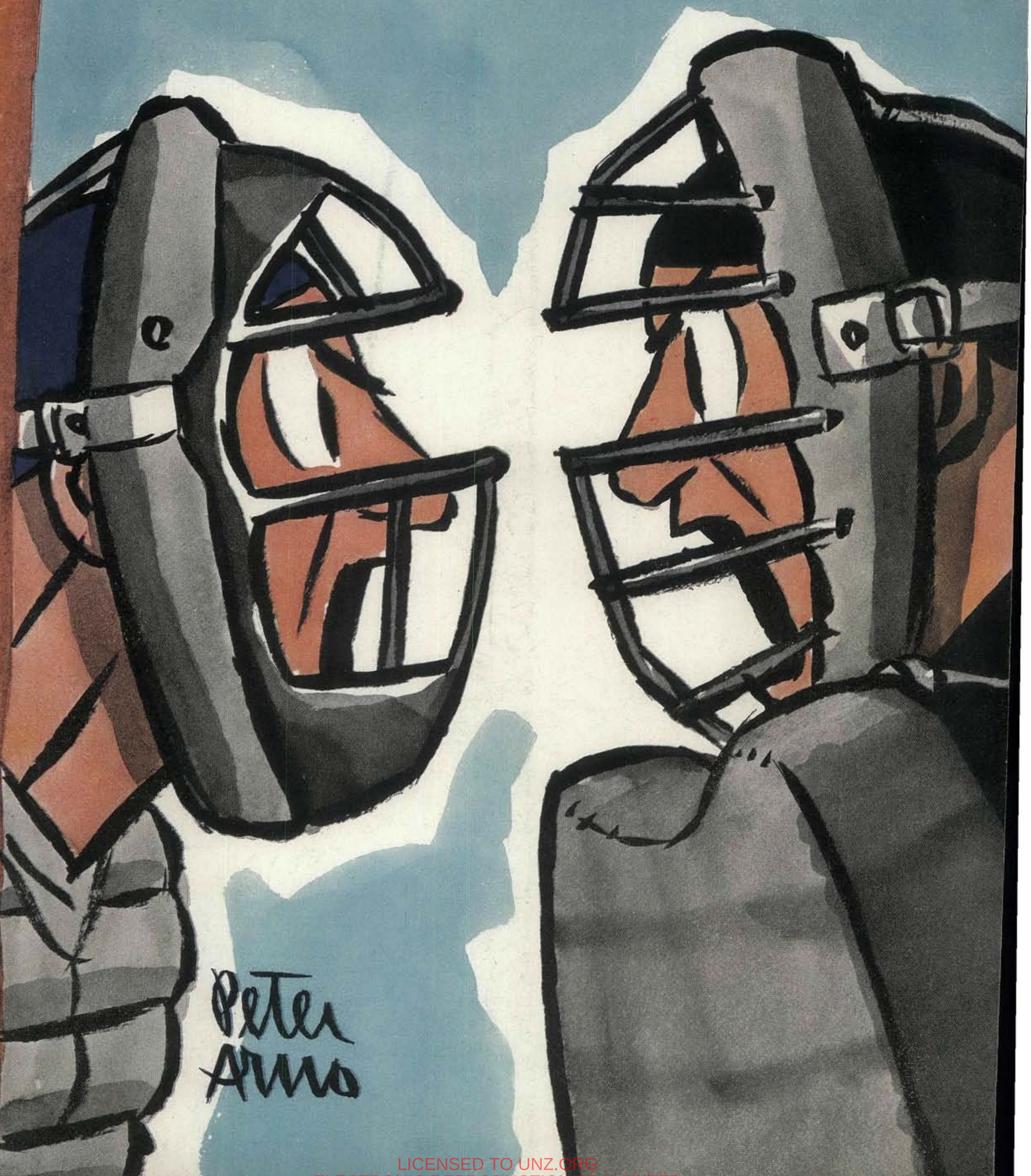
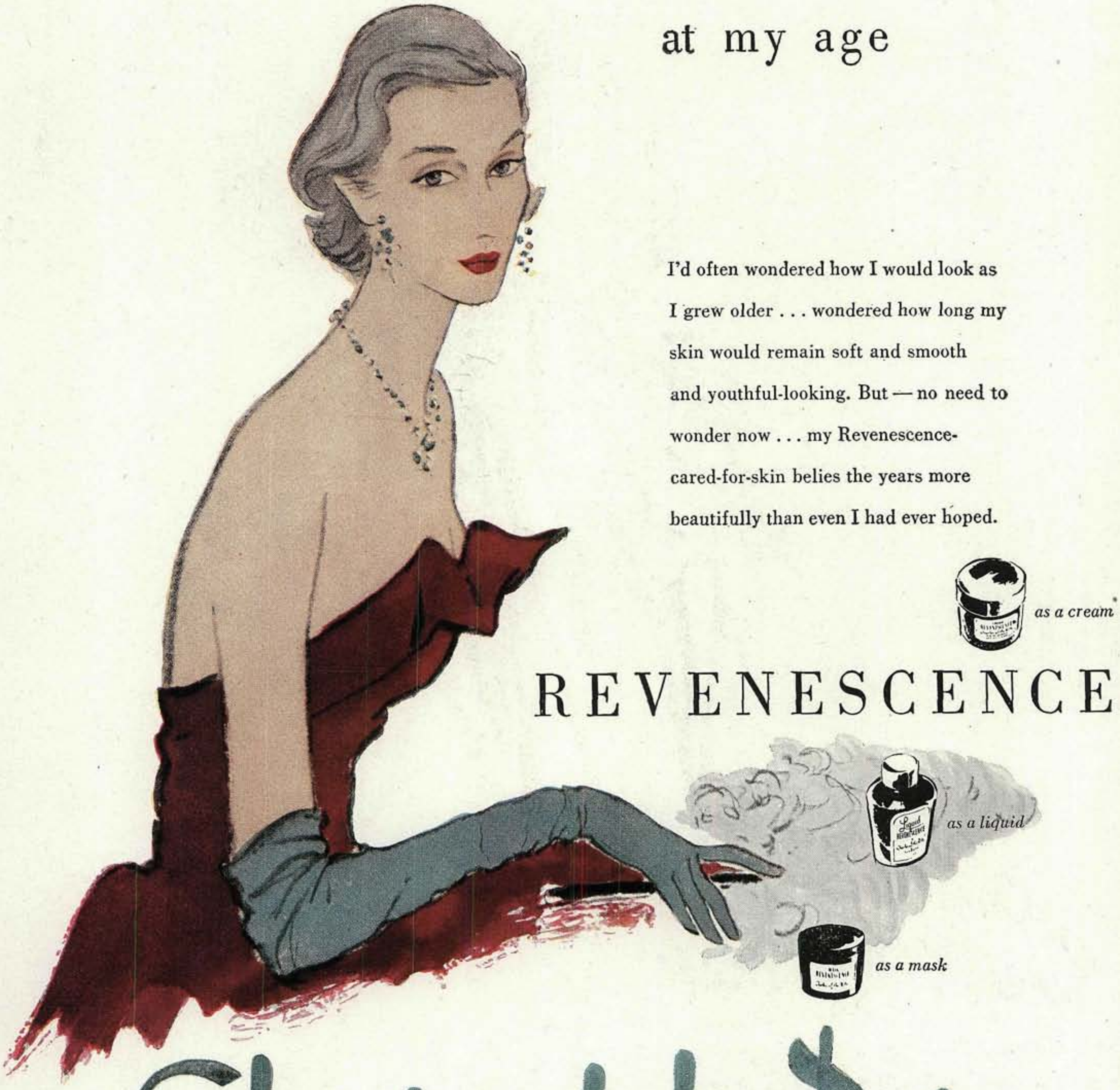


I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age



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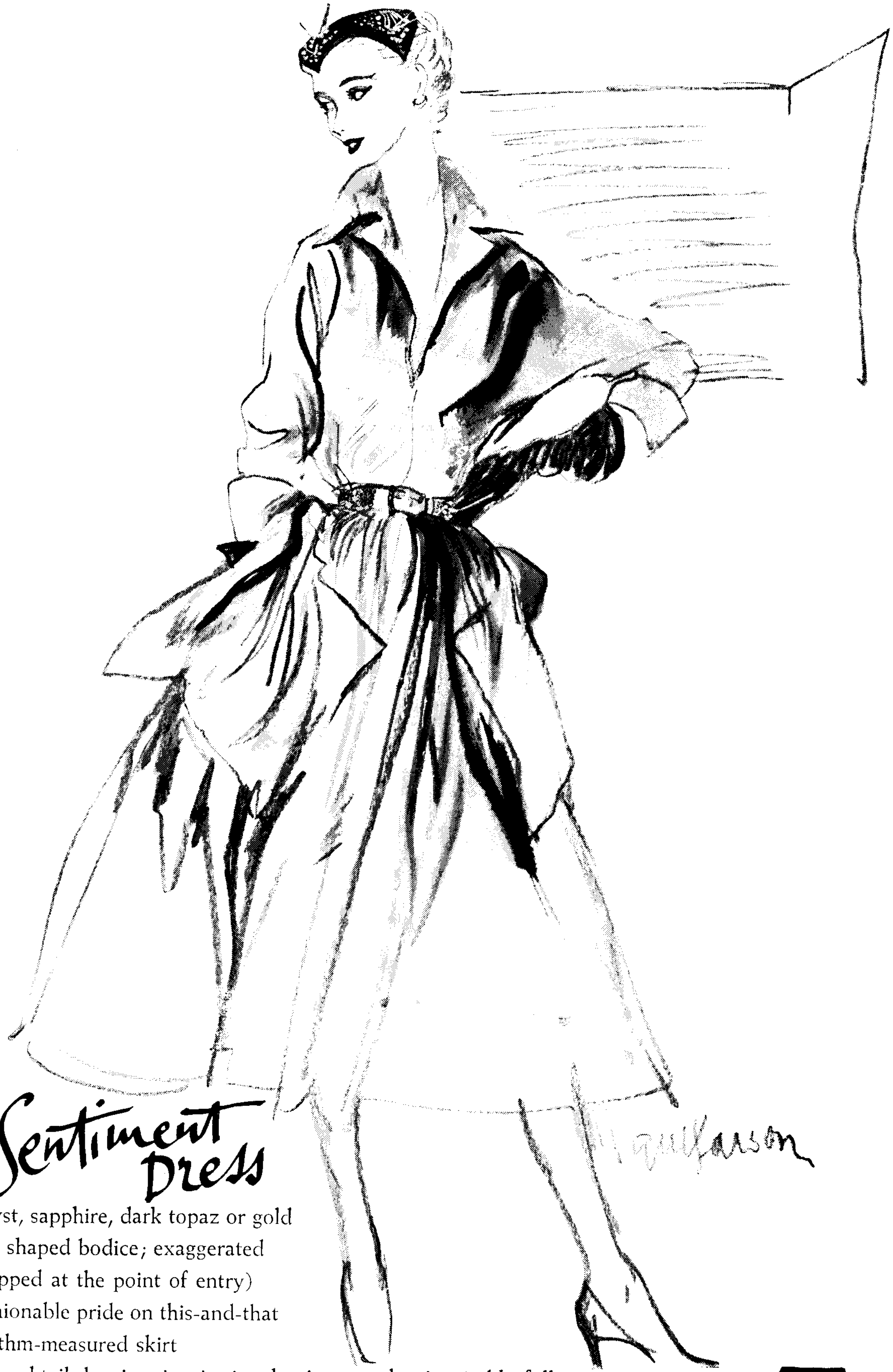

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her famous old piece of corn pone. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. Opens Friday, Sept. 14. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are wonderfully adept in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—This rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—**AFFAIRS OF STATE:** June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Lace on Her Petticoat—Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked in a comedy-drama by Aimée Stuart. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and touching adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. The cast, in addition to Miss Booth, includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Carol Channing is Lorelei Lee, and Shirl Conway and Jack McCauley are some of her peculiar friends in the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 15.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

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BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 6: "Serenade," "The Miraculous Mandarin" (American première), "Divertimento," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 7: "Mother Goose Suite," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 8: "Serenade," "Pas de Trois," "Cakewalk," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 8: "The Duel," "The Cage," "Firebird," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 9: "Mother Goose Suite," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 9: "Card Game," "Pas de Trois," "Illuminations," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 11: "Jinx," "A la Françaix" (première), "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, Sept. 12: "Card Game," "Divertimento," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 14: "Illuminations," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 15: "Jinx," "Mother Goose Suite," "The Duel," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 15: "Concerto Barocco," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 23.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the indoor but airy Garden, the dance orchestra of Jules Lande stirs a mild breeze at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Under one of the biggest rooftrees in the world, Sammy Kaye's orchestra provides dance music after eight-thirty. Closes for the season on Saturday, Sept. 8.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music every day but Sunday in the Palm Court at cocktail time, and in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra provides a breezy background to his piano. The long-lost Pancho weighs in now and then with his new rumba band. In the lounge, piano music by George Feyer after eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's show manages to cram an amazing amount of skating onto one small cake of ice. Dancing on dry

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 30, Sept. 8, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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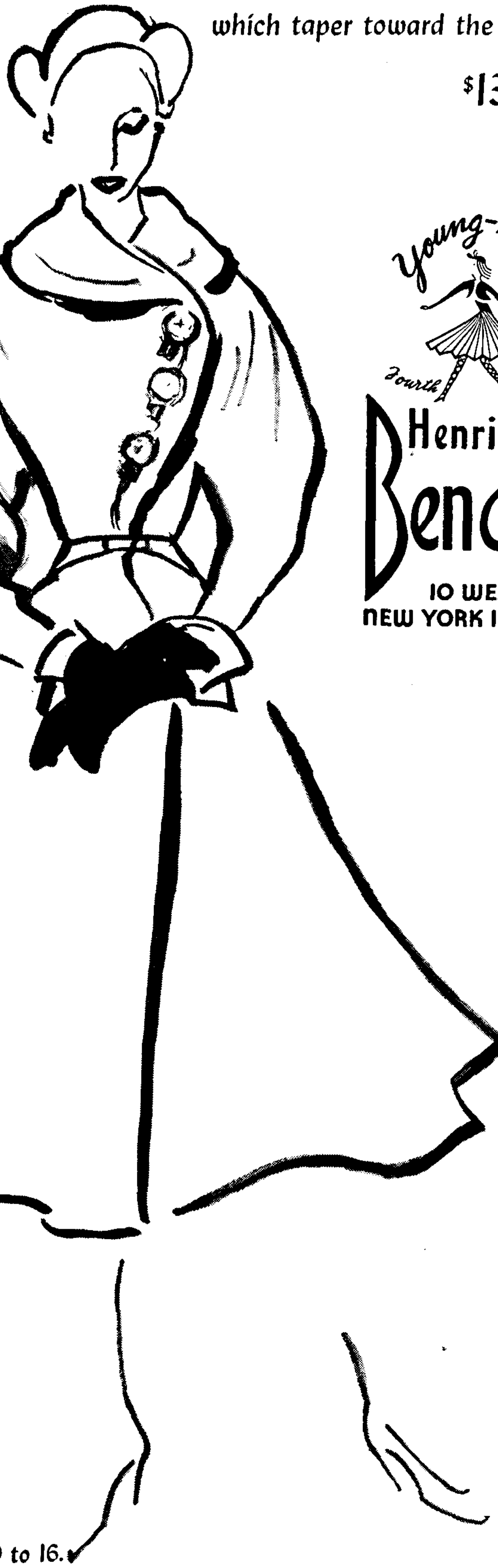


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

land to Bernie Cummins' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals are the principal purveyors of dinner and supper dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is a big and beautiful débutantes' delight. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw, which perform all evening, except on Sunday, abet the mood it induces. It will be put away until spring on Wednesday, Sept. 12. . . . ¶ The Maisonette, bless its sumptuous heart, will reopen Thursday, Sept. 13, with Julie Wilson, a good-natured, fun-loving girl with songs that exactly match her temperament. The two bands from the Roof will be there, too. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Gilded youth meets girl. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The tree-lined terrace is ideal for nights when it's so warm the only covering you want is a blanket of stars. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Robert Maxwell, a clever jazz musician, picks on a harp twice his size, and Carmen Torres unravels a remarkable voice and a not wholly necessary fondness for operatic trickery. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 12, John Carroll will blow in from the Coast with a compote of popular arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music after nine.

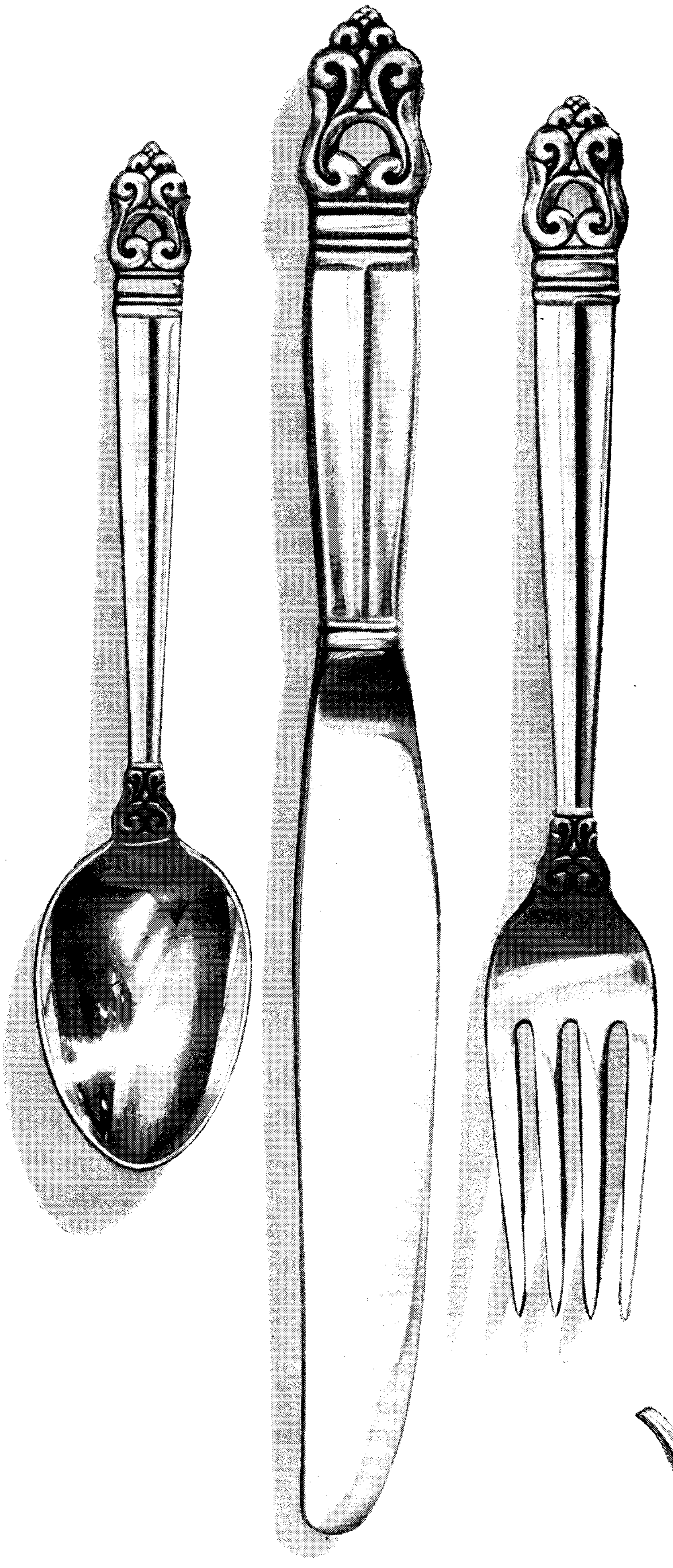
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vaughn Monroe, an "Asleep in the Deep" sort of basso, and his orchestra, as well as Mischa Borr's band, deploy at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve all by itself. Dancing.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate rendezvous no larger than Texas, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who practically invented the coming-out party, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is here, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): One of the town's best-dressed hideaways, with piano music by Alex Fogarty from nine until curfew. Closed Saturday, Sept. 8, and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Ira Brant's trio departs on Saturday, Sept. 8, and the following Monday Sonny Kendis will bring his trio back to its old stamping ground. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and



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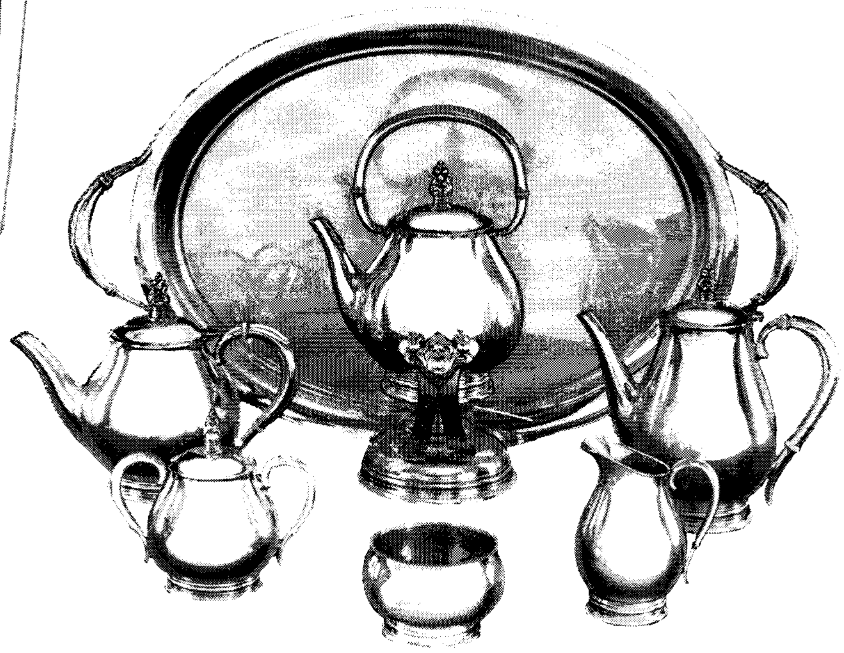

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy example of 1960 décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which, through Monday, Sept. 10, Vicente Gomez will offer his dinner and supper guitar sessions. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis and his amazing stories of the perils of the Machine Age (pari-mutuel, that is). There's a lot more show, too, though it's hard to imagine why. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (*Fort Lee 8-2000): Country life in the Times* Square manner, plus an unparalleled view of the George Washington Bridge. The main event of the lengthy agenda is Lena Horne, an impressive lady firebrand, who steams feverishly through a satisfactory clutch of ballads.

SUPPER CLUBS

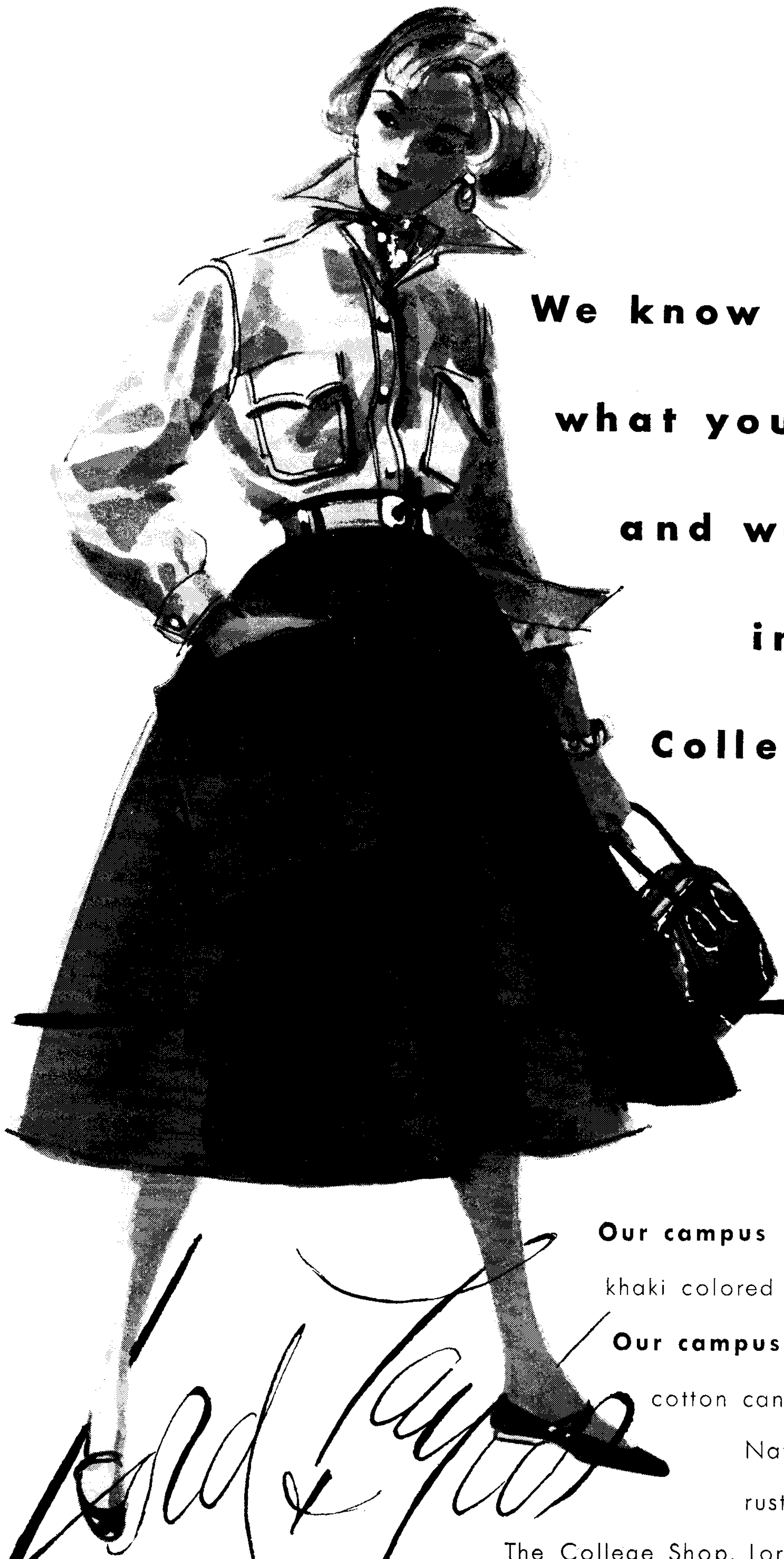
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean unveils a rather special but engaging sense of humor, Odette Myrtil dishes up several laughable ideas of her own, Doodles and the Spider poke disrespectful fun at some recordings, and Barbara Cook sings like a little lamb. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and Bart Howard, and the cheery sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham thinks his free-associational thoughts out loud and the Three Riffs romp through *their jolly jump tunes. Julius Monk is again* at the piano, and the Norman Paris Trio is again on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 7, with Shoshana Damari, that vivid nightingale from Israel. George Hopkins, a new humorist, chips in with a few remarks. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Herb Corey is in charge of the humor. On Monday, Sept. 10, Bibi Osterwald, a stentorian and highly comical blond intoner of moose calls, will take over from Mr. Corey. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The starting backfield—Jimmie Daniels, Mae Barnes, Norene Tate, Garland Wilson—has returned, and is having a ball from ten-thirty on. Their singing and clowning are supplemented by the raffish ditties of Alice Ghostley and G. Wood. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): There's been no break in the heat wave here for over five years. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Amid far more than the comforts of home, there's a sentimental journey to Dixieland by Bobby Hackett's sextet (nice brass trim by Mr. H. and Vic Dickenson, and tasty clarinet marmalade by



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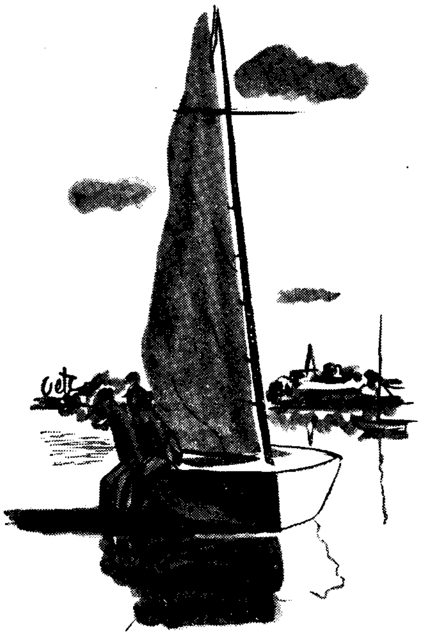
Gene Sedric) and the out-of-this-world music of Red Norvo, aided by two new names-to-remember—Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, now equipped with Andy Russo, has resumed its labors here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A hard-riding posse made up of Jimmy Archey, Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's always a high labor turnover in this bustling emporium. At the moment, Lester Young is on hand with one bunch of hearties, and Cootie Williams with another. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees. On Sept. 7, a bumper crop—Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Ray McKinley, and Jimmy McPartland—will be reaped. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Sept. 7), Bobby Sherwood, Peanuts Hucko, Willie the Lion Smith, Billy Butterfield, Sol Yaged, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton, Ohio, will hold forth. Dancing.

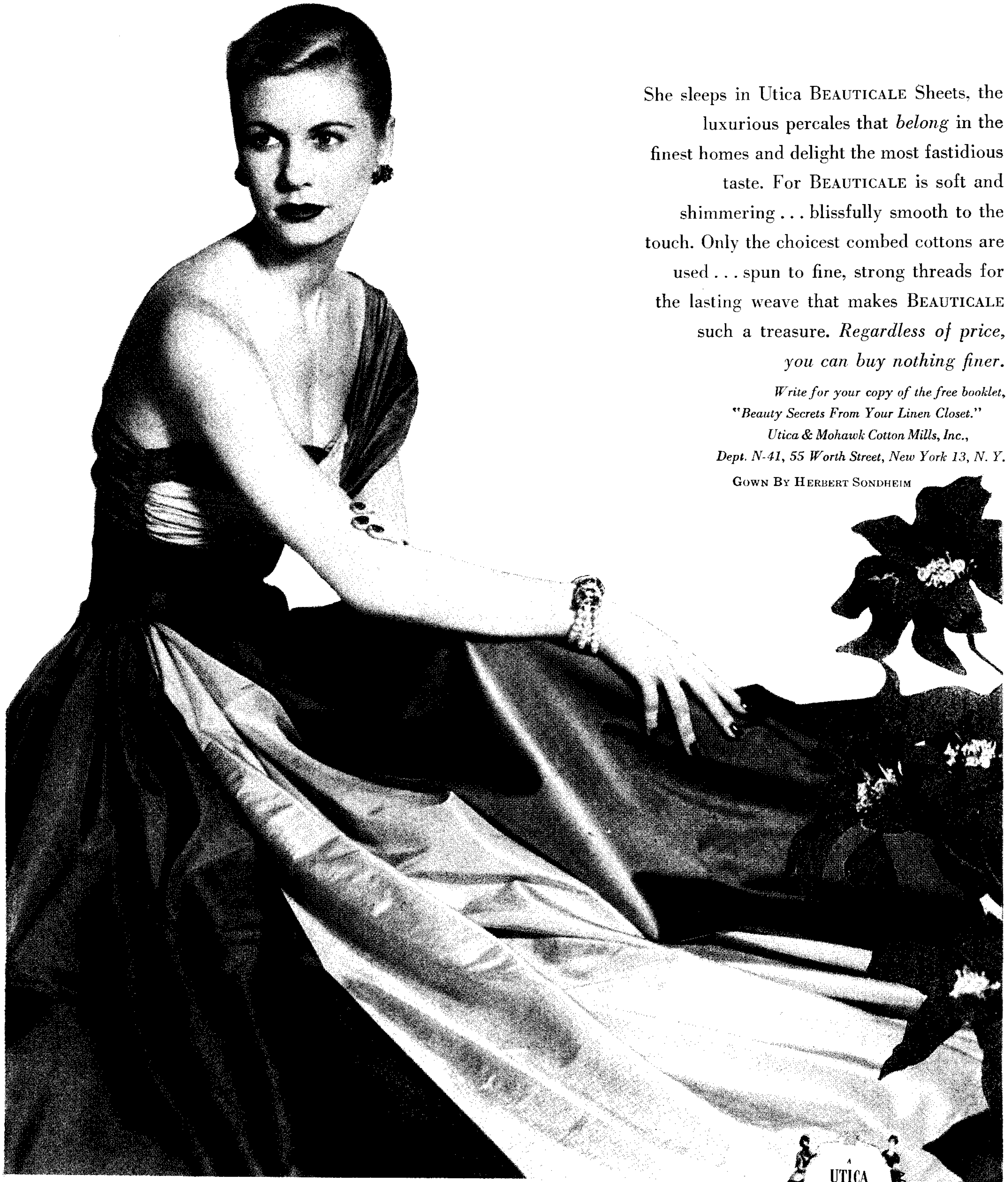
DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.:** Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:**



She Lives in Greenville (S.C.) – She Sleeps in UTICA



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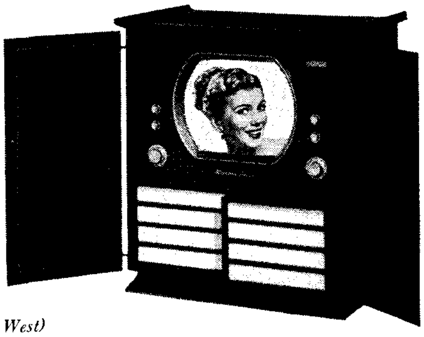

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. ...¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. ...**POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays....¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). ...¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). ...**TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-9883).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in town are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 27.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Three or four pictures apiece by Joe Jones, Fletcher Martin, Doris Lee, and others; through Sept. 8.... **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, Peter Grippe, José de Rivera, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, small sculptures, and prints; through Sept. 7.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28. Closed Saturdays.... **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Sept. 20.... **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Paintings and pastels by gallery artists, among them Kimber Smith, Seong Moy, and Joan Mitchell. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4; through Sept. 15. ...**PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Sept. 7.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Sept. 28. Closed Saturdays.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—Group shows at the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Sept. 29. Closed Saturday, Sept. 8.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings; through Sept. 22. ...**FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: European and American moderns; through Sept. 29.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French; through Sept. 29. Closed Saturdays. ...**VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Americans and Italians; through Sept. 28. Closed Saturdays.

NOTE—The semiannual exhibit in Washington Square will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Wednesday, Sept. 12, and continuing through Sunday, Oct. 7.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16....¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nine-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by five New York collectors; through Sept. 9.... ¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions: paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's first show of the season is a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 30.)

MUSIC

Old Timers Orchestra—Frieder Weissmann conducting, with Victor Clark, tenor, and other soloists. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, Sept. 8, at 8:30.)

Jazz at the Philharmonic—A big jam session with Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, and Flip Phillips, among others, whooping it up. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 15, at midnight.)

South Mountain—The Berkshire String Quartet. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, Sept. 9, at 4. For information about tickets, write to the South Mountain Association, Pittsfield.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, Sept. 6, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Sept. 7, at 2:30; Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 2:05. (Before the start of the Saturday game, two teams of Yankees of yesteryear will be galvanized into charging around the bases for three innings.) ... ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 5:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 13-14, at 2:30, and Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Saturday, Sept. 8, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 2:05.

Boxing—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Friday, Sept. 7: Walter Cartier vs. Billy Kilgore, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 14: Eugene Hairston vs. Harold Green, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) ... POLO GROUNDS: Wednesday, Sept. 12: Randy Turpin, of England, vs. Ray Robinson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sunday, Sept. 9.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Saucon Valley Country Club, Bethlehem, Pa. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 10-15.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8.) ... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 9.) ... ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 8.) ... ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 15.)

Motorboat Racing—Around Manhattan, for the Harwood Trophy. (Sunday, Sept. 9.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury (ten-

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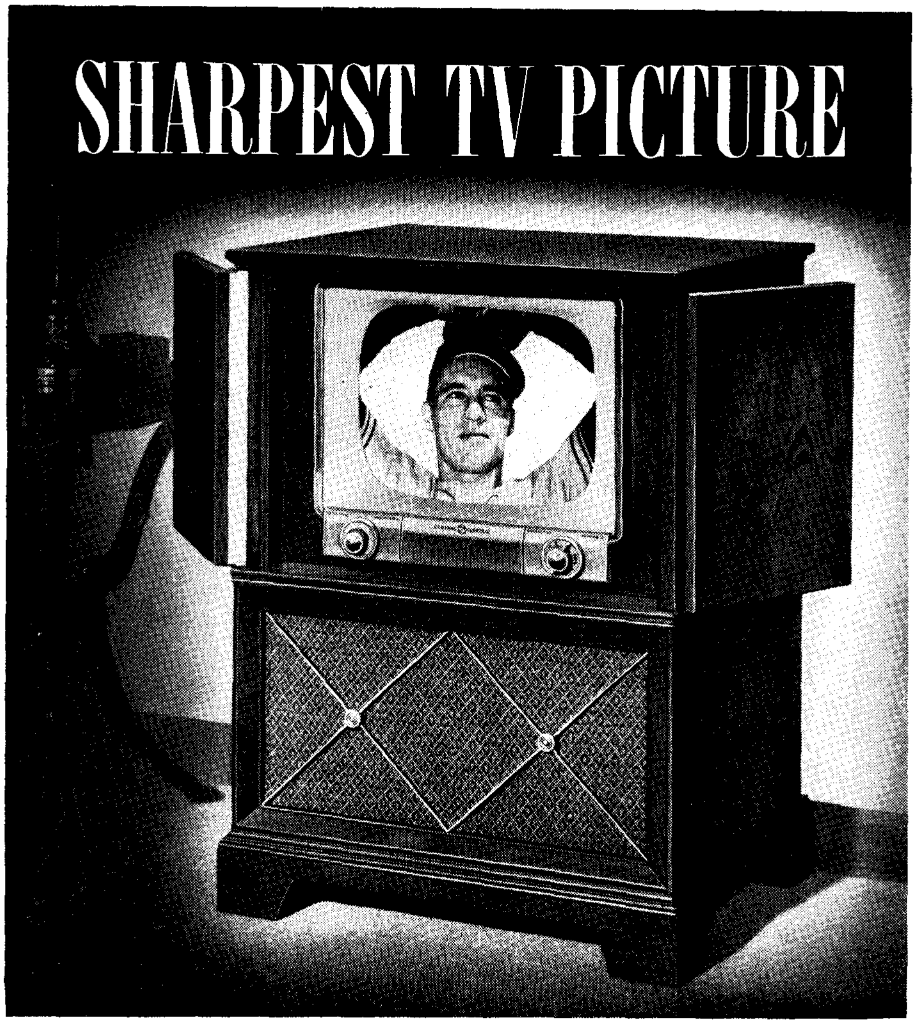

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tative).... **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury. A match in the East-West Championship Tournament, Sept. 9.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15, through Saturday, Sept. 22. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 8; the Bay Shore Handicap, Monday, Sept. 10; and the Edgemere Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.)

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—The annual whizzer in, through, up, down, and around Watkins Glen. Four contests are scheduled—the International Grand Prix, the Queen Catherine Mountour Cup Race, the Seneca Cup Race, and the Glen Trophy. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 15. First race starts at 10 A.M.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, Sept. 10, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Sept. 9.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization is currently in the throes of transferring all operations from Flushing Meadow to Manhattan, but if you call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, you may catch an open meeting, at Flushing Meadow, of the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, or the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. Be sure to call the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

MINEOLA FAIR—Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the baton twirling, ox pulling, horseshoe pitching, sheepdog herding, puppet shows, fireworks, antique vehicles, rodeo, square dancing, concerts, spinning demonstrations, and exhibits of pheasants, pigs, peacocks, and Lord knows what else. (Fair Grounds, Mineola. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 11-15, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The program for September includes the main show, "Exploring the Constellations," as well as a special demonstration of how the annular eclipse of September 1st took place. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday *mornings at 11.)*

•

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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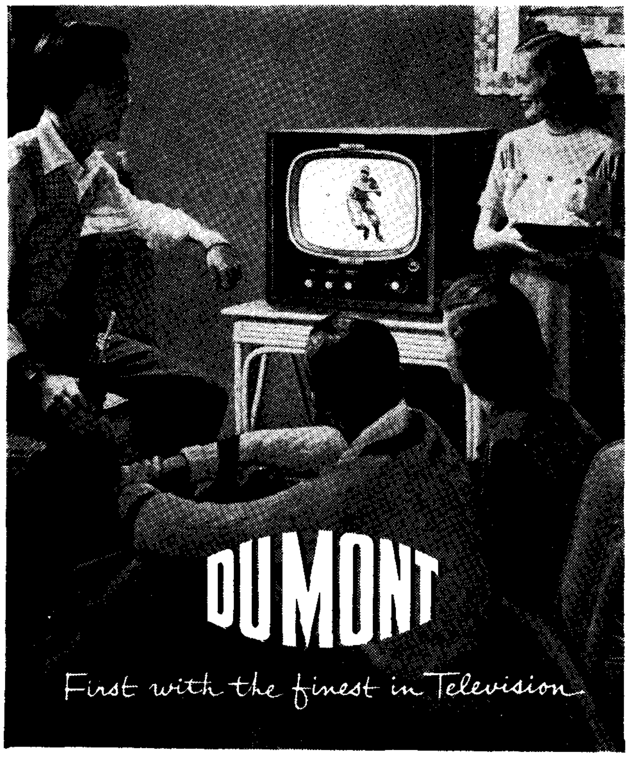

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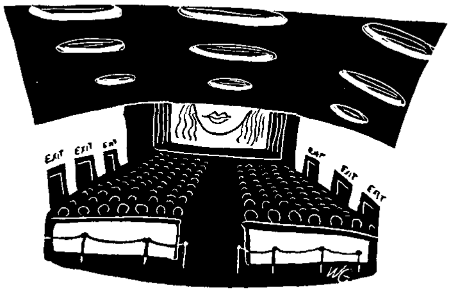
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Bright Victory—How one veteran blinded in the last war finds peace in a sightless world. Superbly acted by Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Sept. 10.)

The Emperor's Nightingale—A pleasant little Czechoslovakian picture that employs a myriad handsome dolls to tell the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. The piece includes a commentary written by Phyllis McGinley and delivered by Boris Karloff. (Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2407.)

Four in a Jeep—A film made in Vienna, in many languages, and dealing with a patrol of international M.P.s—American, Russian, English, and French—assigned to keep order in the International Zone of that city. Not as penetrating as it might be, but there are some expert performances. Ralph Meeker and Viveca Lindfors head the cast. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 7-8. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Sept. 12.)

The Great Caruso—Mario Lanza, who plays the mighty Enrico in this venture, has a lot of scales to climb before he'll be in the same class with the Master, but he's a diverting fellow to have around, and the music here is uniformly excellent. Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom help Mr. Lanza line out a few duets. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Sept. 12.)

Marie du Port—Some highly amusing and subtle Gallic byplay, with Jean Gabin superb as a man who appears to have all that life offers but finds something better and eighteen years old (Nicole Courcel). A French film, directed by Marcel Carné. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 11.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to its predecessor, the film is nevertheless a very worth-while affair. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

Operation Disaster—Subaqueous derring-do in an English film that has to recommend it a plausible script, capable acting, and skillful direction. With Richard Attenborough and John Mills. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that is probably as apt a translation of a novel to the screen as anyone is likely to see in our time. The direction by George Stevens is altogether estimable, and the acting is equally so. With Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Show Boat—As if you didn't know. The tunes are still appealing, even if the craft is a bit top-heavy in this version. William Warfield, with "Ol' Man River," establishes himself as the best singer of the piece, and Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Ava Gardner kick the other celebrated numbers around. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tony Draws a Horse—The English having some amiable fun at the expense of a number of their own social customs. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford are included in a highly satisfactory cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 10.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 7, tentative.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 11-12.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy concerning a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 8-11.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 9-10.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 7, tentative.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 7-8. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 11-12, tentative.)

Fame Is the Spur (1949)—An English film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 9-12.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 6, tentative.)

The Jackpot (1950)—The perils of winning first prize in one of those radio give-away shows. With James Stewart. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 7.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 7-10, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 9-11.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; 5-9630; Sept. 6, tentative.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 6, tentative.)

Not Guilty (1948)—An eccentric doctor who can't convince the police he's committed three murders. A French film, with Michel Simon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 12.)

The Rainbow (1944)—A Russian film concerning the German occupation of a Ukranian village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 9-10.)

They Got Me Covered (1943)—Bob Hope as a foreign correspondent, with Dorothy Lamour tagging along. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 11-12.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore in an unreasonable facsimile of Army life. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 11-12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 9, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), with John Barrymore and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 10, showings at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), with Mary Pickford. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2407)
THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
A PLACE IN THE SUN.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SHOW BOAT.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell.
From Sept. 12 (tentative): "Flying Leathernecks," John Wayne, Robert Ryan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

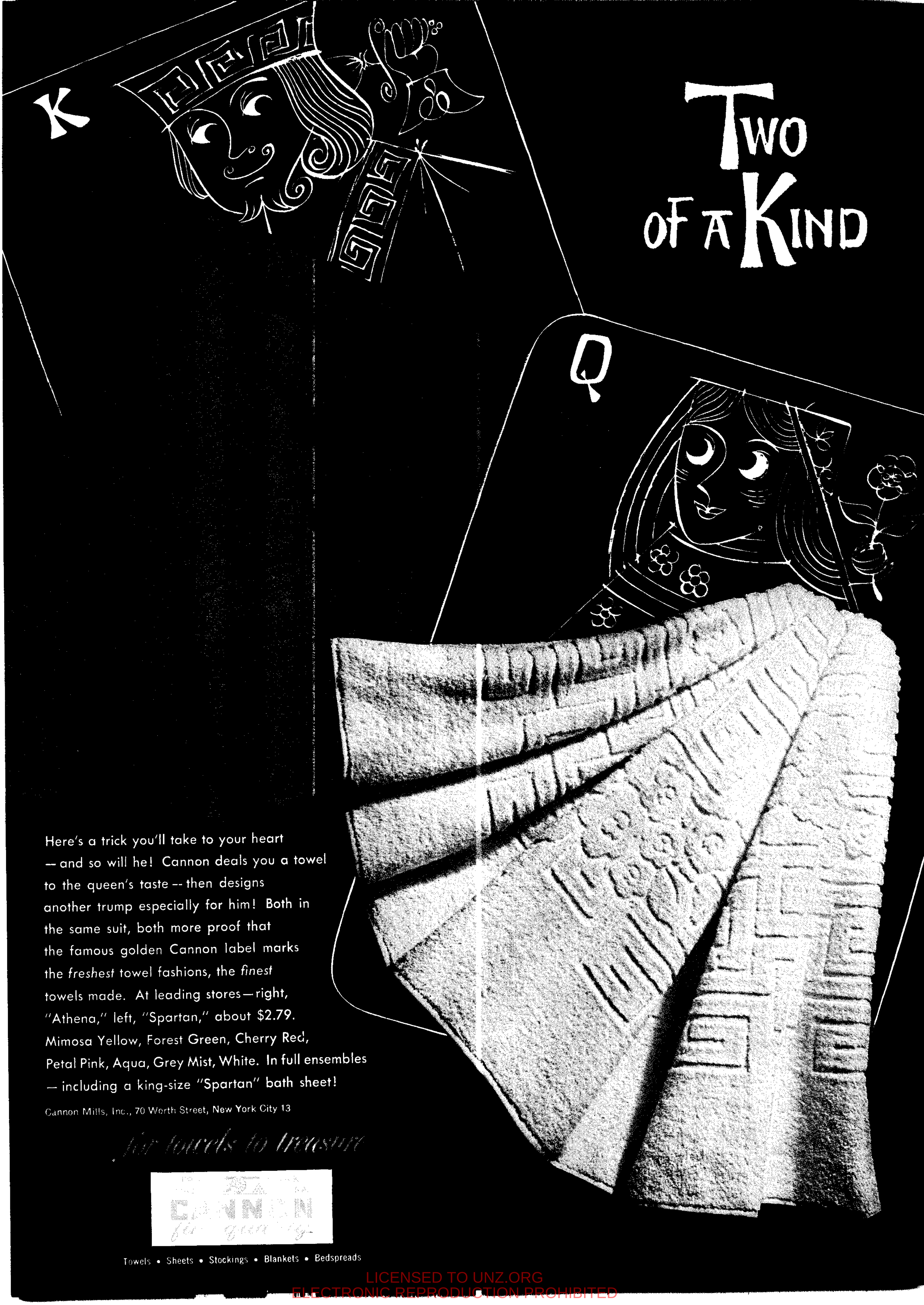
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 12 (tentative): "People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 10: **BRIGHT VICTORY.**
From Sept. 11: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," Dennis Morgan, Virginia Mayo.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

TWO OF A KIND



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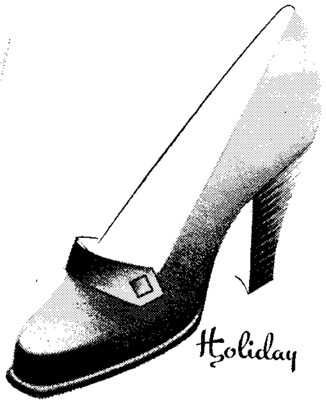

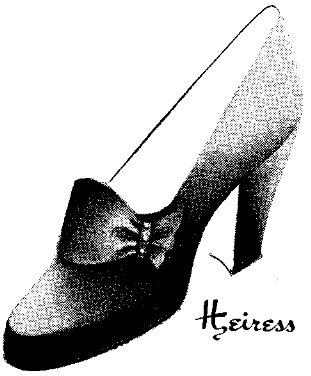

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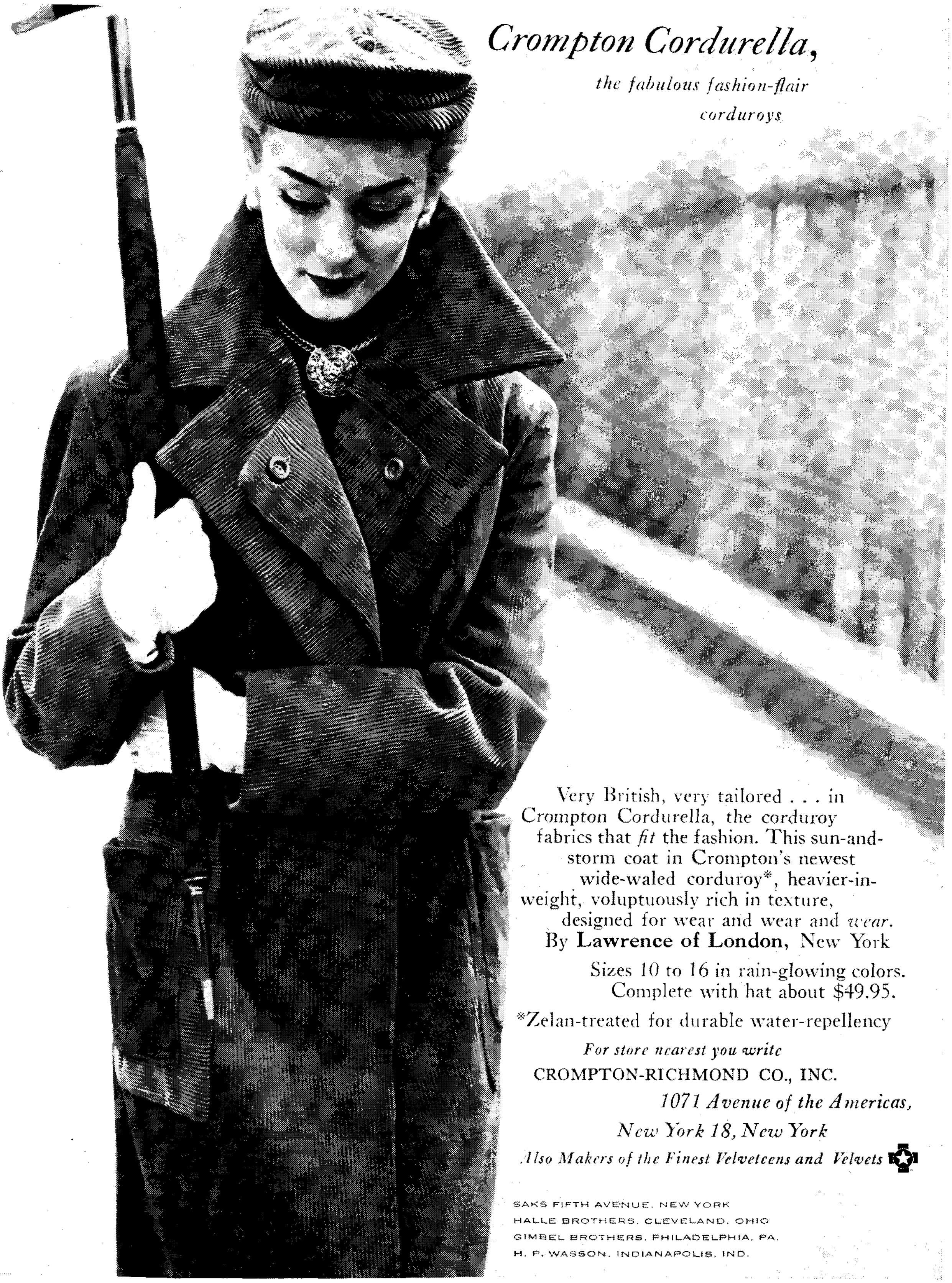

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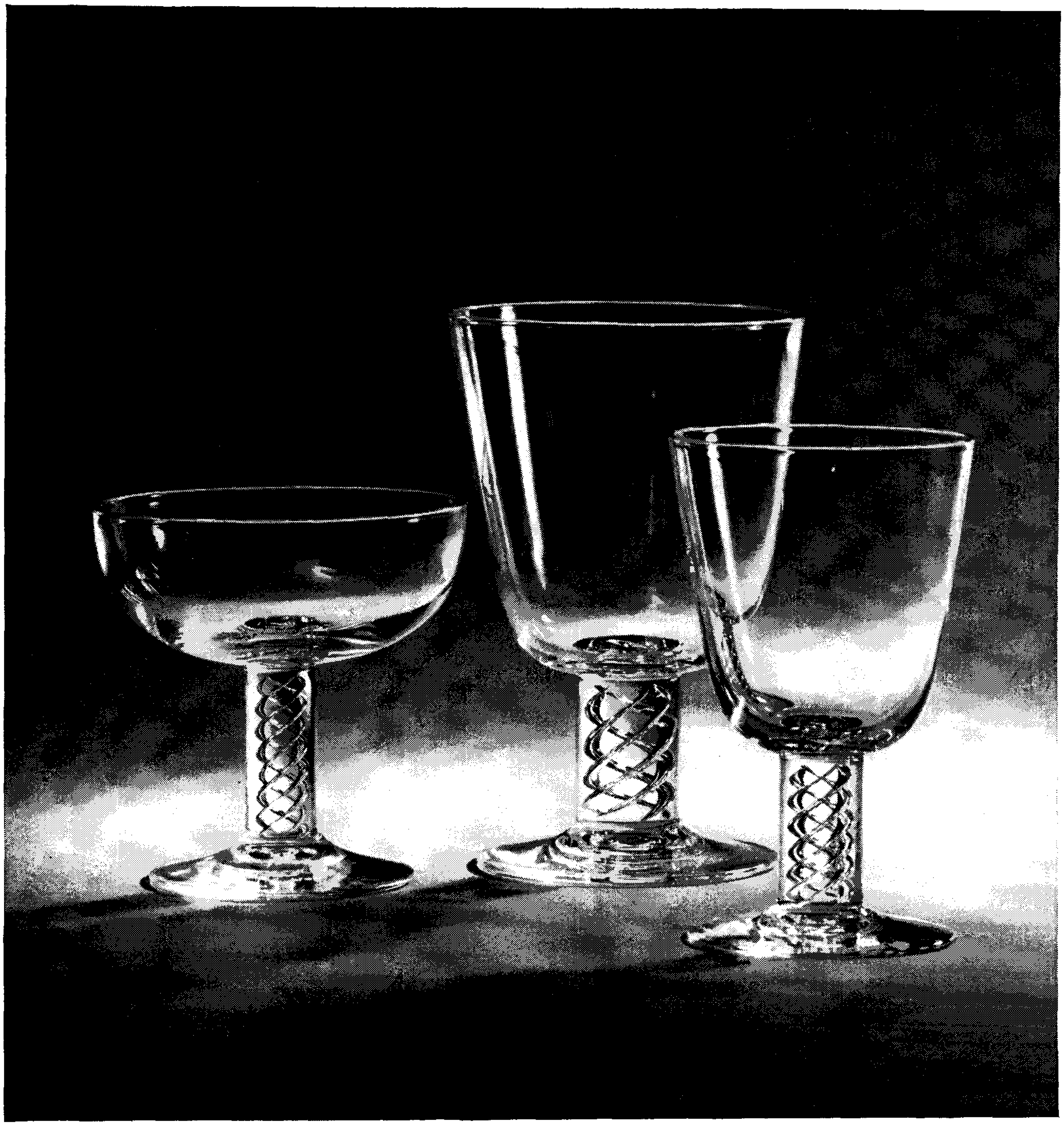

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(*Advertisement*)

In October a new type of *magazine will be published. It will either elate the top 100,000 thinking men in this country, or be a miserable flop. Frankly, we don't know which.*

Let us tell you a little about GENTRY (that's the name of our new publication); why we decided to bring it forth; what we plan to put between the covers; what it will look like; and why we believe there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that we can please the 100,000 men and their families to whom we have referred.

FIRST, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU:

You are one of the 100,000 men (we honestly don't believe there are more than that number) who are a blend of certain characteristics. We don't mean physically; nor do we mean wealth or mental qualities alone. It's pretty hard to pin down, but these are men who have matured in their thinking; who have reached an economic niche above the mass stratum; but, more important, who are ever in quest of a better way to live with themselves as well as with others.

It is always *why, why, why,* with these 100,000 men who look no different from all the others; who may have more or less wealth than many of the others; who may do any kind of work, or no work at all, for their daily bread. They want always to *know* more, so that they may *contribute* more to people near them and to the world in which they live; they want to *give* more so that they can *gain* more from each breath, each hour, each day, each year of their lives.

This is, as we visualize him, the GENTRY reader; and if you feel . . . as he does . . . that you are literally surrounded by a forest of paper and ink, of which very little has true depth . . . then *perhaps* GENTRY will be a publication from which you will derive pleasure, profit, right stimulation and inspiration.

WHAT WILL THIS $2-A-COPY MAGAZINE CONTAIN?

The worth of a magazine depends upon both the *ideas* within its covers and the *form* of presentation. Many people who know AMERICAN FABRICS (another Reporter publication, hailed as one of the finest existing examples of publishing) believe that an organization capable of injecting so much excitement and challenging inspiration into so mundane a subject as textiles can successfully carry the load we have undertaken in GENTRY; they have sent us four, six and as many as twenty subscriptions for themselves, their families and friends; business firms have ordered GENTRY subscriptions as special gifts for men who already have everything, with one firm ordering two hundred and fifty gift subscriptions!

These people have ordered GENTRY without having seen it because there is apparently a real need for this type of reading matter, and because they use AMERICAN FABRICS as an index to our thinking as well as our publishing capabilities. But how can you, who may never have seen A.F., tell whether we can or cannot produce the kind of magazine we have been talking about?

It is hard to give a picture of GENTRY for the reason that there is nothing in the world like it. For example, when GENTRY prints a story on fishing, our technique calls for the swatching of an actual trout fly in the book. Or, perhaps we talk about smoking; in this case it is quite natural for GENTRY to enclose a tobacco leaf to illustrate a point which is being made in the article.

WHAT'S IN THE FIRST ISSUE?

There is a story (not too many words) on old automobiles. Rather than do the ordinary in picturing them, we give our readers four tip-ons reproducing a 1904 Packard K Tonneau, a 1909 Thomas Towner, a 1904 Surrey fringed top beauty and a 1908 Buick 10 Rumble. Each of these tip-ons (in pochoir colors on rich mat paper) is suitable for framing; and please remember that these are not offset or lithography printed, but the kind of prints you will find in Madison Avenue shops at respectable prices.

Then there's the question of health and entertainment for yourself and your family. Do you know that for two or three thousand dollars it is possible to build your own private Finnish steam bath into your home? This article, complete with plans, costs, details, etc., will be interesting to almost everybody.

Take the question of fashions:

We do not believe that the best magazine reproduction in the world, full color or black-and-white, can do justice to a fine tweed fabric. So, when GENTRY illustrates a new coat, an actual swatch of the fabric will be tipped alongside the photo to make it come to life. As we said, it is difficult to convey the kind of magazine GENTRY will be, but we *can* say nothing like it has ever been done.

Besides good living and fashion, GENTRY believes that people do not live by bread and circuses alone. Indeed, it is our opinion that many people will value and keep the first issue of GENTRY if only for the article entitled "What It Means to Be a Man." We do not believe that muscles, money or medals are sufficient to merit this word. Through the ages the greatest minds have set forth their thoughts on the subject. GENTRY will present some of these thoughts, together with our own editors' estimates and deductions. We believe that if you have a son, this one article may well contribute more to his growth than many months of formal education.

Art, writing, thinking: all geared at the highest possible level, all to give the reader a truly unusual and not-to-be-found-anywhere-else publication . . . this will be GENTRY.

A big order, yes! But we *think* we can deliver. If *you* think we can, will you join the GENTRY Charter Subscribers? We are not extending this invitation in mass media. GENTRY will not be on the newsstands, except for a few key hotels and clubs and in certain fine bookshops; so GENTRY will not be easy to procure unless you use the coupon on this page for your subscription.

That is, of course, if you think you will like GENTRY. On our part, we say that if, after you receive your first edition, you do not like it, we will respect your individual judgment; immediately and without hesitation, we will refund your subscription price. We make this offer because *we* believe in GENTRY, and in the type of person for whom GENTRY is published. Will you come along with us?

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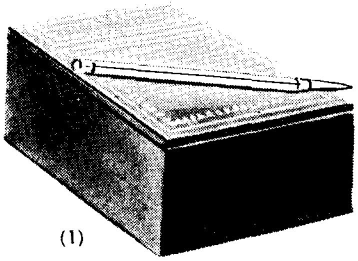
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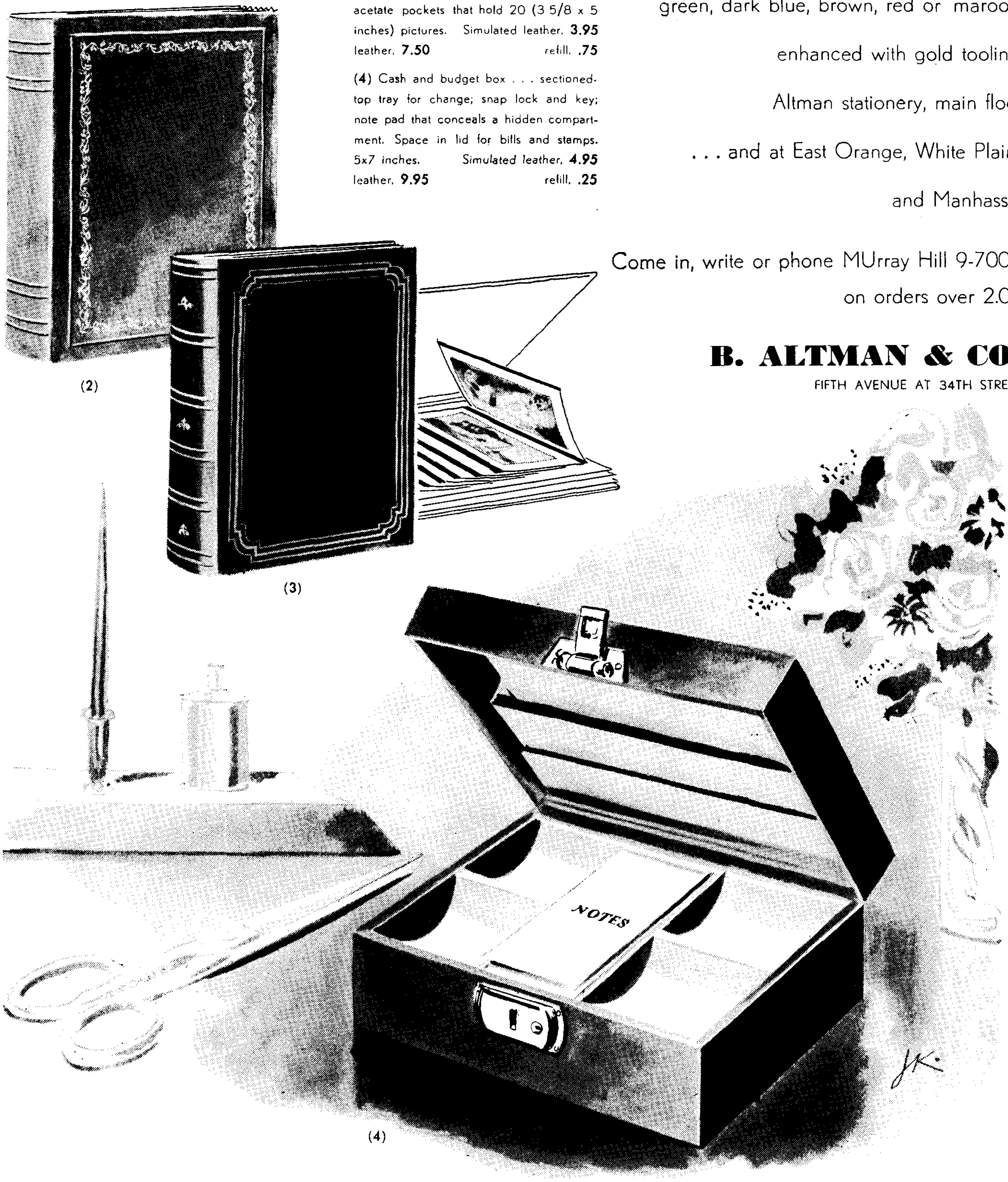
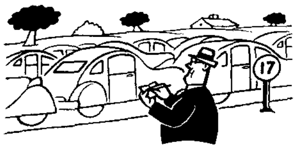


THE NEW YORKER

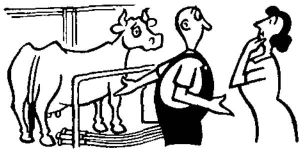
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A STOCKHOLDER in the Kansas Power & Light Co. has passed along a printed communication he received from its president, D. E. Ackers—a first-hand account of a first-hand inspection Mr. Ackers made of the company's properties in the areas hit by the big July floods. "The flood waters have now receded and the work of cleaning up and rehabilitation is going forward rapidly," Mr. Ackers began. "The indomitable spirit of Kansas in time of stress is evidenced everywhere." This is terse, straightforward, interpretive reporting, and the kind of personal service we believe management ought to give its shareholders more often than it has done in the past. As a partial, if minor, owner of the General Motors Corporation, we'd certainly welcome an eyewitness story by President Charles Erwin Wilson on, say, a Labor Day traffic jam on Route 17. "Things dreadfully snarled up," we dreamily visualize him jotting in his notebook, "but glad to observe Pontiac get jump on Mercury and cut it off at Sloatsburg traffic light."



CAPE COD and Martha's Vineyard were entirely without electric power and light for a brief spell last week, and among the residents of the area most seriously inconvenienced was a Hyannis lady who had twenty cows in a dairy barn fitted out with electric milking machines. She complained that unless she got some emergency help her livestock would suffer severely. "Nobody around here knows how to milk a cow by hand" was her lament. This is a sad indication of that much discussed stranglehold machines have gained on man, and woman, and all the more shocking coming from New England; we've always thought a sturdy, old-fashioned independence of clanking gadgets thrived most robustly there, and the ladies of the region, in the event of a protracted power failure in the textile mills, could be counted on to truck an antique spinning wheel and loom down from the attic and make their husbands a perfectly good pair of homespun pants.

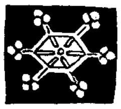


THE dilemma of the lady farmer is just one of many odd things that have been happening recently in and to New England. For instance, the hosts at a clambake last week in New Bedford, a big clamming center from way back, couldn't get hold of enough clams and were obliged to eke out the menu with ham and turkey—a state of affairs that set the local Chamber of Commerce quivering. And a Boston woman who not long ago bought some Plymouth All Gold Eye Quality Needles, which are manufactured in Japan and sold in a packet illustrated with a colorful painting of the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth, was taken aback when she perceived that the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers depicted had indisputably Japanese features. The Boston woman wrote us, "Imagine a Japanese woman saying 'Speak for yourself, John,' even after six years of theoretical education in democracy and emancipation, much less three hundred and thirty-one years ago!" The lady sent along the needle container with her letter, and on examining it *we* perceived that its artist, whose education in Early American history must still be incomplete, had placed three gabled houses and a windmill right on the shore where his slant-eyed Pilgrims, carrying an American flag, were debarking.

Insects High and Low

WE published a paragraph some weeks ago about a local resident who, having rented an eighth-floor apartment, consulted the Museum of Natural History as to whether he would require screens in his windows. We reported that the Museum had advised him to forget screens, since at that height he would not be likely to encounter anything more pestiferous than an occasional monarch butterfly. Several readers have written in to say that, by George, they have often encountered insects at heights greater than eight stories, and what about it? To get further information on the subject, we went up to the Museum for a heart-to-heart with Dr. C. H. Curran, Curator of the Department of Insects and Spiders, and Mr. John C. Pallister, a research associate at the Museum. The two pundits told us that any conflict between the Museum and our readers was largely our fault, our story not having been the whole story—location is as important as height in determining the incidence of insects, and the man with the screen problem, whose main interest was presumably to keep out houseflies and mosquitoes, lives in a part of town where there are practically no flies or mosquitoes at *any* height. The Museum had warned him about the monarch because it flies higher and farther than most insects hereabouts, and there's no telling where it will turn up.

Matter of fact, said the scientists, in a normal summer the Borough of Manhattan supports a remarkably small population of flies and mosquitoes. They added quickly that this has not been a normal summer. Above-average humidity and rainfall have provided ideal conditions for all manner of insects, and there are probably more mosquitoes in town right now than have visited here in six years. The bloodsucking midge has also been getting in better than ordinary licks, and there are reports of cat and dog fleas attacking grown men and women in the streets. The fly-and-mosquito population is still small, partly as a result of good work by the Department of Sanitation and partly as a result of the fact that there are so few suitable breeding grounds left on the island. Where mosquitoes are sometimes abundant, even in dry weather—along Riverside Drive, for example—the chances are that the prevailing wind has blown them over from the Jersey marshes. (Dr. Curran, who lives in a third-floor apartment in Washington Heights, has never had screens; Mr. Pallister, who lives on a yacht moored off South Brooklyn, does have them.) The bulk of an insect's food supply is on or close to the ground, and there's a rough entomological rule to the effect that from the ground level up one can count on a progressive scarcity of insects. The chief exceptions to this rule are phototropic night fliers like the moth, praying mantis, and mosquito. Everything else being equal, however, they prefer low lights to high, for, as anyone knows, no insects fly for the hell of it, and when they seem to do so, scientists attribute it to a mysterious instinctual drive toward the dispersal of the species. Specimens of phototropic night fliers have been taken on the observation deck of the Empire State Building, but whether they were lured there by the lighted TV mast, blew there, or were gamely dispersing the species is unknown.



Altitude, as measured from sea level, means almost nothing to insects. They thrive at four or five thousand feet, and Mr. Pallister told us he bagged an interesting assortment of the little fellows on exposed slopes in the Peruvian Andes, twelve thousand feet up. Insects too chilled to move have been picked off glaciers in the Rockies and north of the Arctic Circle, and it's assumed that they were doggedly trying to surmount the obstacle in their path when the temptation to lie down in the snow and go to sleep became too much for them. It is a characteristic of insects to favor flying over an object to flying around it; this leads many a pertinacious insect way up the side of a tall building and in through an open window, which he is by then too bushed to notice is not, after all, the top. Gusts of wind and, especially in Manhattan, strong updrafts of air between buildings often whirl insects to great heights.

Heavily planted apartment terraces attract plant lice and the hawk moth, which likes to lay its eggs on the leaves of privet hedges. The leaf hopper, an insect that makes its appearance here in the summer and fall, is small enough to slip through window screens, and so can clover mites, which are currently proving a nuisance in Stuyvesant Town. Butterflies, which travel by day, are indifferent to apartments, but houseflies are attracted by warmth and will head indoors in nippy weather. Clothes moths are poor fliers and people generally take them home in their clothes. Flour beetles and similar household pests are carried in with the groceries. The one insect that a man in an eighth-floor apartment, with or without screens, can be fairly sure of never meeting up with is the field cricket, which sticks to terra firma.

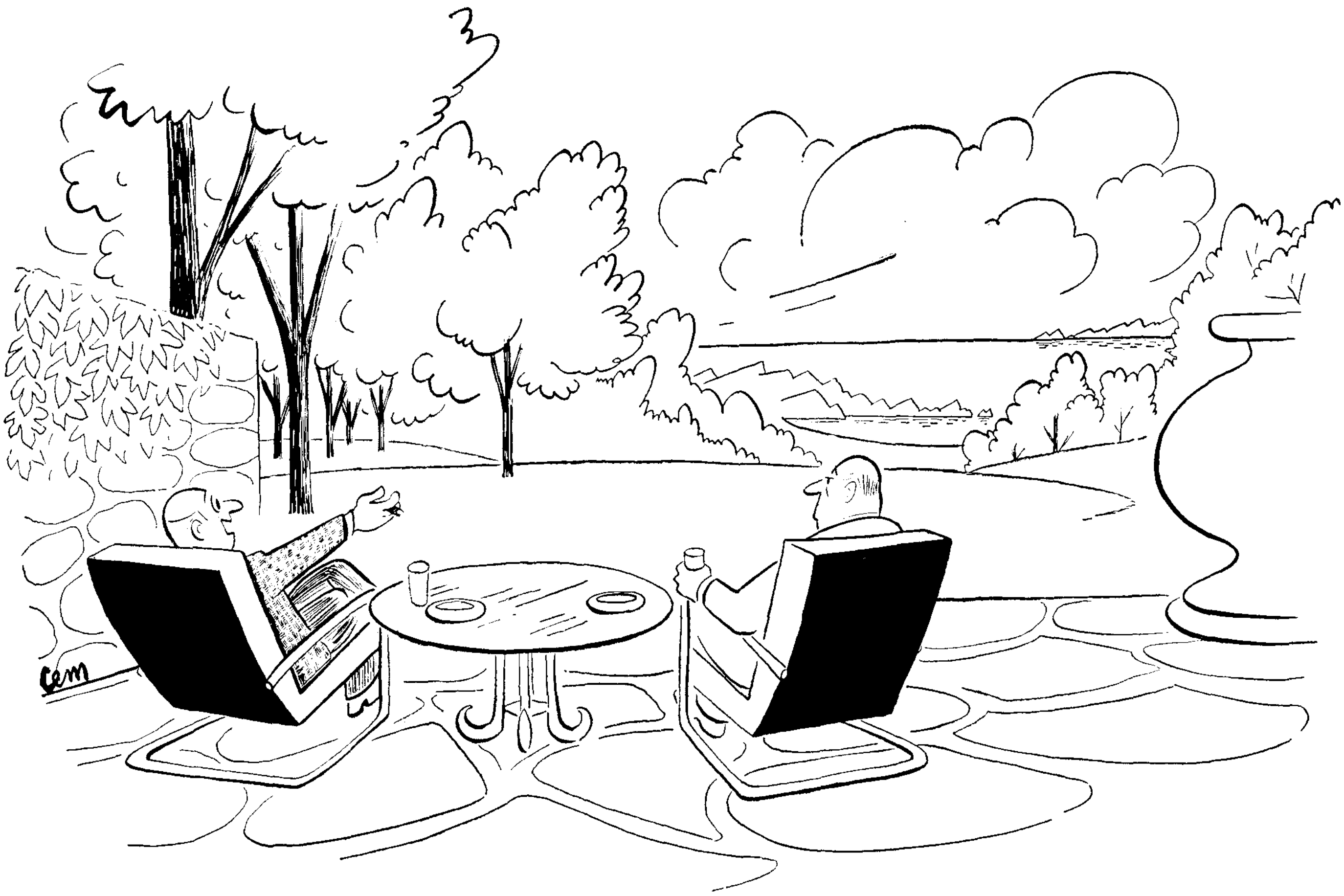
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There has lately risen on the moors of Montauk an elegant little tourist camp called Uncle Tom's Cabins.

First Army's Chief

LIEUTENANT GENERAL WILLIS D. CRITTENBERGER, commanding general of the First Army, is a smiling, blue-eyed individual who, as the ranking local military man, often turns up on the dais at municipal banquets; recently, proceeding through channels, the last of them the channel between the Battery and Governors Island, which is occupied by Fort Jay, the First Army's headquarters, we gained access to him. He was born sixty years ago in Anderson, Indiana. "My people are newspaper people," he said. "My brother publishes the Anderson *Bulletin*, which we inherited from our father—it used to be called the Anderson *Democrat*. James Whitcomb Riley's first published couplet appeared in it. I worked for it a few months in 1907, after getting out of high school, and one day John A. M. Adair, an old friend of my family's who was congressman from the Eighth Indiana District, said, 'Willis, how would you like to go to West Point?' " Very much, Willis said. After graduating in 1913, he joined the 3rd Cavalry, in Texas. He subsequently taught at his alma mater and at the Fort Riley, Kansas, Cavalry School; commanded a cavalry squadron at Fort Bliss, Texas; served as chief of military intelligence in Manila; and in 1934 was assigned to the 1st Cavalry (mechanized), at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where, in July, 1940, after a stint in Washington, he became the first chief of staff of the 1st Armored Division. He was a lieutenant colonel then, a brigadier general a year later, and six months after this, he was given a second star and became commanding general of the 2nd Armored Division, at Fort Benning, Georgia. Other posts followed, and in 1944 and 1945 he commanded the IV Corps, which fought the Germans in Italy continuously for four hundred and one days. In April, 1945, in Castiglione, in the Po Valley, he accepted the unconditional surrender of the German Ligurian Army, which marked the beginning of the German collapse in Italy. "I received General Pemzel in my van," he said, "and handed him an unconditional surrender to sign. He hesitated, and I told him I'd give him fifteen minutes. I left the van and, looking back, saw him peering out of it. I had with me a platoon of tanks, which were quite active in the square occupied by the van. The air was also rather busy with our planes. He looked at the tanks, and he looked at the air, and when I went back, he signed. I later found out that my people had spurred the tanks on to unusual activity that day."

General C., who is the senior cavalryman on active duty in the Army, and since the war has served as commander-in-chief of the Caribbean Command and as chairman of the United States Military Delegation to the United Nations, a post he still holds, told us that the First Army, which is one of six, embraces New York, New Jersey, and New England, an area with a pop. of thirty million. The inspection of installations—Fort Slocum, Fort Monmouth, Fort Devens, Camp Edwards, etc.—takes up some of his time, and he has been abroad on five official missions in the past two years. "My duties keep me pretty much on the hump," he said. "My service has been a normal one—I was a major for eighteen years." The General has commanded everything from a platoon to an army and a theatre, and has had an assignment on every staff from a battalion to the Department of the Army. His three sons went into the Army; one was killed while crossing the Rhine at the Remagen Bridge. "Our Army is as true a cross-section of citizens as any army in the world," he said. "Tell the American soldier what it's all about, and there's no better soldier anywhere. There's been some talk about the Army's educational program. Well, you understand we



"It's all mine, as far as the eye can see—except the ocean, of course."

don't get these boys until they're eighteen or nineteen. By that time, they should have been educated by the home, the school, and the church. We do the best we can in the time we have."

Invited by the General to tour Governors Island in his Buick, we inspected South Battery, an 1812 structure that now houses an officers' club; the Chapel of Saint Cornelius the Centurion, an outpost of Trinity Parish; and Castle Williams, facing Manhattan, which was completed in 1811 as an opposite number to the Battery's Castle Clinton, and has more recently served as a guardhouse. "Grover Cleveland Bergdoll was confined in it after the First World War," our guide said. "That's a questionable claim to fame from a military point of view." We wound up our tour at the General's quarters, a large Colonial house, dating from 1840, which faces Brooklyn across Buttermilk Channel. It contains many a memento with military associations, including a statue of Saint Ambrosio given to the General by the citizens of Milan as "the liberator of northwest Italy," and a dress sword given to him when he became an honorary general in the Brazilian Army. He explained that he commanded thirty thousand Brazilians in Italy, then showed us a photograph of himself being piped onto an Air Force plane by eight Navy captains when he was leaving his Caribbean Command post in Panama. "That's unification," he said.

No Remainder

A LOCAL lady who recently wrote her London booksellers for a certain item has received the following postcard:

> We regret to say that the Complete edition of Wynkyn de Worde's "Golden Legend" has not been published since 1510.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> F. J. WARD'S BOOKSHOP

Shifty

NOW a few words on a subject that has everyone chronically on edge—the value of the dollar. To begin with, the dollar was established as the basic unit of United States currency by the National Mint Act of 1792, which also put this country on a two-metal standard. The act authorized the purchase of gold by the government at a rate of one dollar for 24.75 grains, and silver at a rate of one dollar for 371.25 grains, and provided for the minting of gold and silver coins containing those, or proportionate amounts of gold and silver. Relatively little gold was presented for coinage in the decades that followed, however, and for a very simple reason: The ratio of the silver price to the gold price had been set at one to fifteen, which was unrealistic, silver being more than fifteen times as plentiful as gold, and the result was that Gresham's Law, which holds that cheap money drives out dear money, went into effect; it was more profitable to use gold to buy silver on the commercial market, and then sell the silver to the mint. It wasn't until 1849 that a gold dollar actually was coined. The gold dollar was a tiny coin, weighing not much more than a twentieth of a troy ounce, and not regarded as really practical. Most Americans had never even seen one when, in 1933, the government called in all gold coins, because the public took them out of circulation almost as fast as they appeared. Indeed, as far back as 1834, nearly all the gold currency there was had

"How about some inimitable G.I. humor to cheer me up, Jack?"

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already disappeared, through domestic hoarding and foreign withdrawals, and the dollar was left on a shaky silver basis. This disturbing turn of events would not have surprised Jefferson, who had warned, "If we determine that a dollar shall be our unit, we must then say with precision what a dollar is."

One thing that prevented the government from complying with Jefferson's dictum was that the struggle between hard money and cheap money was political as well as economic, which, alas, it has been ever since. Hard money, which is backed up by actual metal reserves, has always had a rough time, not only because of the pressure of wars and business cycles but because of people who just plain like an elastic dollar. In 1846, hoping to help stabilize the currency, the federal government started making and demanding payments in coin or bullion-backed paper money, but state and private banks continued to be recklessly openhanded about issuing their own currency, and by 1862 some fifteen hundred banks throughout the country were circulating seven thousand kinds of notes, half of them valueless or downright phony. The dollar, nevertheless, stayed comparatively hard and prices stayed comparatively low until the Civil War, which put the country in the paper-money business for fair. The war cost the North three billion dollars, much of which was paid out in greenbacks not redeemable in metal. The volume of money in circulation increased a hundred and twenty per cent, and the purchasing power of the dollar dropped forty-seven per cent. Lincoln was less alarmed than many people were and expressed the belief that paper money was as safe as the government that issued it, and, fearing an inadequate supply of gold and silver, doubted "whether a circulation of United States notes payable in coin and sufficiently large for the wants of the people can be permanently, usefully, and safely maintained."

After the Civil War, there was a movement to get rid of greenbacks entirely, and President Hayes supported this, declaring that "the only safe paper currency is one which rests upon a coin basis and is at all times and promptly convertible into coin." As post-bellum deflation developed, large debtor groups and farmers in the Midwest began organizing political parties to spread the gospel of more and cheaper dollars. The Independent, the Greenback, and the Populist Parties nominated Presidential candidates, damned Eastern bankers, shouted "Raise less corn and more hell!," and called for the free coinage of silver. This last issue was finally settled by the repeated defeats of William Jennings Bryan, a big free-silver man and three times the Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party. He spoke of the people being crucified on a cross of gold. With the passage of the Gold Standard Act of 1900, the people were nailed to a cross of gold, and rather comfortably, until 1933, when the Roosevelt administration undertook the most drastic monetary experiment in our history. Stating that "the United States seeks the kind of dollar which a generation hence will have the same purchasing and debt-paying power as the dollar value we hope to attain in the near future," Roosevelt took gold out of circulation. A year later, he reduced the gold content of the dollar by 40.9 per cent and hopefully established a currency described as "related to gold." He also gave the Federal Reserve Board, set up in 1913 to keep an eye on bank reserves, more control over credit and speculation, holding that inflation and deflation could be contained by curbing credit in boom times and expanding it in slack times, which would control the historic business cycles that many economists had considered the villain behind the fluctuating dollar.

Since 1913, Department of Labor statisticians have kept indexes of prices, and since 1909 indexes of wages and other economic items. Prior records are sketchy, but compilers of the wholesale-price index have been able to extrapolate backward in time, and their calculations show that fluctuations in the cost of living have ever been a vexing problem. Taking 1926 as a norm for wholesale prices, with an index number of 100, they have figured that in 1801 prices were 111.8. By 1820, they were down to 76.6. They were up to 132 at the end of the Civil War and down to 56.1 in 1900. They were up to 154 at the end of the First World War, down to 65.9 in 1933, and at 105.8 in 1945, when price controls were still in effect. Right now, the wholesale-price index is at 179.5. Eggs sold at six cents a dozen in some places when the Civil War started. The national average was thirty-four cents a dozen in 1913 and sixty-eight cents a dozen in 1920. But to show how fickle are the trends of economics, eggs sold as low as eight cents a dozen in some places during the depression. The only conclusions it's safe to draw from these figures are that inflation is nothing new and won't last forever, and that when the country doesn't have inflation to worry about, it has deflation. At any rate, it always has been that way.

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SIGN on the fence of a ranch in Arizona: "Our Dog Is NOT a Coyote."

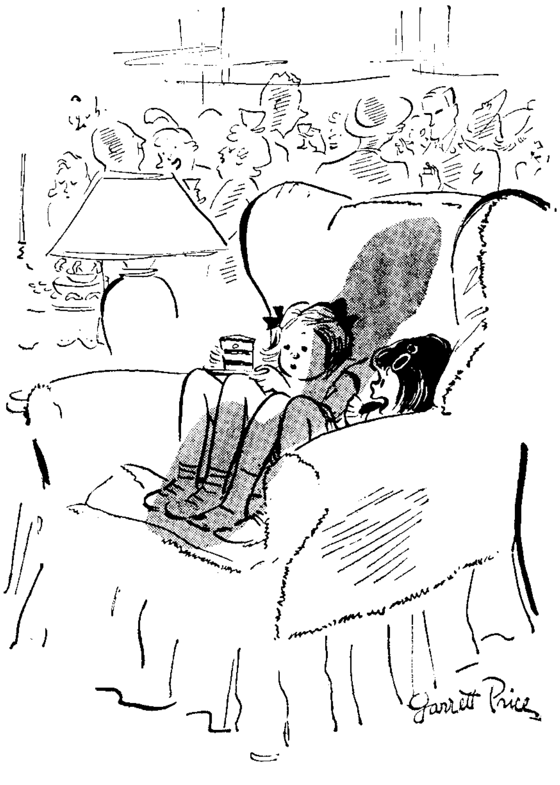
Everything a Song

ONE of our deputies is currently spending some time in Los Angeles, and he paid a call last week on William Saroyan, whose song "Come On-a My House" can be heard streaming from every juke box in the land. Saroyan has an office in a business building in Beverly Hills, and our man reports that on entering the room he found the distinguished composer seated behind a desk, head tilted to one side, eyes closed, and his right hand beating time with a spoon against the side of a thick china coffee cup. In his typewriter was a blank sheet of paper. Also in the room was a dark-haired young man whom Saroyan introduced as his cousin Ross Bagdasarian. "Cousin *and* collaborator," Saroyan said. The two cousins had evidently been deep in composition when interrupted, and as soon as the amenities were out of the way, Saroyan gave a sharp rap of the spoon against the side of the cup and commanded, "Sing!" Bagdasarian protested that they had company. "Sing!" shouted Saroyan, and Bagdasarian shrugged and began to sing, " 'There's a dancing girl . . . Oh, the wonder of her face, her dancing eyes!' " As his voice trailed off, Saroyan yelled at him not to stop and rapped still harder with his spoon. "That's all the words you made up so far," Bagdasarian said. "Lay off that cup."

Saroyan next proposed that they sing their song about summer. "I'd rather sing 'Oh! Beauty!' " Bagdasarian said. "I like to sing the songs we already got published." Saroyan nodded agreement and went back to work with his cup and spoon. "The beat of this is just like a camel walking through the desert," he said, closing his eyes again. Bagdasarian pounded the floor in what seemed, at the moment, a passable imitation of a camel's hoofbeats, then sang, " 'I had a darling loving and dear. I happened to meet her early last year. Oh! Beauty! She had hair that was red—' " "An old Armenian folk song!" Saroyan shouted, over his cousin's singing. "The song was known for at least a century before we got to it. The beginning is a simple translation. The rest we invented. Like 'Oh! Beauty!'—that's ours. In Armenian, it was '*Akh, yavroos*,' which means 'Oh, my sweetheart.' In Armenian, the girl has blond hair. We changed it to red. What we do with these songs is, we just grab them. If they ain't in the public domain, why, we sort of ease them over into the public domain." His cousin stopped singing, and Saroyan pointed out that all the songs they write are governed by a single principle—they must be of either Armenian, Turkish, Kurdish, or Greek origin. "Anyhow, out of the Near East," he said. "We're fooling around with a shepherd's song from an Armenian opera. If we ever get the right words for it, it'll be the greatest song of all time."

Bagdasarian asked Saroyan if he would be thinking up any more words that day. "Without a doubt," Saroyan replied, then, turning to our man, he said, "It's funny. Everything I've done has been a sort of song. They come naturally to me. The first story I wrote, 'The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze,' was taken from a song. My play 'Love's Old Sweet Song' was one long song in which I incorporated a couple of other songs—'The Years' and 'Of All the Things I Love.' What a song *that* is!" He cleared his throat and barked shrilly, " 'Of all the things I love, I love the most sleeping in the shade of my love.' " Bagdasarian interposed gently that he and Saroyan had made up *all* the words to "Come On-a My House." "The only thing we took that was Armenian was the musical theme," Saroyan said. "We wrote the song in 1939. Ross was in my play 'The Time of Your Life,' and we suddenly got homesick for Fresno. We started driving back across the country and wrote 'Come On-a My House' on our way through Arizona."

Saroyan and Bagdasarian made a home recording of the song, but they didn't try to get it published. In 1946, Bagdasarian sang it in a Saroyan play that was being put on in Los Angeles. A representative of the Duchess Music Corporation heard the song, liked it, and published it. It failed to catch on. Then, last June, Columbia brought out the now famous recording of the song by Rosemary Clooney; three-quarters of a million records were sold in the first four weeks. To date, there have been fifteen recordings, including versions in Spanish and Armenian. "In Armenian, it sounds terrible!" Saroyan said. "Ross and I have made about fifteen thousand dollars apiece out of the song so far." Our man asked Saroyan about his literary activities. "Got two novels coming out," he said. "One this fall, the other next spring. Got quite a few other novels all written. I'm also writing screenplays. I don't feel it's beneath me, or anything like that. I figure I have to do *some* writing that feels like work." He turned to Bagdasarian. "What the hell, boy! Sing!" he said, and reached for his cup and spoon.



Eheu Fugaces

MOTORIST picked up a hitchhiker on the Saw Mill River Parkway and, after a brief exchange, asked him if he was from Brooklyn. Yes, said his passenger, and, following a gloomy pause, "Brooklyn ain't what it used to be ten years ago. Jeez, you wouldn't even know the place. Just like New York."

UP THE CLOSE AND DOWN THE STAIR

I'M no bloody hero, and when the Princess Pats stood at Passchendaele in '17, I was damned careful to be twelve years old and three thousand miles to the rear, selling Domes of Silence after school to the housewives of Crescent Park, Rhode Island. I never go out of my way to borrow trouble, but if it comes, I pride myself I can face up to it as well as the average Johnny. I once spent a night in a third-class carriage in the F.M.S. with seventy-odd indentured Chinese out of Swatow and Amoy bound upcountry for the tin mines at Ipoh. Blasted engine broke a coupling, way up the back of beyond in Negri Sembilan, and there we sat, rain pelting through the roof, not a cup of tea to be had, and every mother's son of them smoking chandoo and tucking in rice mixed with *trassi*, compared to which even the durian is attar of roses. Worse luck, the coolie in the berth over mine kept munching bananas and dropping the skins on me; half a dozen times, you'd have sworn a cobra or a Russell's viper was loose in your bed. Touch and go, as they say, but I bit on the bullet and the old buckram carried me through. Another time, down Amboina way in the Moluccas, a chap buying *bêche-de-mer* and shell in the Kai and Aru groups southeast of Ceram offered me a lift as far as Banda Neira in his prahu. A filthy scow she was, thirty-five tons, with a poop deck and double sweeps, manned by a crew of Bugi who'd slip a kris into you at the drop of a diphthong. Well, you know the Banda Sea at the turn of the monsoon, treacherous as a woman, waves thirty feet high one minute and flat calm the next, wind howling like a thousand devils and sharks all over the ruddy place. Thinks I, weighing the beggar's proposal in the bar in Amboina, steady on, old son, better have another drink on it. We'd a second bottle of *genever* and a third, till I could almost feel the eyes start out of my blooming head. Lord knows how I managed to stick it, but she sailed without me and that was the last ever heard of the lot of them. I probably would have heard more, except I had to rush back to New York to see about my Social Security.

YES, the going has to be pretty rugged before I show the white feather, and when it comes along, I'm willing to own up to it. A couple of weeks ago, business called me up to town from my Pennsylvania retreat and I stayed alone overnight at our flat in Greenwich Village. This much I'll say: I've knocked about a bit and I've taken the rough with the smooth, but I wouldn't duplicate that experience for all the rubies in the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Just in a manner of speaking, that is. If anybody wants to talk a deal, I can be in Rangoon in two days.

Maybe, since the circumstances were special, I ought to sketch in the background. Last December, deferring to my wife's prejudice against sleeping on subway gratings, I moved the family into a handsome old brownstone on West Ninth Street. It was a charming house, its brick front weathered a soft rose under the ivy, with a cool, spacious stair well and a curving walnut balustrade worn smooth by the hands of many a defaulting tenant. Determined to apportion the charm among the greatest possible number of people, the owner had cut up the premises into eight apartments, and the top floors in particular into two minute duplexes, the rear one of which we invested. It commanded an unbroken view of a health-food shop on Eighth Street, and of a dismal winter afternoon it was heartening to watch the dyspeptics totter out carrying pails of blackstrap molasses and wheat germ, their faces exalted with the gospel of Gayelord Hauser. The services, to be candid, were deplorable. The hot-water taps supplied a brown viscous fluid similar to cocoa, the radiators beat an unending tomtom like the Royal Watusi Drums, and the refrigerator poached our food instead of chilling it, but the mem and I didn't care a fig. We were living graciously; we could breathe. We thanked our lucky stars we weren't cooped up in one of those great uniform apartments on Park Avenue, full of stall showers and gas ranges that work, and all kinds of depressing gadgets.

About a month after moving in, I learned a beguiling fact from another tenant; viz., that three decades before, the house had been the scene of an audacious heist. To recap the affair briefly: One Sunday afternoon in April, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gorsline, the wealthy elderly couple who occupied the mansion, were enjoying a siesta when five yeggs, led by a French highbinder once employed there as relief butler, gained entrance. They overpowered the householders and their staff of eight, locked them in a wine vault in the basement, and fled, bearing gems and silver worth approximately eighty thousand dollars. That the prisoners escaped from the vault alive was due solely to the sangfroid and enterprise of its seventy-three-year-old owner; working in total darkness with a penknife and a ten-cent piece, he succeeded after two hours in loosening the screws that held the combination in place, and opened the door. He then expended seven years and a sizable part of his bundle tracking down the culprits, the last of whom, the ringleader, was apprehended in France and transported to Devil's Island.

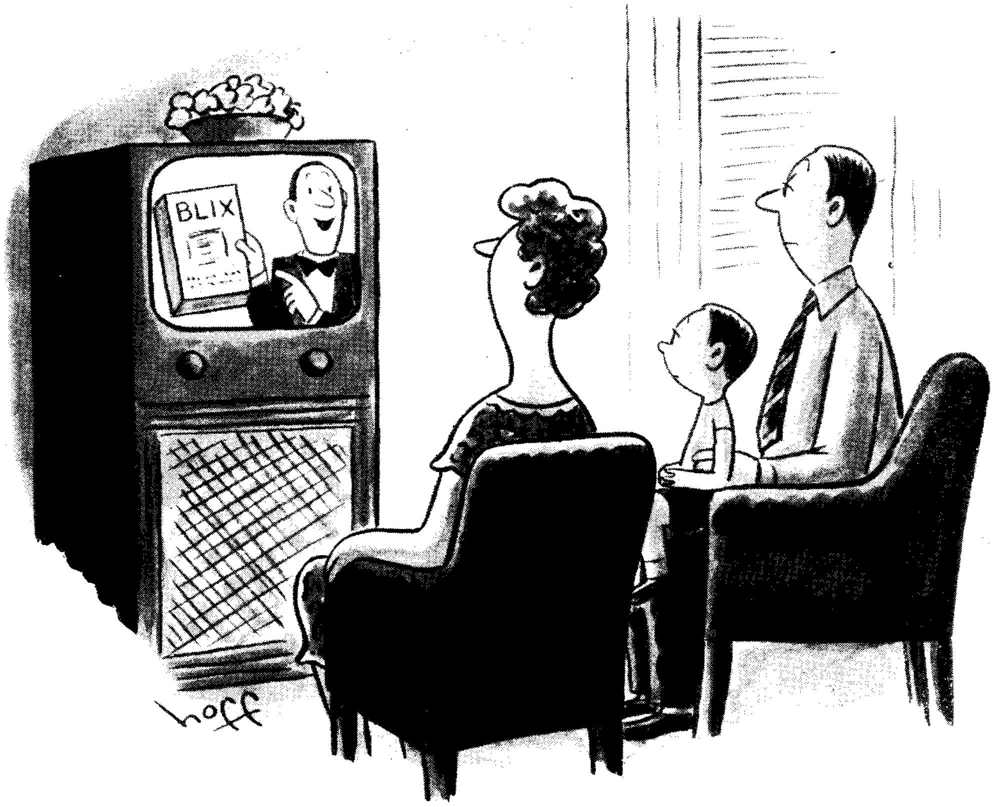
I, naturally, lost no time in making a close scrutiny of the vault with a wax taper, or something the man at the hardware store assured me was a wax taper, and convinced myself of the veracity of the story. I even found a dime embedded in a crack in the floor; it was dated 1936, but I filed off the final numerals and worked up a rather effective account of my role in the case, which folks used to clamor for at our parties this past spring. It was funny the way they'd clamor for it, sometimes without even opening their mouths. They'd just stand there and sort of *yearn*, and being host, of course, I'd have to oblige. But all that is by the way. You're clamoring to hear about the night I put in alone there.

WELL, I got downtown about six of a Friday evening, pretty well bushed, no engagements on hand. (Curious the way they'd rather stay home and wash their hair than accept a date at the last minute. I never will understand it.) As I say, I was done up and looking forward to a quiet session with Gibbon or Trevelyan, eleven hours of shut-eye, and an early start back to Pennsylvania in the morning. One of our neighbors, a young fellow who poses for those Bronzini neckwear ads of people with their torsos transfixed by a dirk, was loading a portable sewing machine and a nest of salad bowls into the back of his MG.

"Huddo," he said, startled. "I thought you-all had cleared out." I explained my presence and he shuddered. "Too ghastly. Everyone in the house is away. The Cadmuses drove off this minute to their haunt in Bucks. Even Benno Troglodeit's gone to the beach, and you know what an old stick-in-the-mud *he* is."

"Solitude don't make no never-mind to me," I said loftily. "When one's kicked around the far places of the earth as much as I have, he becomes pretty self-sufficient. I recall one time in Trebizond—" The roar of his powerful little engine drowned out the remainder of my sentence, and with a flick of his wrist he was speeding down Ninth Street. Sensational acceleration, those MGs.

I watched him out of sight, then slowly went upstairs. Somehow—I couldn't have said why—a puzzling change of mood had overtaken me, a vague and indescribable malaise. The house, too, seemed to have altered mysteriously; the stair well was nowhere as cool or spacious as it had been in the past. The air smelled stagnant and oppressive, as though it had been filtered through hot plush, and I imagined some unspeakable secret behind each doorway I passed. Fumbling the key into the lock of our apartment, the distorted, waxen faces of Andrew and Abby Borden rose up before me; with a galvanic twitch, I flung open the door, darted inside, and bolted it fast. By the weak rays of light struggling through the drawn Venetian blinds, I took careful stock of the living room, its floor devoid of carpets, and the furniture shrouded in dust covers. Nothing appeared amiss, but I decided to double-check. I licked my lips and spoke in a soft, placating tone that made it clear I wouldn't give offense to a dog. "Is anybody home?" I inquired. It goes without saying that had a reply been vouchsafed, I was prepared to drop dead instantly. Satisfied no corporeal intruders were astir, I stole on padded feet upstairs to the bedrooms—trekking through the jungles of southern Siam long ago taught me how to move without disturbing a twig—and made a routine tour of the closets.



"Look for the name Blix at your favorite grocer's, if you haven't forgotten how to read."

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Just as I was feeling around gingerly among the topcoats for any unauthorized bodies, the telephone gave a sudden, nerve-shattering peal. I sprang out and flattened myself against the wall near the instrument, every faculty tensed. Something very, very unsavory was afoot; I distinctly remembered having cancelled the service myself a month before. Ought I answer or play for time? Trying to envision the face at the other end, the twisted smile and the narrow, baleful eyes, I felt perspiration ooze from my scalp. Then equilibrium returned; better to know my enemy than succumb to this nameless, creeping horror. I picked up the receiver. "Grand Central Roach Control," I said tonelessly. "Leonard Vesey speaking." There was a watchful pause, and, realizing the full stature of his adversary, the unknown hung up discomfited.

The first round was mine, but from now on my only safety lay in extreme vigilance. With a view toward sharpening my sensibilities to razor edge, I decided to toss off two fingers of brandy neat. A search of the kitchen cupboards failed to elicit any such restorative; I did, however, turn up a can of warm tomato juice whose top I finally breached with an apple corer. Five or six gauze pads soon dried the trifling gash in my wrist, and, stripping down to my shorts (for I was not minded to carry excess poundage if an emergency arose), I opened my Gibbon to the campaigns of Diocletian.

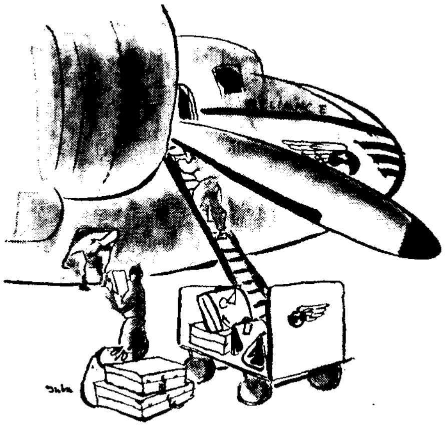
How noble a spirit infuses those stately periods, what sapience and celestial calm! Musing on the paltriness of latter-day historians, I fell into a gentle reverie that must have lasted close to four hours.

SHORTLY after midnight, I came awake with the ineradicable conviction that I had neglected some vital obligation. I lay rigid, struggling to recapture it, and suddenly it flashed over me. In the hustle and bustle of moving last fall, I had forgotten to tip the janitor of our new quarters at Christmastime. Suppose, for argument's sake, that he had been brooding over the slight. Suppose that his bitterness had developed into a persecution mania that demanded my extinction, that he had seen me enter the house alone tonight, had seized the chance to put me out of the way, and, at this very moment, was tiptoeing stealthily up the stairs, cleaver in hand. I saw myself cruelly dismembered, my head in a hatbox as in "Night Must Fall," my extremities wrapped in burlap and dispersed through a dozen railway checkrooms. Tears of self-pity welled up in my eyes; I was too young to die in such meaningless fashion, victim of a madman's whim. What would become of my brood in Pennsylvania, waiting for the paternal hug and the sweetmeats that never came? I resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. Grimly rolling up my figurative sleeves, I was about to burrow under the bed when a muffled clang from below turned me to stone.

In that awful instant, all the details of the Gorsline robbery reverted with diamond clarity, and the whole hideous truth dawned on me. The police, despite their rodomontade, had never really regained the loot; the brains of the mob had hidden it somewhere in the building, and now, after twenty-nine years in the hell of French Guiana, had come back to exhume it and settle old scores. Like Jonathan Small in "The Sign of Four," returning to Pondicherry Lodge from the Andamans to claim the Agra Treasure, he was a beast unchained, and in slamming the door of the vault he was notifying the occupants of the house that their hour had struck. All that remained was the stab of the poisoned thorn and the last convulsive agony. Ten minutes hence, my features frozen in the dreadful *risus sardonicus*, I would be indistinguishable from Bartholomew Sholto. I was a gone coon.

And yet, such is the complexity of the human spirit, and especially one molded in the crucible of the East, not a muscle flickered in my lean cheek. Instead, I was filled with a vast, consuming anger; I was determined to invade the vault and purge society of this loathsome scourge if it meant annihilation. I routed out the wax taper, boldly flung open the door, and descended the stairs with catlike tread. Just as I neared the first-floor landing, a feminine voice, taut with a terrible urgency, drifted up to me from below.

"Put your back into it," it was saying harshly. "We've got to crack it tonight, I tell you." I repressed an involuntary snort of triumph. So that was it; a woman was mixed up in it—indubitably had engineered the entire caper, as I had suspected from the beginning. Pressed close to the balustrade, I worked myself down along it with infinite caution and peered around the stairhead.



The sight that met my eyes was one calculated to unsettle the most magnificent aplomb. Clad in a flowered kimono that ill concealed her generous charms, Mrs. Purdy Woolwine, the first-floor tenant, knelt by a galvanized rubbish can, striving to anchor it to the floor. Her gleaming coiffure was disordered and her face contorted like that of a wrestler in a Japanese print. At her side, a small, sallow man, whom I dimly recognized as Woolwine, had driven a screwdriver under the lid with the aid of a hammer and was desperately trying to prize it off, obviously bent on disposing of a wastebasket heaped high with bottles and fruit rinds. Neither of them was aware of my existence, nor would they ever have discovered it but for an unbearable compulsion to sneeze. As my wild "Ker-chow!" rang out, they wheeled convulsively and beheld me, bone-naked in my shorts and taper in hand, agape on the landing. With an eerie screech that shook the Piranesi reproductions off the walls, Mrs. Woolwine half rose and toppled sidewise in a dead faint.

FANTASTIC how people deliberately misconstrue the most innocent occurrence. Damn my eyes if I wasn't

ALL, ALL ARE GONE, THE OLD FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Who was born too soon? I will tell you who was born too soon: Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam.
Therefore he could not ask his friends, *Why is Charles Lamb like Baltimore*, and supply his own answer, *Because he is deep in the heart of Mary Lamb.*
Who was born too late? I will tell you without further parley:
It was I, because I cannot remember whether it was Charles Lamb or who, who on the death of his last nearest and dearest pathetically exclaimed, *Now there is no one left to call me Charlie.*
I am always getting entangled in such mnemonic snarls,
But from internal evidence it was obviously someone named Charles,
So it couldn't have been Scrooge or Marley.
Nor could it have been Charles II, because there was always somebody to call him Charlie.
It would have been duck soup or pie or jam
If he had said, *There is no one left to call me Elia.* Then I would have known it was Lamb.
If I could but spot a conclusion, I should race to it,
But Charles is such a simple name that I can't put a face to it.
Still, I shouldn't complain, since it is its simplicity that gives it its pathos;
There would be no poignancy in saying, *There is no one left to call me Charlemagne or Lancelot or Athos.*
People prefer the simple to the grandiose,
And I do not believe that even in an antique land anybody would sympathize with anybody who went around saying, *There is no one left to call me Ozymandias.*

—OGDEN NASH

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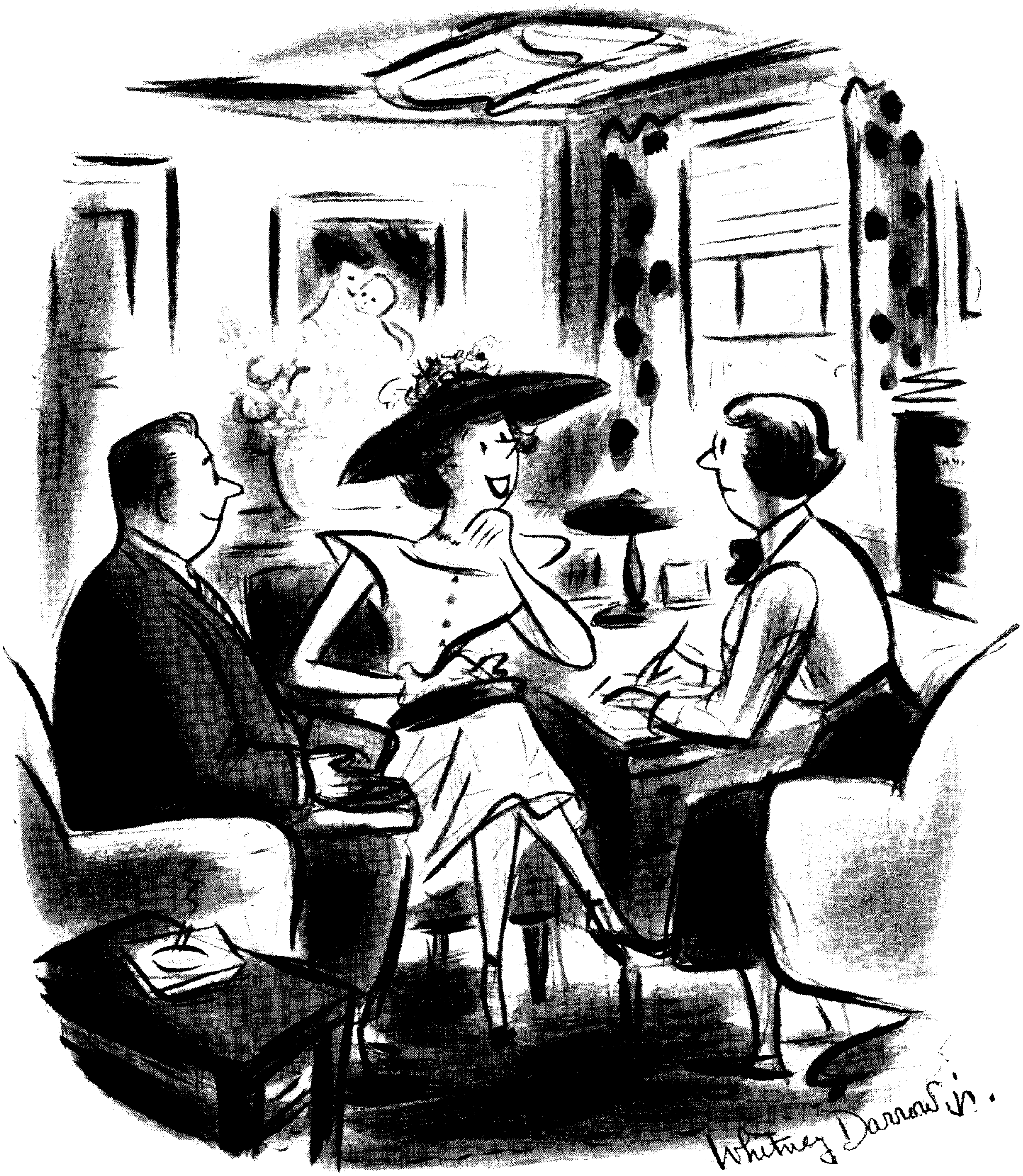
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We'd like to adopt two children—a baby and a nice, reliable girl of around fifteen or sixteen."

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two hours explaining away the affair to those chuckleheads from the Eighth Precinct. They'd got the wind up, don't you see, had to find a scapegoat and all that frightful rot. You'd have thought I was Harvey Hawley Crippen, the way they mucked about with their sobriety tests and their argel-bargel about Peeping Toms and God knows what all. Ah, well, it's over and done with now, thank goodness. I spend most of my time these days down in Pennsylvania, and, come autumn, we'll probably find digs more suited to the family needs. Might even go out East again, between you and me. I've had my fill of gracious living and cocktail kit-kit and hysteroids named Mrs. Purdy Woolwine. I breathe better in some place like Amboina, where nobody asks any questions, where all you need is a twist of cotton around your loins and a pinch of rice, and a man's past is his own.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE LITTLE VISITS

THE Saxl house, in Phillipsburg, Illinois, was on Longfellow Avenue, which was between Holmes and Whittier; beyond the three poets lay several streets named after trees, and beyond these the Presidents—Lincoln, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Van Buren, McKinley. Half a mile of streets lay beyond McKinley Boulevard, and the streets out there were not called streets or even boulevards, but lanes or roads. Some of the Phillipsburg people, and particularly the ones who had built on the lanes and roads, went to New York occasionally, and some had even been to Europe. But for every one of these, fifty others, including the Saxls and their neighbors, had been nowhere, except, of course, to the picnic grounds at Joy Prairie or Sugar Hill; to Springfield, the state capital, forty miles away; to Quincy, on the Mississippi River; and, a few times, to Chicago. Like the particles of an atom's core, the residents of Phillipsburg were held, in the green-gold void of the cornfields, by a binding force too strong for most of them to break.

You could see this force at work almost any summer evening on Longfellow Avenue, which in the evening was a pretty street. The big, square, boxlike houses, with their meaningless cupolas and their ungainly porches, after dark joined the trees to make soft and singular shapes. The trees—elms and maples mostly—had been planted by the city, and so stood evenly spaced in a row between the sidewalk and the curbing on either side of the street. Their branches almost touched above the pavement, and spread back across the sidewalks to make a canopy above the lawns. Through the heavy upper foliage shone the lights of random upstairs windows. The lights blinked through the moving leaves, and shadows moved on the lawns. On summer evenings, the porches of the houses held people, the Saxls and their neighbors, who sat and talked and smoked, and sometimes called across the lawn to the people on the porch next door, and regularly turned their eyes to the center of the street, where the children played on a narrow grassy strip that was called the boulevard.

The street lights stood along this strip, two to a block, and in the yellow circles they made after dark the children gathered to stand and stare, pick at each other, back away, sit down, get up, and play games in which they would run beyond the yellow circles to hide, be found, and come screaming back. The sound of the children playing was the loudest sound in the evening on Longfellow Avenue, and almost all the movement was in the yellow circles of the street lights. The cars came slowly down this street, those that came in to it at all. From the porches, the observant eyes looked out from time to time—for the cars, but not only for the cars. At nine o'clock or thereabouts would come the first call: "Harry, nine o'clock. . . . Harry, do you hear?" Harry would have to go home, and the games would begin to break up, and, one by one, the children would go straggling back across the street to their houses. For an hour, there would be no noise or movement along the street except for the very small noises and movements on the porches, the barking of dogs, the crunch of driveway gravel under a car being put away, and the steps of strollers lost against the trees and the black bush backgrounds. Then the porches would empty and the downstairs lights go out, and after a while the upstairs lights, and by midnight there would be only the empty yellow circles from the street lights, and no noise or movement at all.

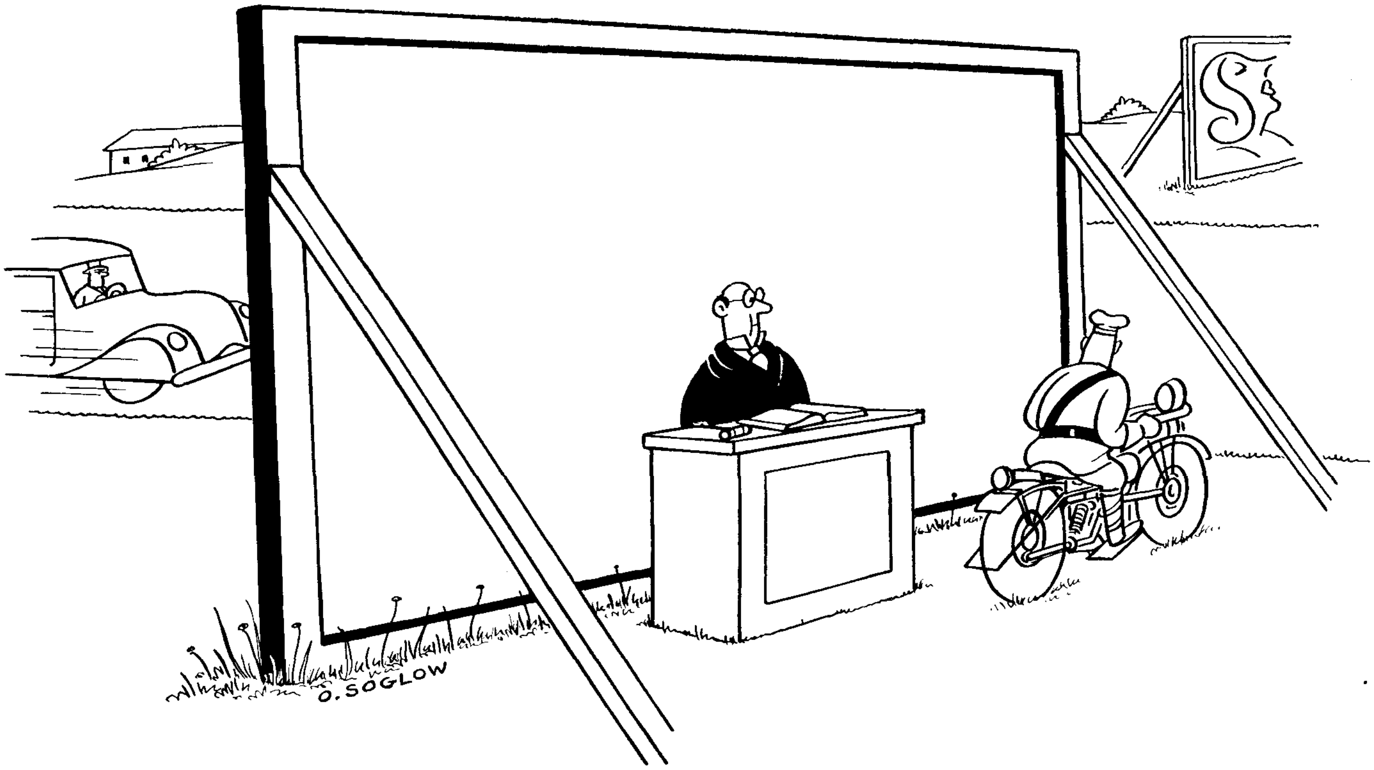
THE boulevard was a playground for the young children, mostly; after they got to be twelve or so, there were other things to do, and even before that they had to give up the games, of course, because the only games that could be played there between the porches were games like Red Light, which they had outgrown. But occasionally some of the older ones still went out to the boulevard after supper. They leaned against a street light or sat on the curbing of the grassy strip and talked, or laughed at the children, or caught them and held them when they came running past to hide. Skip Seago, who lived a block away, on Holmes Avenue, came around once in a while even when he was fifteen. Louis Saxl was only eleven then, and Skip Seago was his hero. Skip was aware of this, and spoke to the younger boy and didn't tease him much; this is about as much as can usually be found to span the enormous distance between the orbit of childhood and the orbit of adolescence. And yet one evening, the orbits of these two shifted and actually came together across the distance.

Earlier that evening, Louis's mother stepped down from the porch of the Saxl house and walked across to the boulevard. Louis saw his mother coming over and wondered, because it was not yet time to go in; and besides none of the mothers ever walked across, they only called. She came up to him, and Louis said it wasn't time to go in yet. She said it was getting close to time, and she wanted to walk around to Grandfather Saxl's house to see how he was getting along; she wanted Louis to go with her.

A FEW months before this, Grandfather Saxl had felt a swelling in his chest and had suddenly been drenched with sweat. With the sweat had come a wild fluttering within him, and when the fluttering had gone away and the doctor had left, Grandfather Saxl had changed from a vigorous man of sixty-seven into a frightened and querulous old person. Louis's father said, and the neighbors agreed, that the doctor had done more harm than the heart attack, for the doctor had told the old man that he might have another attack at any time, and that if he did, it would probably kill him. In any event, the words the doctor used to frighten the old man into the kind of life that doctors prescribe had reduced him to a fearful waiting that was hardly a life at all.

Grandfather Saxl lived a block and a half away, on Whittier Avenue, in a house with an ungainly porch that was one more variation on the theme of houses in this part of town. He had lived alone before the attack, and, except for two weeks when there was a nurse in the house, he continued to live alone after it. The old man could move around, take care of himself, putter in the back yard, where there was a little garden with a grape arbor, and even take short walks. And Louis's mother went over every day, sometimes twice, with things to eat. Usually, she stayed for an hour or so, while they talked of the past and of the family. The old man did not want to leave his house, and thanks to Mrs. Saxl he didn't have to.

A phone had been installed right beside his bed, and always in the evenings she called him up. This evening, when she called, there was no answer. She hung up and called again a few minutes later, and again there was no answer. She sat by the phone for a moment, tapping a pencil against the little table. Her husband had driven over to Springfield and would not be back for an hour or more. She didn't want to ask any of the neighbors—not yet, she thought, remembering fleetingly how tall and handsome Grandfather Saxl had been,



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with his thick white hair, which looked thick no longer. He could be asleep. In the end, she went out to the boulevard and got Louis.

"I think we'd better see if there's anything he wants," Mrs. Saxl said, after they started. She did not say that she had called Grandfather Saxl, and not until they had turned the corner did Louis sense the worry in her. They could see that there was a light in the old man's room, which was at the front of the house and looked out across the flat roof of the porch. "I wish your father were back," Mrs. Saxl said then, and as they walked toward the house, looking at the lighted window, Louis began to feel the worry in himself. He noticed that his mother glanced down at him once or twice; halfway from the corner to the house, she stopped and put an arm across his shoulders, and they walked on that way. "Grandpa will be sixty-eight this fall," she said. "He oughtn't to be living there alone like that, not well and all." And after another few steps she said, "He was the handsomest thing—you don't remember. He wore white linen suits, and people turned in the streets to look at him. You're too young to remember him then."

There was a street light almost in front of the house, with the lamp painted black on the inner side so it would not shine in the windows on that side of the street. They passed the light and went a little way up the walk leading to the porch. The bedroom window was half open. They could see the large, framed engraving of the Colosseum in Rome that hung over the bed, and they could see the bedposts against the wall, under the engraving, but they couldn't see the bed.

It was very quiet on this street; there was no boulevard here, and the children who lived here went over to Longfellow to play. The house next door was dark, and the porches for several houses around had no one on them. In the quiet, Mrs. Saxl called softly, "Father, are you awake? . . . Grandpa?" They waited and heard nothing, and then went up on the porch, and Mrs. Saxl rang the bell. It sounded inside the house while they stood there listening. She rang it again, and almost at once knocked on the door. "I don't know why he always keeps the doors locked," she said, trying it. The door was locked. Louis stood back, watching his mother, listening to the sounds.

"Can you climb up on this porch roof?" she asked him.

"Sure."

"I know you can, I've told you not to often enough. Still— Oh dear." She took hold of him by the shoulders. "Now, listen," she said. "You climb up there—and do be careful, darling! Try the window that goes into the hall. It may be open, but if it isn't, go through the window in Grandpa's room. Go right through the room—don't stop to say anything to Grandpa or look at anything—and come right down and let me in. Can you do that?"

"Sure," Louis said. He turned toward the railing where it joined the porch pillar beside the steps, and got up on it. As he had done many times before, playing, he shinnied up the pillar to the overhang, took hold of it, and swung himself up on the roof.

"Come right downstairs!" Mrs. Saxl called.

The window to the hall, Louis knew, was stuck fast; he didn't even look at it. First of all, he just glanced quickly at the window to his grandfather's room, letting his eyes not quite stop to see inside the room but getting a kind of feel of it, the whiteness of the bedclothes and the sense of his grandfather lying there—particularly his head, against the whiteness of the pillow. Even in this very quick, not-quite look, he saw his grandfather's eyes looking out at him, and as he walked across the roof to the window, he was looking straight through the window into the room and across the room into his grandfather's eyes. He had to push the window up only a little way to make space to get through, and as he went through, he looked all the time, not taking his eyes away from the eyes that looked at him from the bed. Inside, as he straightened up, he stood uncertainly, and now he noticed that his grandfather's lips were moving, although he could not hear the words. His grandfather was lying on his side, half doubled up, at the upper end of the bed, as though he had been pushed there and almost as though he were being held there. His head was moving, too—forward a little and then back, and then forward again and then back. The old man lay there doubled up, and the boy stood there, and they looked at each other, and there wasn't a word spoken. The boy looked away in embarrassment, but the embarrassment gave way to the fear that was there before it, and he looked back again into the old man's eyes, seeking the source of the fear, fearful to leave it. Still he stood there; he had simply forgotten to move, and it did not occur to him to move even when he heard the sound of his mother's voice, calling from below. He remembered better than his mother thought how his grandfather had looked in his white suits; now the whiteness of the bedclothes confused itself in his mind with a memory he had, and his grandfather was lying on the bed, doubled up, in a fresh white suit. Suddenly, Louis turned and ran across the room into the hall, and down the stairs to the front door, and opened it and ran out against his mother, and clung to her, shivering.

IT was all right later. Posted on the curb of the boulevard on Longfellow Avenue to watch for his father, Louis won first the attention and then the whole interest of Skip Seago. As the other children went home to their beds, understanding nothing, Louis felt like a courier who has run a long distance, has crossed over rivers and passed through fire, and is given an audience by the prince. Bars were let down. The prince, respectful of youth's valor, moved over and invited him to sit. Louis's mother had cried over him, and the doctor had called him brave, but Skip understood the great importance of what had happened.

"I know a couple of kids who've seen dead people," Skip said, "but I guess you're the only one's seen someone dying—if he dies."

"He'll die, I guess," Louis said.

"Well, you can't be sure till he actually does, though. The second attack doesn't necessarily kill you. The third kills you, like going down the third time swimming always kills you. Of course, the second attack *can* kill you. I don't know if it counts if he doesn't die tonight, though."

"Yes, but if he dies from this attack, he was dying even if he doesn't actually die tonight, wasn't he? Even if he dies tomorrow or even day after?"

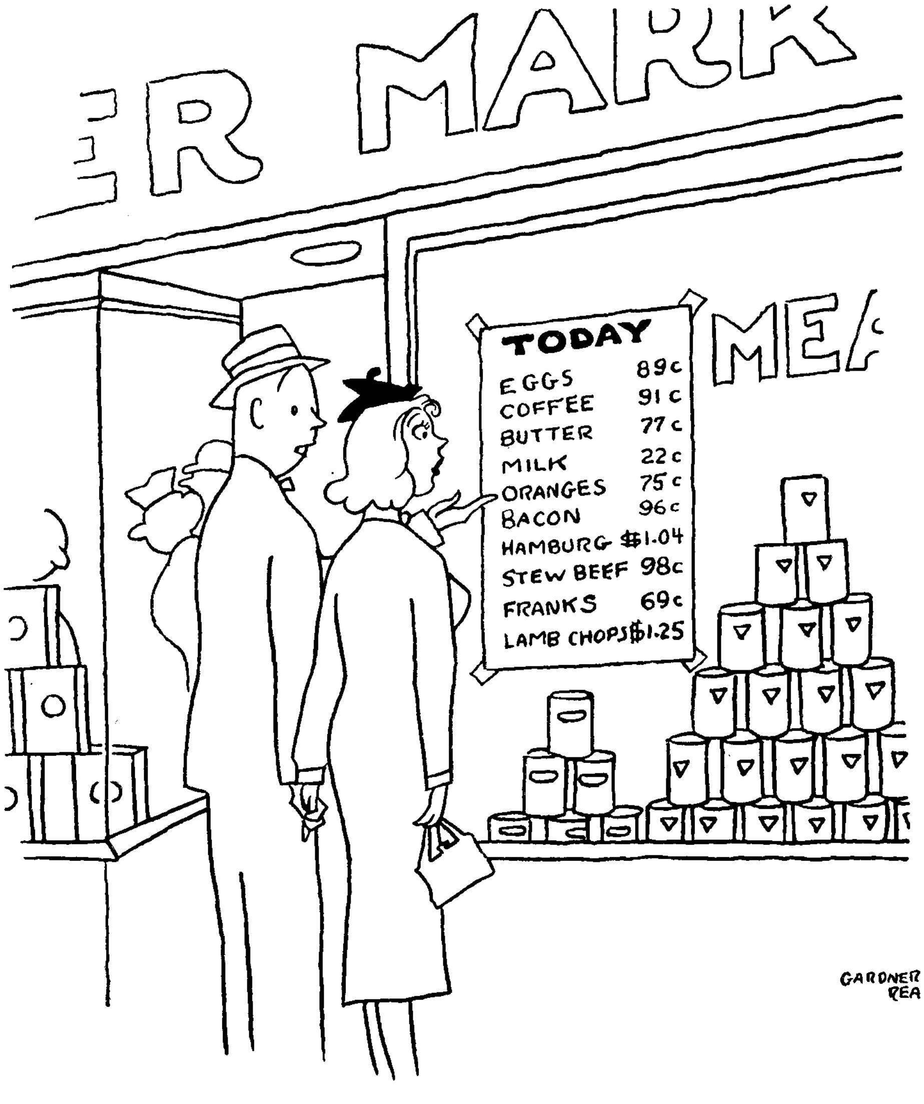
Skip thought about this, tugging gently at a tuft of grass beside him, while from the porches came the creaking of the swings. "I guess so," he said graciously, after a while. "I suppose that's right. Anyway, we'll have to see. You know, soldiers on battlefields see people dying all the time. I bet they get used to it. Or race drivers—those little midget race drivers—they see themselves get killed plenty. Do you suppose you'd get used to it if you saw people dying all the time?"

"I bet no one gets *used* to it."

"Oh, I don't know," Skip said. "How scared were you, really?"

"Well, I was really sort of scared."

"Tell me again how he looked there. You know—the way he was lying on the bed."



"You see, Esther? It isn't that I don't want *to get married."*

GRANDFATHER SAXL didn't die that night. He recovered enough to move about, although not enough to resume his puttering in the garden. Instead, he learned to cultivate within himself the dry but nourishing fruits that grow only on the slopes of death. A housekeeper was installed, and Mrs. Saxl rearranged the front porch so that he could live comfortably on it during warm afternoons and watch the events of the street. Quite often, in the days that followed his second attack, he noticed his grandson and an older boy together on the sidewalk in front of his house. The children didn't often come over to Whittier Avenue to play, and he couldn't even place the older boy, which pleased him all the more. He waved to them from the porch, and several times they came up to see him. Although they only stood there, saying almost nothing and looking at each other, the way children do, he enjoyed these little visits. He felt happy that eleven and fifteen would stop their playing long enough to come up and see an old man, and a sick old man at that. —DEXTER MASTERS

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My records indicate that it is time your eyes should be reexamined. The eyes I last examined for you may not be the eyes you have today.—*Card from an optometrist.*

There goes another illusion!

PROFILES

TWO AUTHORS IN AN ATTIC—I

JOHN DICKSON CARR, a slight, dark, rather spooky man of forty-four, is one of the ablest and most prolific writers of modern "mystery," or detective, fiction, a form of literature dedicated to the proposition that death is everywhere but never from natural causes. Carr works in an attic, as a capital way to get in a grisly mood, and once considered stocking the place with bats. His wife, who loves mysteries but has a strong practical turn of mind, persuaded him to install an air-conditioning machine instead. At cruising speed, Carr turns out four full-length books per year; in an emergency, he can rev up to around six books and a couple of dozen short stories in the same period. One of his recent shorts, entitled "The Gentleman from Paris," put together while he was having a sandwich lunch, won the two-thousand-dollar first prize in a contest sponsored by Ellery Queen, a noted co-toiler in the blood-and-bones vineyard, and sold to the movies for five thousand dollars. It has been mentioned by lovers of both mystery and lay fiction as being a distinguished tour de force, with a fine double wallop at the end, of the sort that Carr has made famous. "The majority of detective writers usually rest on the one big surprise," he says, "but I prefer the double. It's more ingenious." For example, in "The Gentleman from Paris," not only did a bibulous ruin in a saloon solve a riddle cleverly but he turned out to be Edgar Allan Poe.

The streak of duality suggested here extends more deeply into Carr's operations. Because of the rich prodigality of his output, he has split his creative forces and produces books under two names, his own and the not dissimilar pseudonym of Carter Dickson. As John Dickson Carr, he works through Harper's and features his well-known amateur sleuth Dr. Gideon Fell; as Carter Dickson, he works through Morrow and features his other well-known amateur sleuth, Sir Henry Merrivale, or H.M., as detective-story fans affectionately call him. In this way, Carr has become perhaps the first person ever to prove that a house divided against itself can indeed stand; his works do well at both publishers. At one time, Carr, like Gaul, was divided into three parts, using yet another pen name, Carr Dickson, under which he wrote "The Bowstring Murders," a treatise on the more macabre aspects of armory. Saleswise, he functioned extremely well in triplicate, but he nevertheless has not used the third name again, on the theory that it might be confusing.

Altogether, Carr has published fifty-two books, all but three of them mysteries. Some of his titles are (by John Dickson Carr) "It Walks by Night," "The Lost Gallows," "Poison in Jest," "Hag's Nook," "The Blind Barber," "Death Watch," "The Three Coffins," "The Burning Court," "The Four False Weapons," "The Problem of the Wire Cage," "Death Turns the Tables," "The Emperor's Snuff-Box," and "The Sleeping Sphinx," and (by Carter Dickson) "The White Priory Murders," "The Red Widow Murders," "The Unicorn Murders," "The Punch and Judy Murders," "The Peacock Feather Murders," "And So to Murder," "She Died a Lady," "Nine—and Death Makes Ten," "My Late Wives," "The Skeleton in the Clock," and "A Graveyard to Let." His list is so long that he is unable to identify at least half of the titles. At a party, he is apt to hear somebody comment enthusiastically upon, say, "The Red Widow Murders" and mutter, in generous agreement, "Oh, yes, Agatha Christie—an excellent piece of work." He is an inveterate browser among the bookstalls and has been known to pick up a worn volume, glance abstractedly at the title, and become quite absorbed in the first chapter before realizing it is something he dashed off in 1933. Like other writers of detective novels, Carr is sick of the special category into which they have been thrust; he sees the practice of lumping reviews of "Mysteries" at the tail end of book sections as a kind of literary Jim Crowism. In an effort to burst his chains, he wrote, in 1949, his first historical novel, "The Bride of Newgate," which had a popular sale, and in the same year he brought out—perhaps his chef-d'oeuvre to date—"The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle." The biography was very favorably reviewed and was on the best-seller lists for six weeks, a combination that Carr considers a pretty nifty double wallop in itself, since it has become stylish for profound reviewers to regard all inevitable best-sellers with high suspicion, as possibly containing atomic secrets in code.

John Dickson Carr

After a year of such crowded activity, the average writer would doubtless have knocked off to convalesce. Carr viewed himself as two books under his annual par, and he buckled down with flinty discipline. Carter Dickson began a work entitled "Night at the Mocking Widow;" John Dickson Carr, conscience-stricken, set out with all stops open on a number called "Below Suspicion." Coatless, locked in their attic, sunk far in twin pits of concentration, the two struggled for priority. Never in Stevenson's wildest fevers did Jekyll and Hyde grapple more passionately for the smoking retort. The two books grew concurrently. In a Sir Henry Merrivale mood, Carter Dickson would forge ahead; then, as Dr. Fell asserted himself, John Dickson Carr would briefly hold the initiative. "Night at the Mocking Widow," completed in six weeks, appeared in June, 1950. In a venture aimed at coördinating all his forces, and still a bit down in the production line, Carr is presently engaged in writing a long historical novel containing a mystery and based largely on biographical facts. The book will appear under the name of John Dickson Carr.

THOUGH a native American, Carr is currently having a little trouble getting acclimatized here, since he returned only in 1948 from a seventeen-year sojourn in England, the spiritual home of all detective writers. He had wished to prowl the native haunts of Holmes and Watson since his early childhood, and upon the publication of his first book, "It Walks by Night," in 1930, he made the first of a series of ocean trips that culminated in his lengthy residence abroad. The next year, he married an English girl, Clarice Cleaves, and took up residence in Lon-

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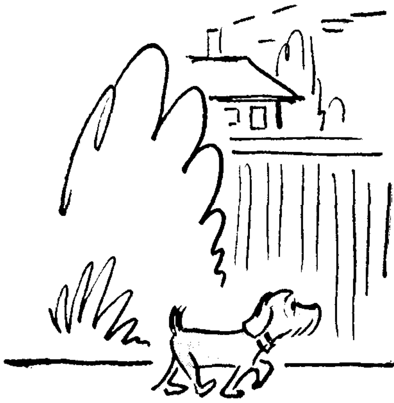

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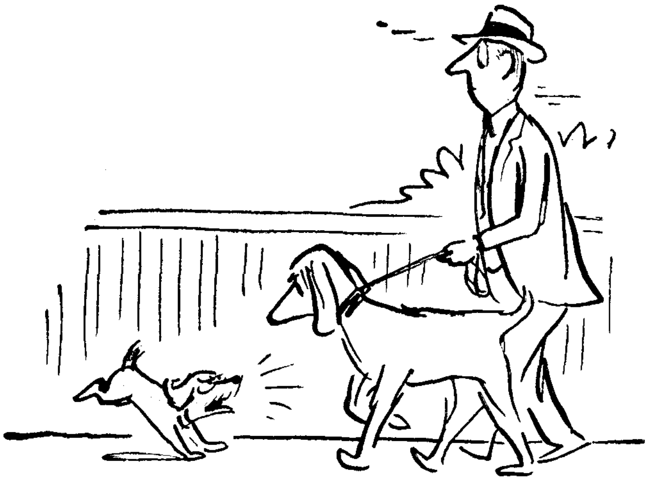

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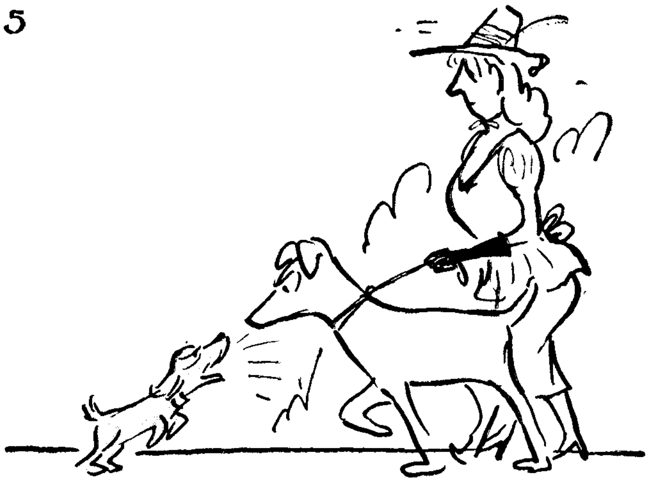

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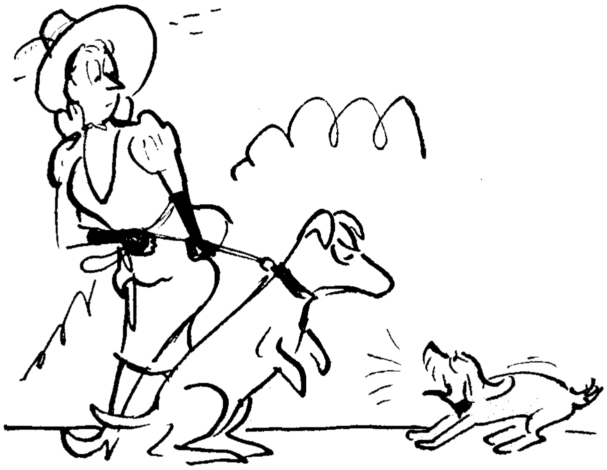

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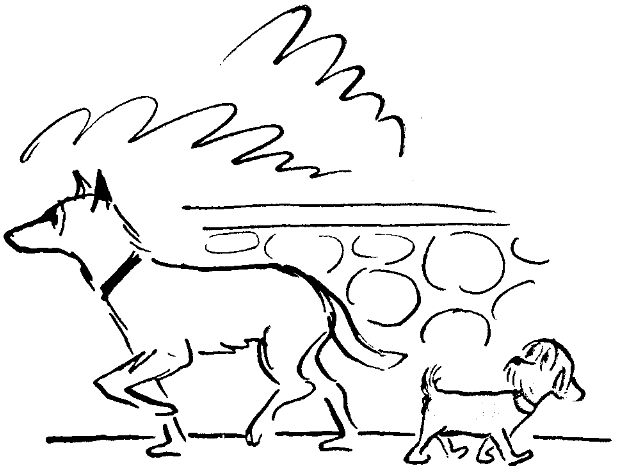

don. Carr and his wife are vastly unexcited by Socialism, and by all other forms of herd living, but they endured the postwar British regime as long as possible. When it appeared that the happiest advices of government were likely to consist, ad infinitum, of orders to "tighten the belt another notch, men," they decided, somewhat like the Pilgrims before them, to leave England in search of freedom.

At Mamaroneck, where Carr bought a house after returning to this country, he is politically free but is imprisoned, as in the past, by one of the murkiest imaginations in the entire field of letters. There is scarcely a moment in the day when he is not fighting his way out of situations unbelievably grotesque. Ideas, nearly all of them frightful, scamper over his mind like rats across a cellar floor. J. B. Priestley once said, "Carr has a sense of the macabre that lifts him high above average detective-story writers," and many reviewers, both American and English, have commented on his particular gift for the gruesome. "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a nice *healthy* murder," Carr himself says. In England, he is published as Carter Dickson by William Heinemann, Ltd., and as John Dickson Carr by Hamish Hamilton, Ltd. This bewildering spectacle of a bisected man with four publishers may have contributed, Carr's friends believe, to the growing complexity of his meditations. Further, he has come to identify himself with several fictional hawkshaws, including his own, and a fair sprinkling of felons, both real and imaginary, domestic and foreign. He is like an actor practicing several parts at once, and it often requires a spirited wrench for the authentic Carr to swim to the surface and take command.

At home, in harness, he ascends to his attic around 8 A.M., occasionally kicking out at dark corners en route to be sure they are not tenanted with the sort of citizenry he habitually creates. He carries a large percolator of coffee along, and he swills the brew, stepping downstairs for frequent refills, throughout the day. His wife estimates that he consumes around two gallons in a medium day and about a gallon and a half more than that on days when things get out of hand and his villains start outwitting his sleuths. Carr smokes cigarettes continuously and tosses the butts aside still lighted. By now, the floor, which in the main is uncarpeted, is liberally pocked with burns, and the atmosphere, despite his air-conditioner, is fragrant with the invigorating smell of scorched pine. In

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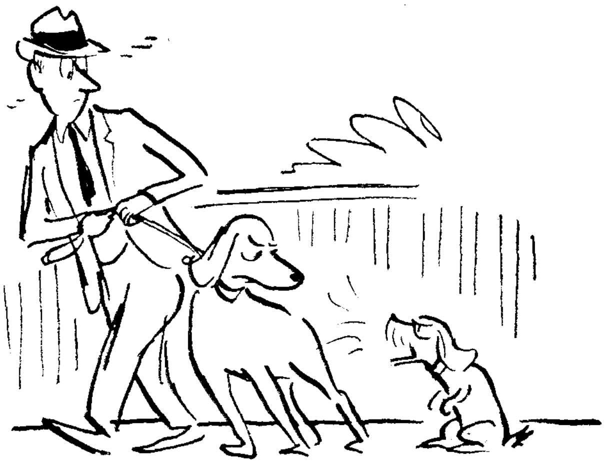

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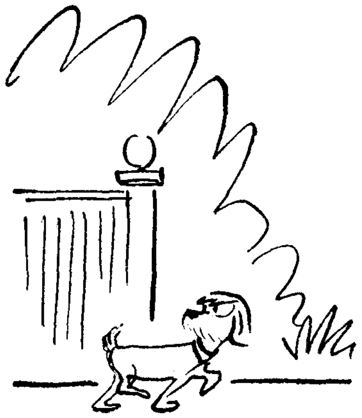

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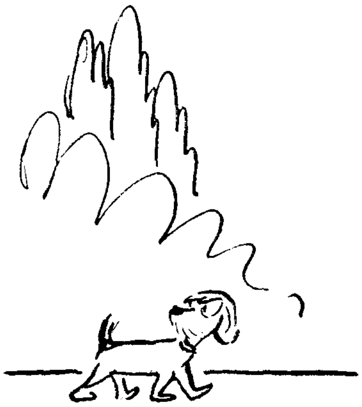

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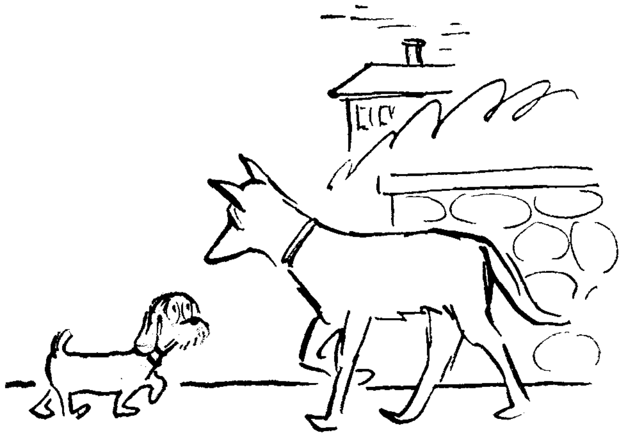

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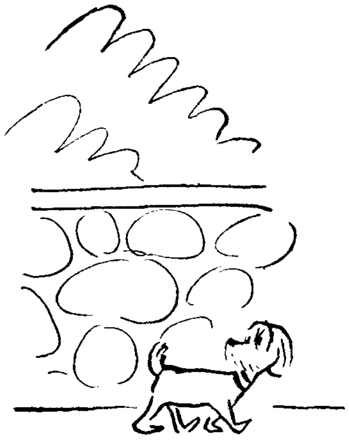

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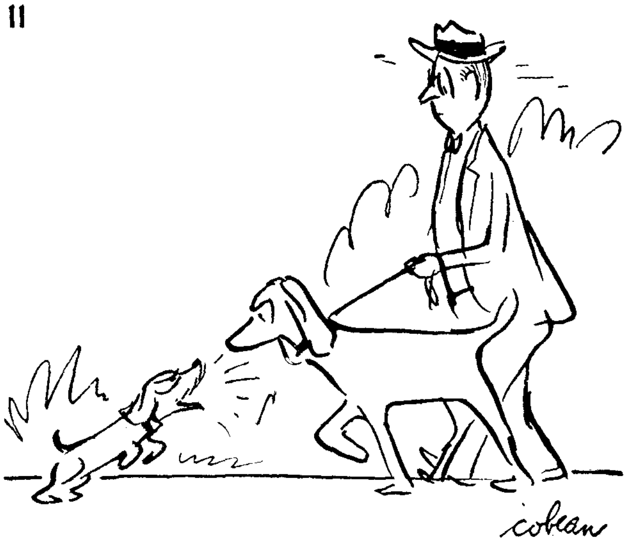


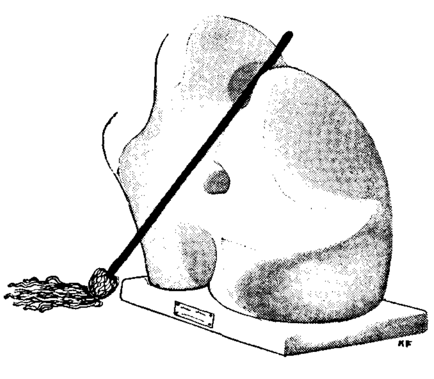
practically all respects, his chamber is conducive to the germination of macabre prose. On one long side, it has shelves bulging with reference books on every form of crime. "With the exception of the late Harry Hodge's in Edinburgh, I believe my crime collection is the best in the world," Carr says. His books fill not only his attic shelves but the shelves of a number of rooms in lower parts of the house. It is his pets, embodying the naked spirit of gore—several hundred rare volumes on poison, hangings, throat-slitting, dismemberment, witchcraft, and diverse rascality—that he keeps close at hand while he works. As a result, should he feel the dread encroachment of a wholesome mood, he has only to reach out for "The Bloody Assizes," "The Hangmen of England," "Lives of Twelve Bad Women," "Dramas of the Dock," or another such work, and, like Milton, shake off the vain, deluding joys.

Carr is thought to be the only non-government employee ever to own a copy of the top-secret *English Coroner's Official Handbook of Poisons*. The slender volume, as valuable to him as "Fannie Farmer's Cookbook" is to a young bride, came into his possession by some means too dark even to hint at. *"Aha!"* is as close as he ever gets to a detailed explanation. Digging away at a new thriller, in which poison must take its deadly toll, Carr consults the handbook often, remarking, perhaps, the characteristic smell of prussic acid (much like that of almonds), or taking quick notes on the antidote to an overdose of ratsbane (swallow some good emetic). Carr also is fortunate in having the "Complete Newgate Calendar," several dusty volumes containing, among other things, minutes of the animated proceedings in that fabled old English center of incarceration and punishment. The series is a treasure-trove of *outré* criminality and original mischief. Carr has vowed, in all seriousness, that he would not exchange it for a first edition of "Beowulf." Among the rarest of his literary belongings, and certainly among the most useful in his work, is a book, printed in the early eighteenth century, that presents the verbatim court reporting of several ancient upper-class British cases, including the treason trial of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1571; the trial of the Earl of Somerset, on a poison charge, in 1616; and the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1586. "It isn't generally known that they had a kind of shorthand in that time," Carr says. "Every word they uttered in those cases was preserved, and I've got it all between covers." Thus, writing about the period, Carr needn't guess what the

Duke of Norfolk said at his trial; the lilting sentences are available to be quoted exactly and with only a trifling danger of libel.

For accuracy and verisimilitude, Carr stands almost supreme among mystery writers. He is known as a fervent champion of the trivial detail. A passage involving esoteric swordplay, for instance, may set him burrowing through his library or hurrying off to the armor room of the nearest museum. He is able to solve superficial problems in this category at home, for the walls of his living room and study are liberally festooned with some of the finest specimens of the blade-maker's art. Rapiers of Toledo steel, English smallswords, Italian stilettos, and other purposeful cutlery are greatly in evidence, and he is forever handling them with a peculiarly wistful look. He is likely to break off a conversation with a guest by snatching down a cutlass and flashing it through the air. Carr is an accomplished swordsman, and he deplores the explosive turn modern murder has taken. Some months ago, he visited his close friend Adrian Conan Doyle, the youngest son of the author, at his winter home in Tangier. They fenced pretty steadily for two weeks and, mounted, had a passage or two with lances. Then they worked on their plans to revive the old-fashioned joust. Carr and Doyle quite seriously hope to see the lists brought back as a testing ground for controversy; they both view humanity's current practice of slaughter by firearms as woefully lacking in chic.

CARR's early history offers only a few guideposts to the spectral development of his genius. There is practically no accounting for the dark and labyrinthine hallways of his mind. Like Poe, who also lived in a world of umbrageous fantasia, he enjoyed the beginning serenity of a normal family circle. Poe's descent into the maelstrom of his own imagination may conceivably have been a reaction from the pressures of West Point, but Carr had a boyhood comparatively free from coercion. He was born in 1906 in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, a tranquil place, though more than ordinarily menaced by witches, as attested by the colorful hex signs on the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers' barns. As a small boy, Carr avoided witches and attended the local schools without achieving special distinction. His father is a lawyer, and his grandfather had an interest in one of the daily papers of Uniontown. Young Carr, who was a child with an eager, prying mind, took to hanging around both his father's law office and his grandfather's newspaper. Then, merging his interests, he began to report various court news, concentrating on chatty items about murder cases, for the paper when he was eleven years old. By the time he was fifteen, he was conducting his own column, somewhat precociously entitled "Ignaz the Oracle," and had emerged as an expert on prizefighting. The annals of American journalism offer few more striking examples of the prodigy at work than the infant Carr in Uniontown. Mark Twain set type in his early teens and wrote occasional libellous bits, but at eleven he was still fishing for catfish in the Mississippi River. As a child expert on murder and pugilism, Carr led a busy life. His remarks about sports were frank in the extreme, even insulting. The local fighters acquired the nervous habit of scanning Ignaz the Oracle, to note cases of fresh calumny, and several of them made public declarations that they would beat the columnist groggy if they ever caught him out without his parents. But Carr was wiry physically as well as mentally, and he outran them for years.



With the exception of a four-year stint in Washington, after his father had been elected Democratic representative from Pennsylvania, Carr remained in Uniontown until his early teens. Then, already a town character and slightly drunk with power, he rather condescendingly went off to The Hill School. The Oracle had become a municipal force in Uniontown, and Carr felt it undignified for a fully ripened sage to sit with children—many of whom knew nothing of murder and had only an elementary grasp of prizefighting—waving pennants and screaming "Osky-wow-wow." Notwithstanding the comedown, he entered cheerfully into the school life; he played baseball, he was tolerant of the students, and toward the end he even accepted several of the faculty as his peers. In this period, Carr, detached from journalism, embarked upon a regimen of reading that has not seen many counterparts anywhere. On an average, he knocked over a book a day, diversifying his selections to include not only works of entertainment but also volumes of immense significance. After the first flush of his enthusiasm had passed and he had absorbed nearly everything worth while printed in English, he fell victim to the Shakespearean prediction that murder will out. His taste, he found, was centering on offerings of violence. The seeds of horror planted in Uniontown had begun to burgeon at Hill.

The development of a good mystery writer, like that of a good mystery, is apt to be a tortuous process. There are subplots and false clues. At Hill, it seemed at one time that Carr might succumb to the ordinary. He was made editor of the school's literary magazine, and he busied himself with bloodless essays on the new wing for the library and the follies of cribbing. He was re-

ERRANTRY

The baby wades alone across the lawn,
Intrepid, with his golden head upright,
Each step a stubbing, as though riding on

Stilts already at a giant's height;
Then down he plunks on his great snowy seat
Of diaper in the ant's land, in the sunlight

Hot on the smudgy toes of both his feet.
Rages of infancy! How he could cry!
But man's attempt he loves and will repeat,

Surging and teetering, with impassioned eye,
To reach the wildwood lilac shade, and enter
Under the Persian leaves where the kittens lie,

Green-eyed, bedizened, at the dappled center.
—ROBERT FITZGERALD

• • •

garded as a sound but preoccupied youth, and the authorities prophesied that he would take his place in the Pennsylvania scheme of things in traditional Hill style. This viewpoint was modified later on when he went to Haverford and edited the literary magazine there. Murder, only dormant at best in his thinking, reappeared in the form of a mystery story minus the ending; he wrote it and put it in the journal, together with the princely offer of twenty-five dollars to the first person who could come forward with the solution. It was, he felt, a foolproof puzzle, and he sat back with enjoyment to witness the discomfiture of his fellows. To his stunned dismay, a bored youngster came in about an hour after the magazine was distributed, presented a detailed and accurate solution, and, not unnaturally, asked for his cash. Carr, penniless, was obliged to call on his father to make up the deficit. His father, in a letter forwarding a check, inserted a gratuitous essay on the follies of mystery writing.

honey
12176

"*Is it fresh!*"

• •

This incident marks an important step in Carr's career. He had acquired, for twenty-five dollars, a deep respect for the technique of creating workable mystery stories. He learned that, unlike the goddess Minerva, mystery writers do not make their first appearance in a full-blown condition. He determined to learn the baffling art if it took every dime his father could raise. However, his colleagues on the magazine dissuaded him from further contests, and he pursued his studies in private. Thereafter, at college, Carr wrote ceaselessly on themes of death and terror, destroyed what he wrote, and relaxed from his labors by playing baseball, soccer, and cricket, a Haverford favorite. "I was never actually a member of a team," he says today, sadly. "I had good shoulders and I was willing, but I was a little runty. I was one of those of whom, at the end of the season, they always said, 'We also wish to thank . . .' "

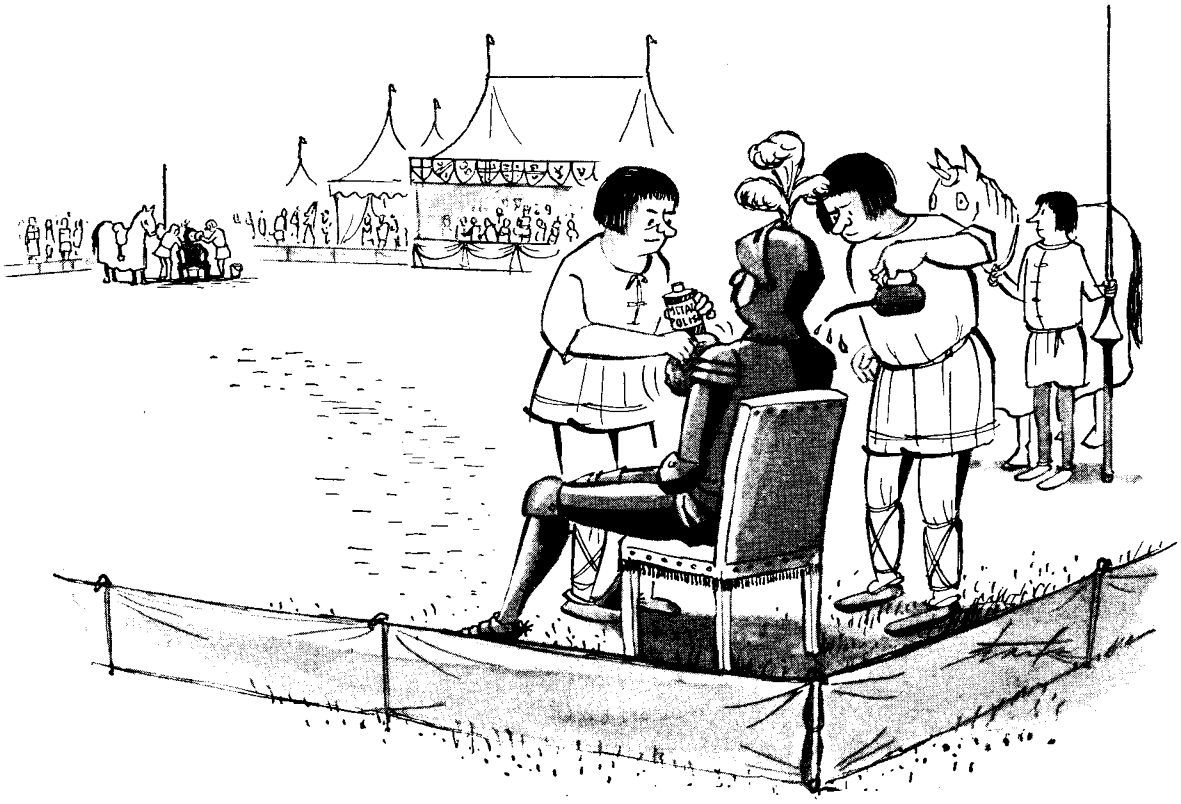
After his graduation, Carr made up his mind to attempt beautiful letters as a full-time occupation. In that period (1928), dozens of American writers, including one or two whose names became familiar, were clustered on the Left Bank, in Paris, growing beards, drinking absinthe, and talking away energetically at their profession. Carr concluded that France was a locale more often visited by the muse than others; with the hopeful backing of his family, he left home, taking a typewriter and plenty of copy paper, and shortly afterward arrived in Paris. One exposure to the high jinks at the Café Dôme and other centers of near-creativeness convinced him that the bohemian life was a matter of tinsel and sham. He decided on a revolutionary gesture. Instead of establishing himself in a garret and buying a beret, he engaged a handsome suite in the Rue des Eaux, on the Right Bank. He wore excellent clothes, took baths regularly, and, altogether, disported himself in such elegant style as to be a genuine affront to his countrymen in the genius wallows of the Quarter. At least once a week, he dropped over, with the lordly air of Diamond Jim Brady visiting the Bowery, and conducted missionary sessions. "Give it up, fellows," he used to tell them. "Come on across the river and get a decent room. Buy a new suit. Trim your beards. Why don't you quit talking about Art and get some work done?"

Carr's own work was proceeding apace. He turned out a mystery novel every two weeks or so and, as at college, discarded the entire output as unworthy. He made a little rite of piling up his manuscript in one of the several marble fireplaces of his flat and setting fire to it. Much later, when he had grown successful, he had cause to regret what he by then regarded as the acts of a dangerous pyromaniac. His case was roughly analogous to that of the novelist Jesse Stuart, who, while recently a public-relations officer in the Navy, explained, in a lecture to a class of naval indoctrinates, the capital loss he took on poetry. When he was a young Kentucky schoolteacher-writer, he dashed off hundreds of poems, Stuart said, and, finding the first few unacceptable by editors, tossed them into a poetry barrel in his basement. After the publication of his book "Taps for Private Tussie," his poems were greatly in demand. Like other newly arrived writers with an inventory, he decided to unload, starting with the vintage verse. He went into the basement and found the barrel cleaned out by rats. "I sat down with a pencil and a notebook," Stuart told his class, "and figured out that the rats had eaten a little over thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of poetry." Many of Carr's Parisian tales, he reflected afterward, would probably have become marketable at high rates.

In 1930, still unpublished after two years abroad, Carr returned to New York. His fortunes did a turnabout almost immediately. In his hotel room, he wrote a mystery novel he entitled "It Walks by Night," and, feeling that he had rung the gong at last, took it, with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, to Henry Tomlinson, Jr., a salesman at Harper's. Tomlinson, the son of the English author H. M. Tomlinson, was so impressed by the work that he practically forced it on the Harper chairman of the board, T. B. Wells, who wearily made a bet that he could spot the murderer before page 200. Not only did he lose the bet, Wells said later, but so intricate was the spiderweb of Carr's plot that he wasn't entirely sure about the murderer after he'd finished the book. In any case, he was able to recognize the truth—that Harper's had, by a lucky accident, discovered a first-rate performer—and the stately old house brought up its heaviest promotional artillery. It has been observed that a publisher's apathy over a nonselling book can be matched only by his frenzy for a probable winner; Harper's, in the delirium of its new zest, took a page ad in the *Times* to announce the debut of John Dickson Carr with "It Walks by Night." It was the first time the firm had ever allotted such space to a mystery, a kind of book that was then selling on an average of five thousand copies for Harper's. Carr came through nobly in justification of his sponsor's courageous outlay; "It Walks by Night," a mystery involving a "locked-room" puzzle, a line of inquiry for which Carr is now noted, sold fifteen thousand copies and made the usual post-mortem trips through the consecutive purgatories of the reprint market.

At the age of twenty-four, Carr was a best-selling author in full stride, and he took up the unending search for a living program that would make for peak productivity—a nervous and inevitable accompaniment to artistic creation. His first situation was imperfect, though nourishing. He moved into a duplex flat on Columbia Heights, in Brooklyn, with Tomlinson and Edward Delafield, also a Harper's salesman and a friend of Carr's from his college days. It was an offhand, prankish household, given to mild roistering. Both Delafield and Tomlinson regarded themselves as singularly blessed, for they were able to sit back and watch a top mystery writer at work, an exhibit available to only the privileged few. Ideas came to Carr at odd moments. He was apt to come sprinting out of the shower, crying, "I've got it!" He would pick up a newspaper and, seeking out the crime notes, as was his habit, seize cheerfully on a brief, routine suicide. "He would begin to twist it and turn it around," says Delafield, "and before long it would emerge as a full-fledged book plot. And the next thing we knew, he'd have it written and published." Tomlinson once asked Carr if he had undue trouble with plots. Fixing him with a Holmesian glare, Carr replied, "I've had exactly a hundred and twenty complete plots outlined, for emergencies, since I was eleven years old."

When Carr was first with Harper's, he was paid, according to publishing custom, every six months. It was an infelicitous arrangement for both Delafield and Tomlinson. Carr would take his money, board the first ship out of New York Harbor, and ride back and forth to Europe, or to the African Gold Coast, or to Madagascar, until he was financially exhausted. Then his roommates would receive a cablegram, from some remote port, saying, "MUST HAVE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS IMMEDIATELY." "That was always his sum," says Delafield. "Two hundred and fifty dollars. I have no idea how he worked it out." In any event, the demand often left Delafield and Tomlinson in a pecuniary mess, and their landlady in an even worse one. "I was always interested in John's attitude toward money," relates Delafield, who now is vice-president of Crown Publishers, Inc. (Tomlinson is living in England.) "He looked upon it as something to be got rid of right away. After a few of his transoceanic trips, I suggested to Harper's that he be paid a hundred dollars a month. This more or less kept him landlocked and all of us solvent. But it by no means stopped his freehanded spending." During most of his



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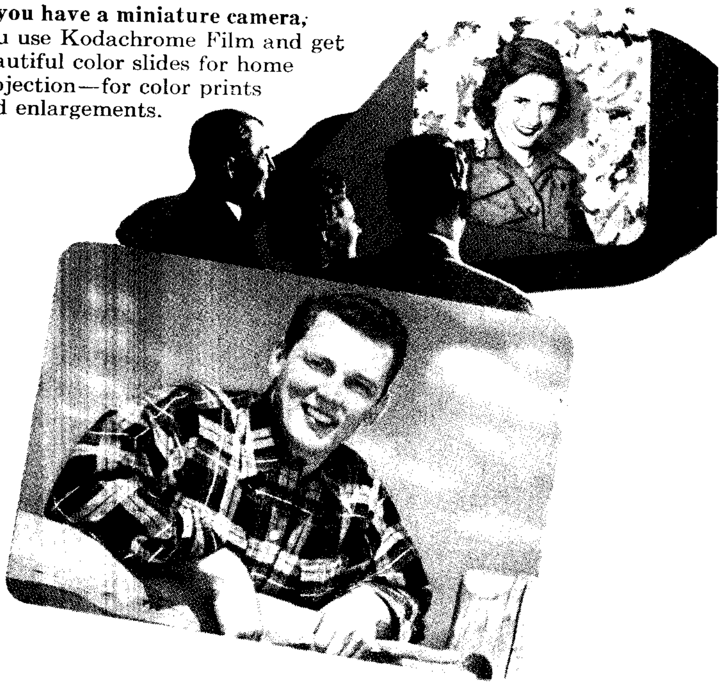

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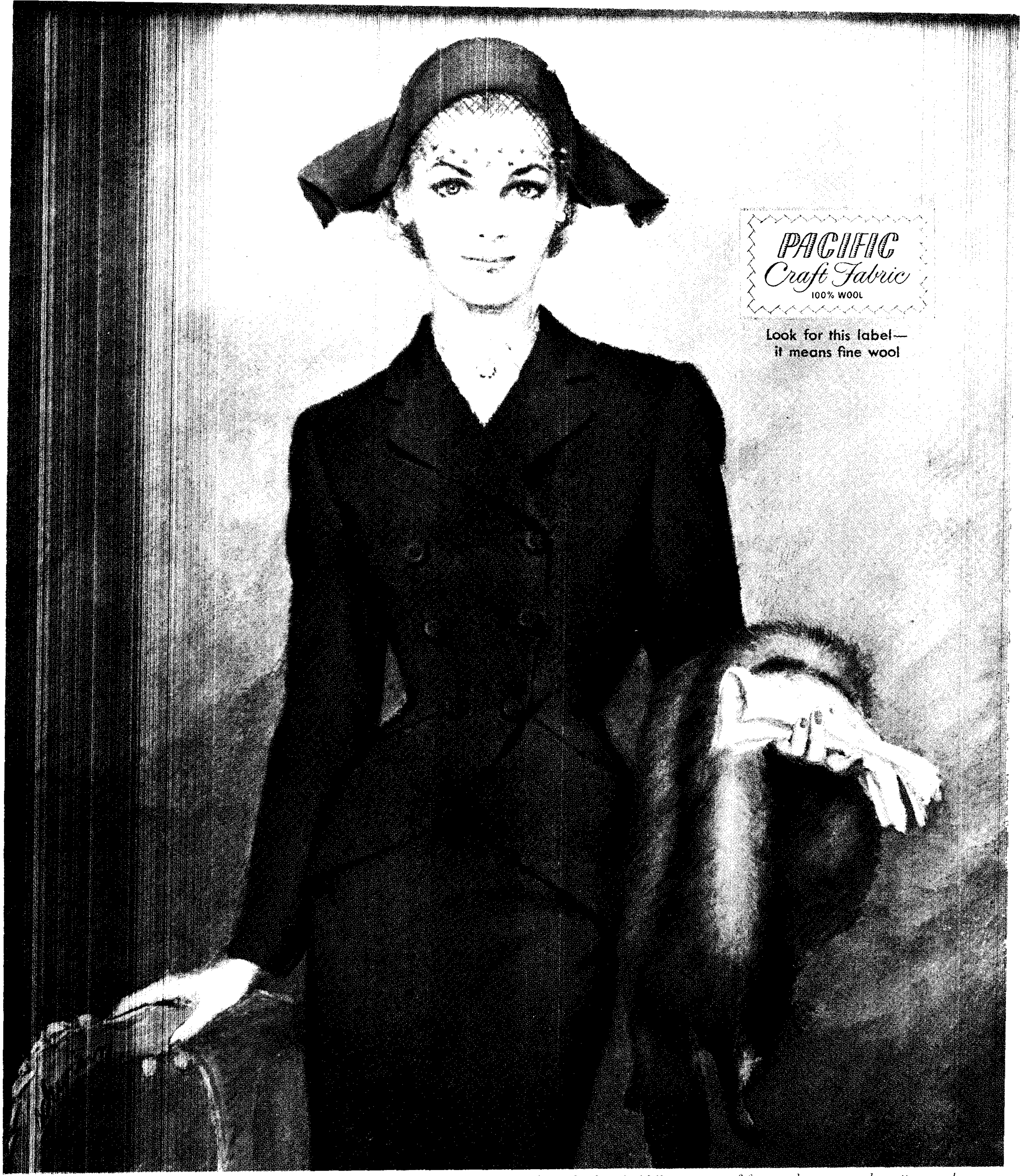
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career, Carr has put all his assets in a checking account, even when he has been prosperous and able to invest. Once, asked about this curious quirk, he replied, "The time lag involved in liquidating securities and spending the money might make me nervous."

While in the flat on Columbia Heights, Carr demonstrated that he was also socially inventive. On the eve of a soirée the three men gave for some congenial ladies, he toiled all afternoon to rig up a humorous device. He attached a microphone upstairs to a radio in the living room downstairs and sneaked up often to add lurid comments to the program. The net result of his joke was worthless, however, since, displaying a chronic weakness of the creative soul, he finally overdid it. As the group below were sipping refreshment, a shot rang out and a frenzied voice broke in, saying, "We interrupt with an important news bulletin from Italy—Premier Mussolini has just shot the American Ambassador." Upon hearing this news, the ladies all got up and ran home, throwing the party out of joint. Delafield had an automobile, and Carr frequently borrowed it after a hard tussle with the mysteries. He almost never brought it back. "By golly, I *did* take the car," he'd say. "Now, let's see— I believe I parked it somewhere." Delafield and Tomlinson would comb the streets, and sometimes ask the police for help. Carr's own attitude toward the police represented, they thought, some atavistic reaction to authority. He would pick out a cop and follow him around on the beat, carrying on an impertinent monologue that fell just short of being actionable. Sometimes, he'd ask the officer to help him across a street, or salute him pompously when they passed each other. Then he'd search lawns with a magnifying glass, looking for clues, and take notes in a little black book. The police in the area knew him and treated him with heavy patience. "Why don't you go on home, Mr. Carr?" they'd say. "Write some more mysteries. Show us how a real detective works." When the humor was on him, Carr made life chancy for his roommates with practical jokes. In return, they enlivened things for him. They were amused to learn that he had a bothersome phobia about sand. Toward the end of one party, when he became drowsy, they put him in the back seat of the car and deposited him on the beach at Coney Island, well down toward the water. He reported home the next day and didn't mention the outing.

On one of his trips back from Europe,

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Music by
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Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
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DOROTHY SARNOFF • DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
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Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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A new play by
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Directed by DANIEL MANN
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Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
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Carr met Miss Cleaves, who was en route to America to visit relatives. Their acquaintance ripened into romance, and they were married in New York in 1931. After the ceremony, Carr decided that creating fictitious detectives of classic outlines was awkward in a land of such uncomplicated violence. For months, his spirit had yearned for the refined grotesqueries of an older civilization. The musty havens of medieval torture drew him like a beacon. As a group of Mid-Victorian painters returned to the pre-Raphael primitives for their inspiration, Carr looked back to Holmes and Dupin. With reluctance, he bade farewell to the birthplace of "It Walks by Night." He was headed for England, and great successes, and an expatriate residence of such chameleon identification with the landscape that a critic was one day to say, "John Dickson Carr is surely the most English of all the writers of fine English mystery." —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Carr.*)

•

Ceremony begins with playing of "Star Spangled Banner" followed by invocation. Mayor Orsborn will introduce guests according to last-minute list. First Convair official will be Gage Irving for brief remarks as Division Manager. Irving will then introduce Fontaine, General Manager, for brief remarks. Fontaine will introduce Cohu. Cohu will introduce Odlum. Odlum will introduce Admiral Schoeffel. Upon completion of Schoeffel's talk band on signal will play "Anchors Aweigh." Admiral Schoeffel, Admiral Hall, Messrs. Odlum, Cohu, Fontaine, Irving will leave speakers' platform to participate in ground breaking directly in front of speakers' platform. Irving will be handed the spade as he steps from the platform. When group is in position he will hand spade to Schoeffel to dig first. Schoeffel will hand to Hall. Hall will hand to Odlum. Odlum will hand to Cohu. Cohu to Fontaine. Fontaine to Irving. Irving to Orsborn. Orsborn will hand back to Irving, who will have Schoeffel sign with grease pencil. Irving will then hand Schoeffel miniature silver spade as token of the event. Band will resume playing as official guests move into barbecue area directly behind speakers' platform.—*Plan for ground-breaking ceremonies of guided-missile plant at Pomona, Calif.*

Where a sparerib will be handed to Irving, who will take one bite and hand to . . .

•

NON-SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Columbus Evening Dispatch*]

Because a rhinoceros has a brain no larger than a hazelnut, he has no money whatever.

N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
GUYS & DOLLS
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"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
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"HILARIOUS!"
— GUERNSEY, Herald Tribune
AIR-CONDITIONED
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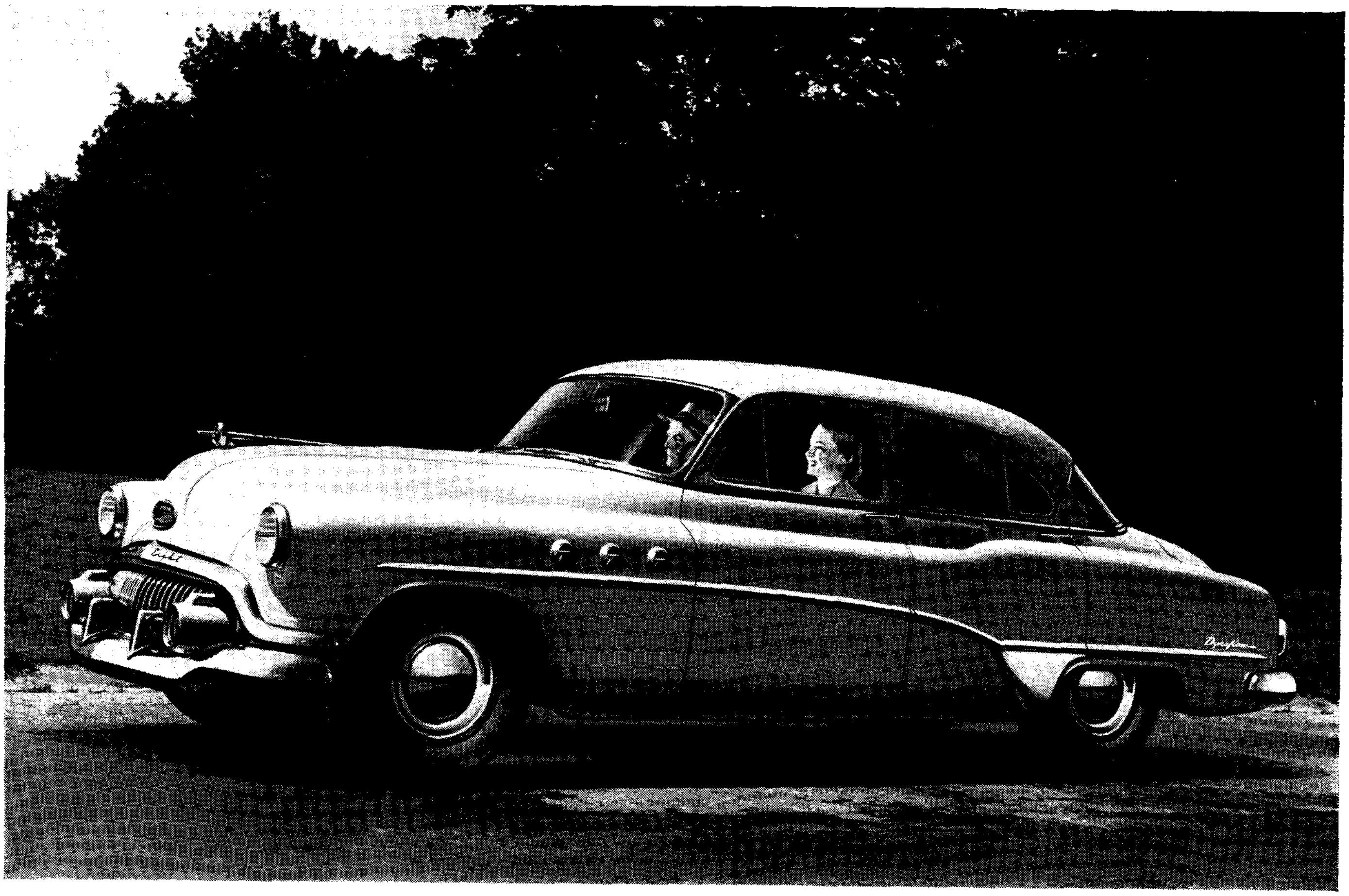

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A FLAG FOR THE GENERAL

SINCE the days of the Roosevelt-Landon election, when Laurie Wilbur and I were quite newly acquainted, I have never ceased to be fascinated by my friend's political mind. At the start, I carelessly assumed that she had none. Charlie Wilbur was a Republican in those days, and his bride was so feminine, so vague, and so devoted that when I asked her how she was voting, the question was a pure social routine, like inquiries for her health or remarks about the weather. However, she surprised me.

"Well, now, don't you tell Charlie," she said. "It would just upset him, and I can't argue, forgetting names and dates and stuff the way I do. But that Landon looks just like Mr. Barker, who was so horrid when I backed into his car. And he keeps Mrs. Barker on a budget, too. Poor woman, I watch her, out sweeping her front walk. You only have to compare the look on her face with the look on Mrs. Roosevelt's."

That was the year Laurie was a fellow-traveller for three weeks, too. She said it was because Stalin always looked so relaxed. I was feeling a little guilty and reactionary in those days, and I was much relieved one afternoon when Laurie set down her teacup and remarked that she didn't like Stalin any more.

"I just happened to think who he looks like," she said. "*Hunter*."

Hunter, a large Persian tom, was at that moment asleep before the fire, and she regarded him darkly.

"You see?" she said. "Exactly the same expression. And I'll no sooner have let him put away half a can of salmon than he'll be rubbing on Charlie's legs and leading him to the refrigerator, and Charlie saying, 'Don't you ever remember to feed this poor cat?' " She lit a cigarette and set it in the ashtray before her. She leaned over it and toward me, her eyes remote. "Naturally," she said, "naturally I thought a man who looked like that—so relaxed, I mean—must have a conscience that was at rest. And then I looked at Hunter. Your conscience doesn't have to be at rest to look like that. You can feel just as fine if you never had any. Not that I'm one bit sorry I subscribed for an ambulance—those poor Spaniards—but from now on I'm *watching* that man." She paused, turning the lighted cigarette slowly on the edge of the tray. "Not that I like that Franco, either," she said. "There's a man near us in Hingham, summers, and he's always doing stuff for St. Stephen's Church—the way they say Franco does for those nuns and all—and the way he treats his wife is too ghastly to think about. No, if the Pope himself was to come into this room this minute, I'd still say, 'Well, look at Mr. Whitford.' "

IT would be inaccurate to say that my mind has ever been clarified by Laurie Wilbur's pronouncements, but there is a quality of Delphic intoxication in them that half persuades me, even when I darned well know better, that they come from a source more than human. Maybe what I feel is no more than an atavistic remnant of that awe in which primitive people have always held the mad; heaven knows I'd be the last to deny that Laurie is crazy as a coot. But the sensation—call it that—has always been there, like a faith and solace, and I must say that it was unsettling to come up her walk on the day MacArthur returned to Washington and find the Stars and Stripes flowing out upon the air from the front porch.

It was particularly unsettling because General Marshall is the living spit of Mrs. Wilbur's late father, a saint of God if there ever was one, and Harry Truman looks just like her grocer, Mr. Rowley, who is so honest and obliging that it's well worth the difference over the A. & P.

So I walked into the house wondering who MacArthur looked like to her, and almost afraid to find out. Her first remark, however, left me both relieved and confounded.

"Aren't you thrilled about Truman?" she said. "I never would have thought he had it in him if it hadn't been for Duke."

Duke is a Gordon setter, and for once I felt that I didn't have the strength to take it the hard way.

"Look, dear," I said, "if Truman acts like Duke and looks like Mr. Rowley, why are you flying the flag for MacArthur?"

She stared at me, her large eyes flooding with astonishment and horror. "For

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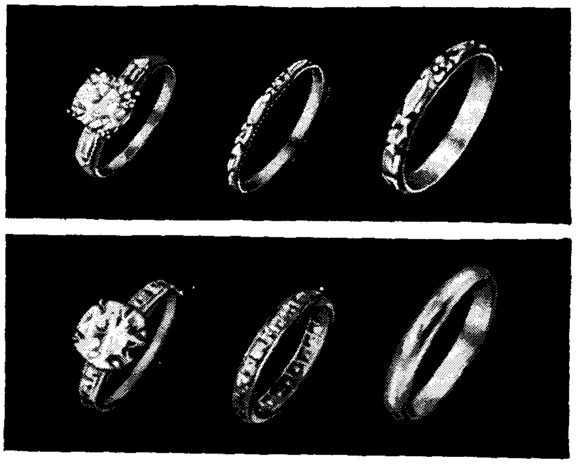

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MacArthur!" she exclaimed. "Are you out of your mind? Why, I'm flying it for General Endicott!"

"General Endicott?"

"Of course, of course. General Endicott. Right over there."

She waved her hand impatiently toward the open door. In the garden across the street, another flag flew, from a flagpole in the center of the lawn.

I could only look dim.

Laurie interpreted my silence in her own way. "Oh, Vicky," she said, "how can you be so intolerant? Think how he was brought up, West Point and everything. And retired, and arthritis, and his wife dead, and how nice he was when Duke got into his tuberous begonias, and you know how those fleshy stems snap if you barely *look* at them! I'll never forget his face the day MacArthur was recalled. Like death, just forcing himself to stand up straight, and his only son a Democrat in the State Department!"

There are times when you realize that you might just as well roll with the punches. "Oh," I said. "Oh, I see!" Like a sleepwalker, I turned and followed her across the hall and into the living room.

"Oh, I knew you would!" she exclaimed happily. She sat down and lit a cigarette. She laid it in the ashtray and let its smoke rise before her, the vapors from the sacred tripod. "You do see," she said, "don't you? That dear old man. You do see that it's the best way someone with my convictions can hit at people like Colonel McCormick and Senator McCarthy, and at the Communists, too, right at the same time, don't you?"

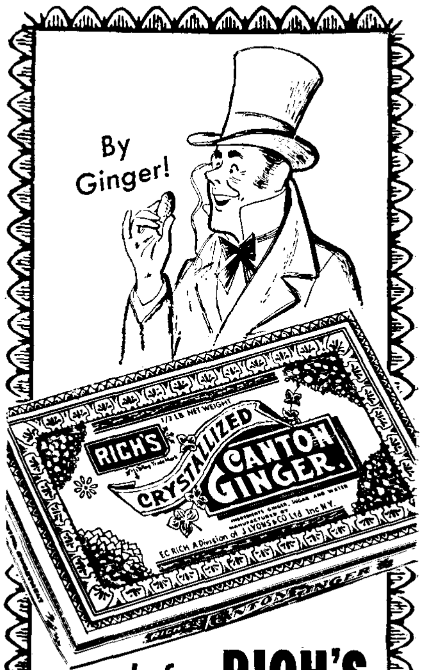
For once, the Delphic look was mingled with something unfamiliar, an anxious, almost childlike appeal. I hoped that my own face did not look as blank as it felt.

"Well, perhaps not *exactly*," I said gently.

She leaned forward. "Think about General Endicott first," she said, "and West Point, and the way he grew up—William Howard Taft, I mean, and girls in long piqué skirts, and all that."

"Some anachronisms can be pretty expensive," I heard myself say sharply.

She bowed her head. "I know," she said. "You don't have to tell me. And of course the scariest thing about MacArthur is the way he just looks like MacArthur, even old, I mean, and especially in his toupee. But what I started to say was, General Endicott— Well, nothing I could do would change his vote anyway, would it? And his sweet



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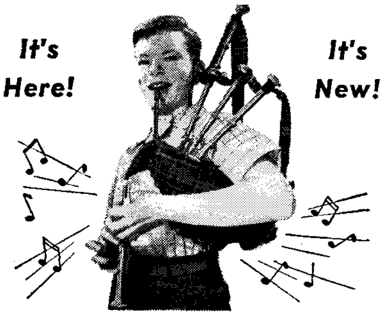
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old face, and all those chrysanthemums and things he gives us when he thins out his borders. And how could it make one bit of difference to Truman or Acheson, now or ever, whether there's one flag or two—right in the same neighborhood, I mean?" She broke off, her chin lifted, looking past me now. "So I got to thinking about that man Molière—no, Voltaire—and how he said, 'You're crazy, but I'll die for your chance to say what you think.' And then I thought about people—just one by one, I mean—and how they're all that really matters, and what governments are *for*. And how that's the thing that McCarthy and the Communists both just don't believe. And the next minute I had it right down out of the attic and in the stand on the porch rail, don't you see?"

Suddenly I laughed. "Laurie," I said, "do you know you're an anarchist?"

At once, she had relaxed in my laughter, taking the words for nonsense. "I knew you'd understand," she said. "Now I'm going to get you a glass of sherry, and you just stick around until Charlie comes home. It all hit me after he left, you know, and you're so good at explaining things. And when he comes up the walk, he'll be wild. Just wild."

I drew a long, slow breath. "If it's just the same with you, dear," I said, "I'd rather have a Martini. A good one." —VICTORIA LINCOLN

•

When the poet wrote "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, bird thou never wert," he presumed that we know what a skylark is, and that we know that he is not addressing an emanation but a normal man addressing a real bird, that we know that he knows that it is a bird although he says that it is not, that we understand that he knows quite well that the bird does not hear him, and that we nevertheless are likely to be pleased because our imagination is functioning thanks to its opposite, if knowledge of reality be the opposite of imagining an unreality.—*"The Short Story," by Sean O'Faolain.*

The hell with thee, blithe spirit!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Herald Tribune*]

PEMBROKE, Ont., Aug. 13 (CP)—Rene LaFrance, fourteen, and his brother Ronnie, seven, went for a boatride Sunday. They didn't plan to fish—but they came home with a thirty-five-pound sturgeon. They didn't even have a fishing rod with them.

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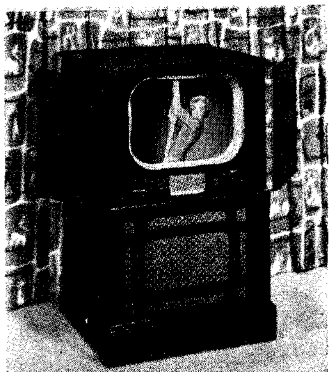

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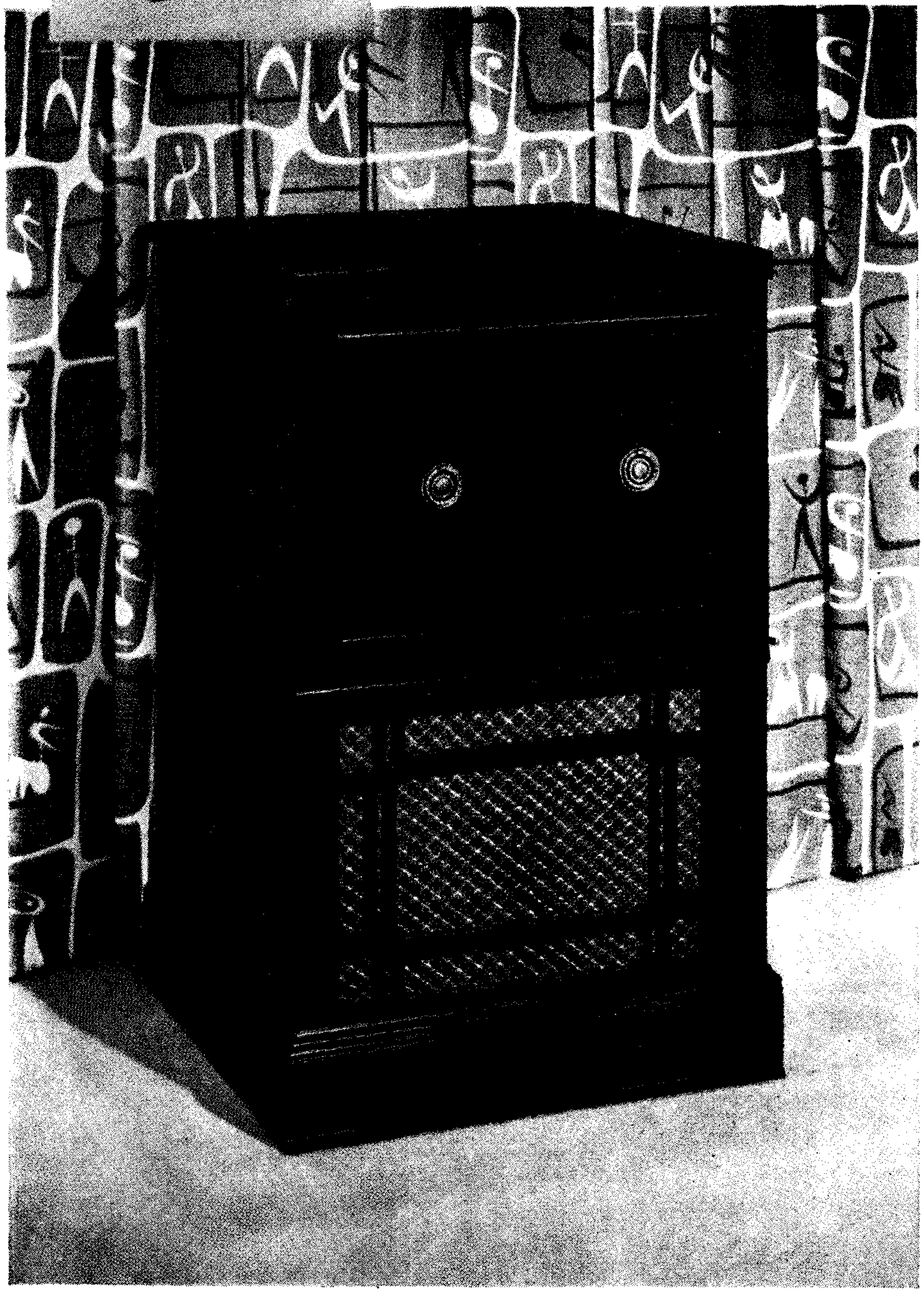

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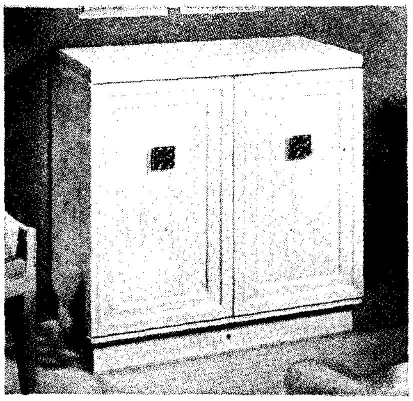

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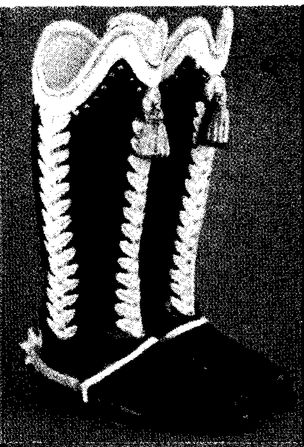

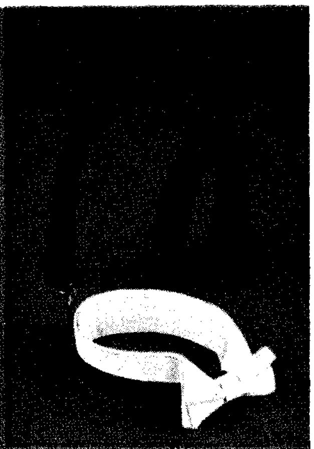

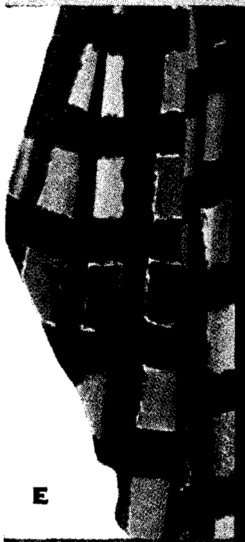

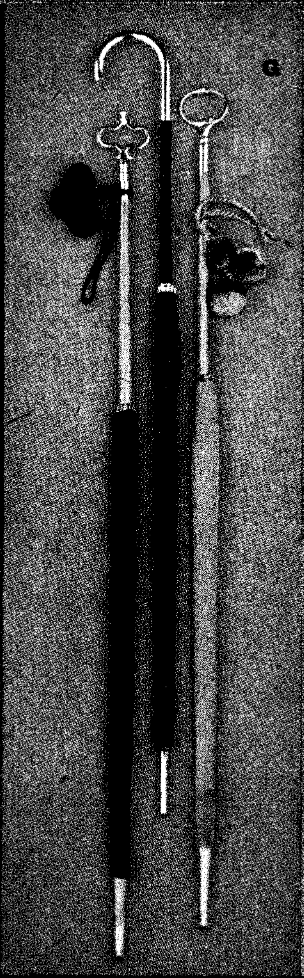

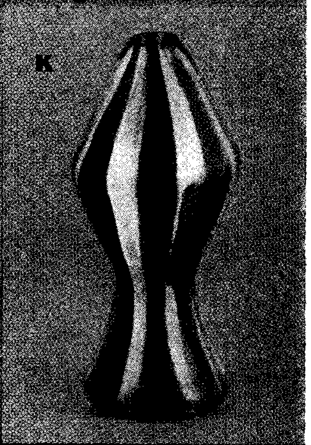

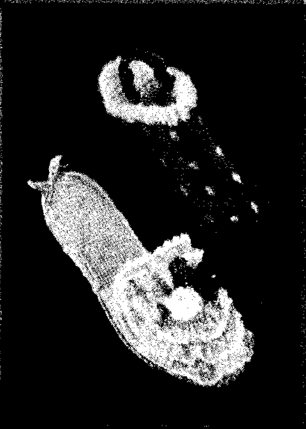

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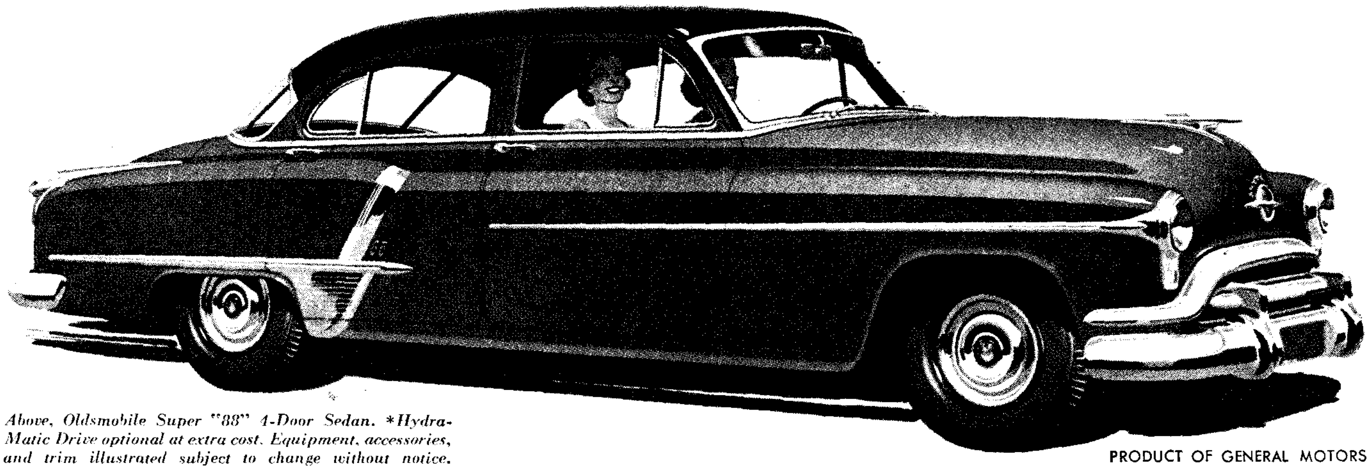

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THE RACE TRACK

Shoe Board at Aqueduct

NO time this week for any nostalgic thought, however delightful, about Saratoga. Racing is back on Long Island again, with what looks like an open road to fame and fortune. The first thing I did at Aqueduct was have a look at a new signpost on that road. It's a board in front of the grandstand on which information about what kind of shoes the runners are wearing is posted before each race. Aficionados will doubtless think me presumptuous for saying so, but the way a horse is shod is pretty important. If the track is muddy or heavy, it is useful to know which racers are wearing calks (they look like the cleats on football shoes) or stickers (they're slightly longer than calks and give a firmer grip on rough footing) and which racers are smooth-shod; the smooth-shod ones usually skitter along and wind up out of the money. On the other hand—or should I say "foot"?—it's well to note and remember that calks and stickers are impediments on a fast track.

Actually, this shoe board isn't a new idea; there has been one like it in the paddock for a long time. In fact, going on four years ago, this department, in a gay fever of crusading, began suggesting that it would improve the lot of horseplayers if they didn't have to walk half a mile every time they wanted to find out what kind of shoes their fancy was wearing. Heigh-ho, it's been a long time, but I've always felt that the Aqueduct management, which makes innovations whenever it can, would do something about this, and it finally did.

What I'd like now would be to have the condition of the track posted somewhere, preferably in a prominent place. Racegoers want to know about that. It helps them a lot in their search for winners, for not everyone is expert enough to judge for himself whether the course is fast, good, slow, or whatnot. Curiously, the condition of the track has been a matter for the record with the Jockey Club for considerably over half a century. You'll find it a part of the official summaries printed in the *Racing Calendar*, and taken, no doubt, from the report of the clerk of the scales. Also, the placing judges set it down in the book in which they enter the order of finish and the time of every race. I don't want to put ideas into the heads of the Wicks Committee, which has been investigating racing in this state all summer, but I won't be amazed if, after the members make their report, there is a well-paid official with a fancy title whose sole duty every day is to decide what the condition of the track is.

TO judge by the list of races to come, there should be fun at Aqueduct. Battlefield, Hall of Fame, and Uncle Miltie have engagements in the Discovery Handicap this weekend, and I'm looking forward to a good show even if all three don't go to the post. Hill Prince is down for the Edgemere next Saturday, but his training has been on the slow side recently and we may have to wait until Belmont to see him in action. By the way, I was surprised to discover that Greentree is running neither Tom Fool nor The Minor, another very fast colt, in the Cowdin Stakes, the meeting's big event for two-year-olds. However, there is a notable collection of nominations for the Beldame Handicap on September 22nd, the last day of the meeting. Among them are Bed o' Roses, who returned to the races in such fine form at Saratoga last week; Kiss Me Kate, who won the Alabama Stakes there the other afternoon; and Wistful, who won the Beverly Handicap at Washington Park. You pick the winner.

ALTHOUGH Kiss Me Kate took the Alabama by eight lengths, observers remarked that she had to be hustled along smartly through the stretch. Arcaro, who rode her, was obviously taking no chances with a filly who hadn't been out since early in July, and who may not like to go a mile and a quarter anyhow. And, accustomed as one gets to surprises at the Spa, everybody was a little flabbergasted when Busanda, who hadn't been in the money for weeks, led all the way in the Saratoga Cup. Beats me. —AUDAX MINOR

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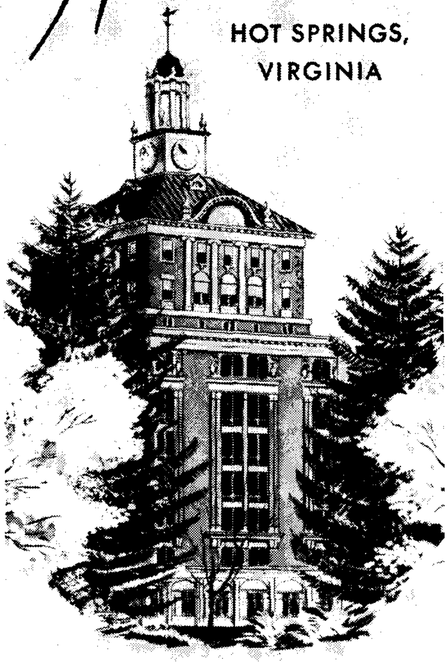

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE MAN WHO CHANGED THE RULES

THE New York daily newspapers' treatment of William Randolph Hearst's death, at the age of eighty-eight, reflected a considerable difference of opinion not only about Mr. Hearst but about how much space he was worth. In the columns of the *Journal-American* and *Mirror*, both Hearst papers, the funereal ululations are still reverberating as I write, nearly two weeks after the *Journal-American's* eight-column black banner head in 172-point type reading, "W. R. HEARST DEAD," apprised the public of the news on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 14th. The *Journal-American* ran a full-page editorial, tricked out with all the mortuary embellishments of the printing trade. It started off:

> The world has lost a colossus. William Randolph Hearst has passed into history.
>
> He was the last of the dauntless pioneers, the last of the indomitable individualists. . . .
>
> Such a man as he, who became a legend within his lifetime, we shall not see again.
>
> Only he withstood a regimentation and socialization which overwhelmed and obliterated so many of his able and powerful contemporaries, until he remained the sole surviving giant tree where once had been a forest of titanic men.

There was also a biography, running to about fifteen standard columns, which began:

> Out of the incredible vigor of his mind and body William Randolph Hearst wrought, in more than a half century of sustained effort, the mightiest publishing venture the world has known. . . .
>
> The greatest inheritance Mr. Hearst received from his mining-statesman father and his beloved mother was not measured in gold [his inheritance was, in fact, estimated at only about thirty million dollars] but in the bequest of an ineradicable faith in America.

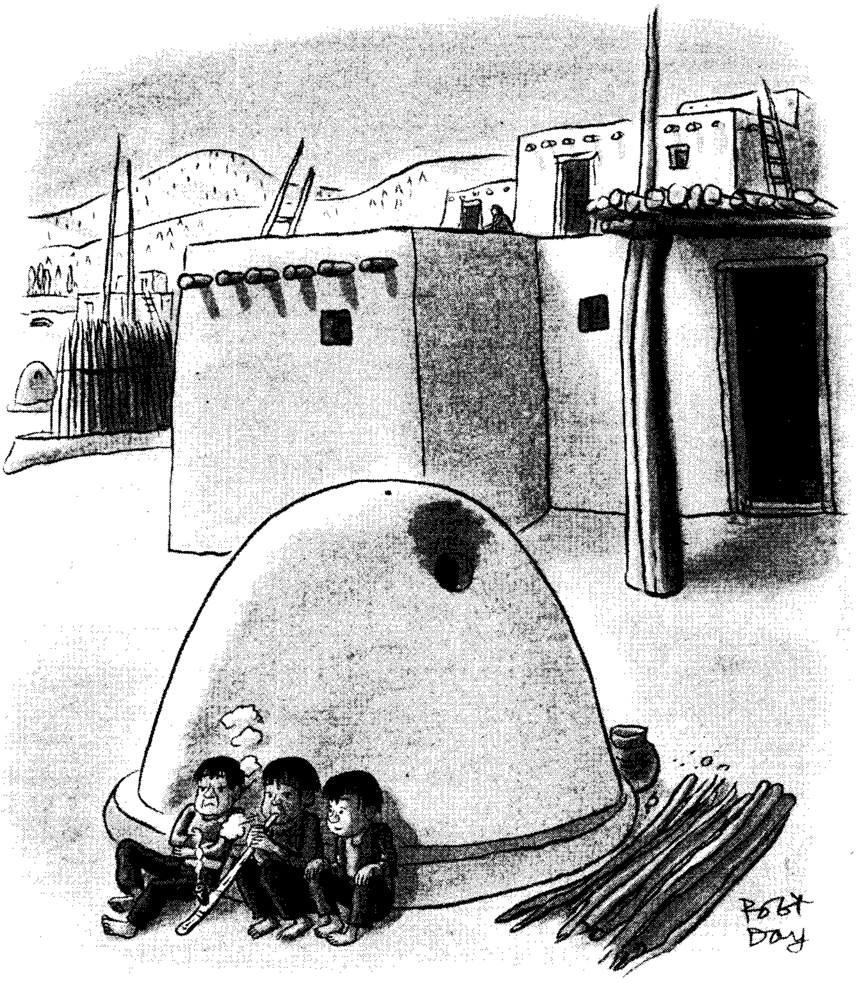
Soon the eulogy of the departed turned to a reassurance of the solidity of the mighty publishing venture he had left behind:

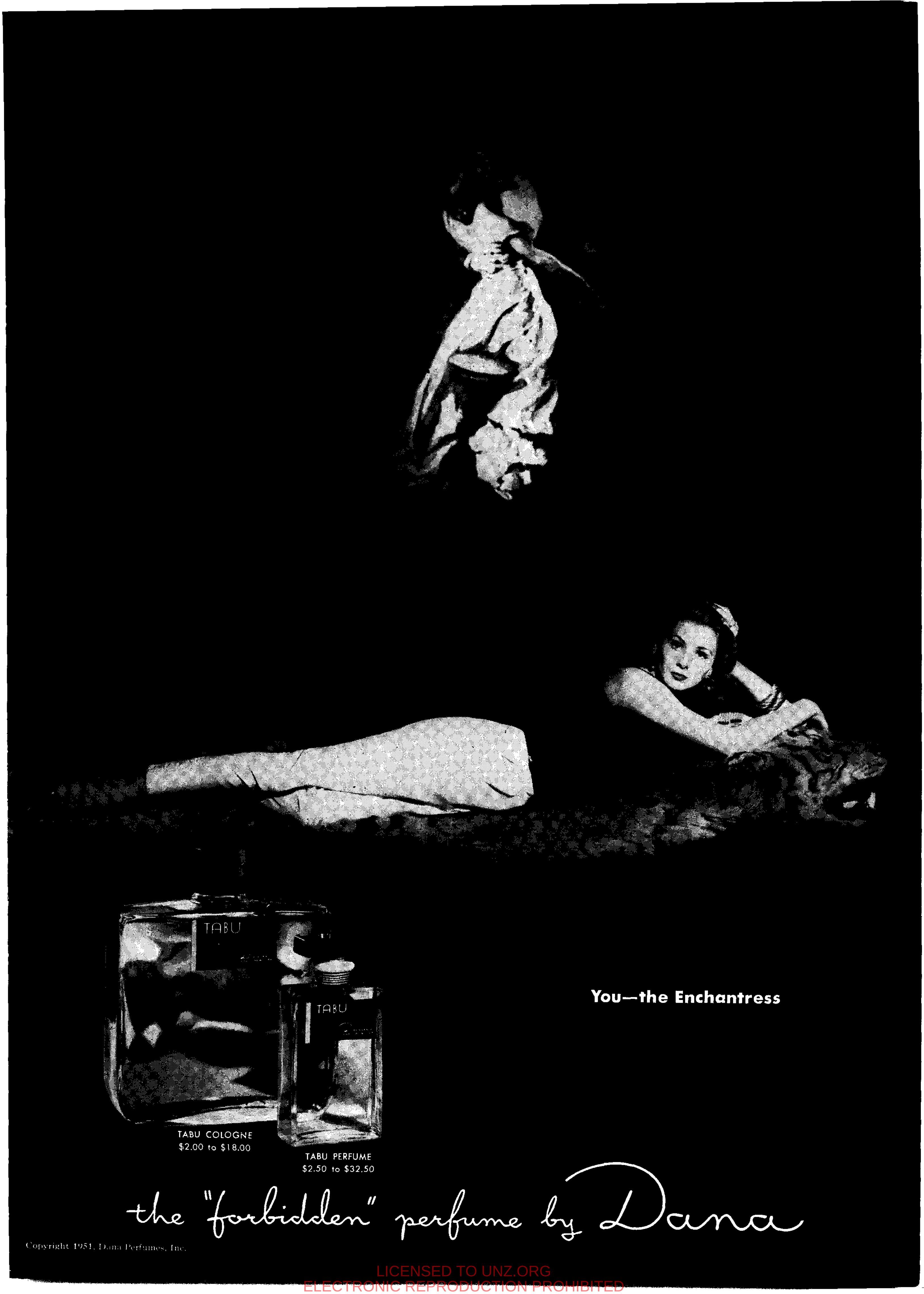
> For Mr. Hearst so contrived his enterprises, and so caused them to be buttressed against all contingencies, that no man's passing—not even his own—could shake their strength or swerve them from their course, which is the service of the American people. . . .
>
> His chain of newspapers stretch along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and thrive in the great industrial centers of the Middle West.
>
> His magazines, representing the cream of fiction, fashion, articles, and specialized information, blanket the nation and even extend into Great Britain, as separate publishing enterprises there.
>
> In addition there are the worldwide network of news wires, the tremendous feature service, radio stations, land and mine holdings, a separate philanthropic organization, and a priceless art collection.
>
> These activities may be grouped under the general title of the Hearst Organization.

The obituary, which for a column or so at this point read more like a stock prospectus, then enumerated the newspapers (sixteen daily, two Sunday only), the services (one news and one photo), and the magazines (nine). After that, it got back to Mr. Hearst.

The *Mirror*, a sister unit in the mightiest publishing venture the world has known, used the same biography on Wednesday. James Padgitt, of the International News Service, which is a part of the mightiest publishing venture, wrote the lead news story in the *Mirror*, in which he recorded a phenomenon unreported by other correspondents in Beverly Hills, California, where Mr. Hearst died. "The people stood in stunned silence in realization of their loss," Mr. Padgitt stated.

THE *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *News*, *World-Telegram & Sun*, and *Post* took the event more calmly. The difference in tone was exemplified the following Sunday by the *Herald Tribune's* treatment of a statement by William Randolph Hearst, Jr., second of the publisher's five sons, speaking for himself and his brothers. The statement had originally appeared in both the *Journal* and the *Mirror* and read, in part, "Will you please convey to the readers of the Hearst newspapers our pledge to continue to operate our father's publications as he guided us, and our determination to carry on in the tradition of his life which was dedicated to the service of America and the best interests of the American people." The *Tribune* man, Ralph Chapman, reviewing the week's news, translated this to read, "Continuance of the sensational journalistic practices es-

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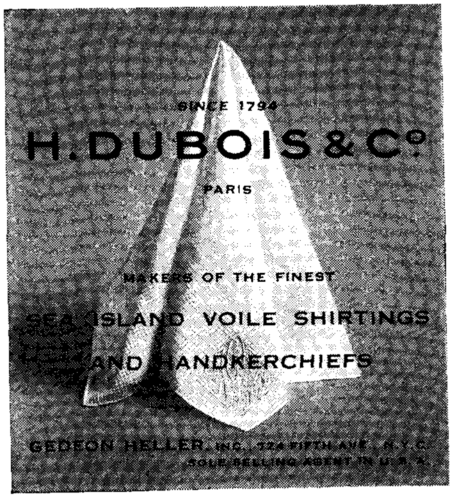

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tablished by their father was pledged by the sons of William Randolph Hearst."

The *World-Telegram*, which ranks second to the *Journal-American* in afternoon circulation, and the *News*, whose only competition in the morning tabloid field comes from the *Mirror*, showed a tendency, I thought, to underplay Mr. Hearst. The motivations of publishers in dealing with other publishers in such circumstances are ambivalent: a desire to respect a competitor's sorrow coincides with a wish to give it the minimum of publicity. The *World-Telegram*, which is part of another mighty journalistic venture, the Scripps-Howard newspapers, confirmed the *Journal-American's* identification of Mr. Hearst as a colossus—"Men both blessed and cursed the towering colossus of journalism," one of its writers declared in a sketch of Mr. Hearst's career. "A man praised and execrated, in equal measure, to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other notable figure of his times," the piece went on. "Equal measure," it seemed to me, was giving the defunct an edge in the scoring.

The *World-Telegram* held Mr. Hearst down to a couple of columns on the afternoon of his death. On the following day, it printed a message to the bereaved family from Roy W. Howard, president of Scripps-Howard, who is the *Telegram's* own small colossus. "No man in history has had a greater impact on American journalism or contributed more to its sturdiness or devoted himself more unceasingly to making it the nerve center of American patriotism," Mr. Howard wrote. An editorial in the same issue said, "William Randolph Hearst was one of the most controversial figures of our times, and he left a vast imprint on journalism and American life." There was no attempt to define the imprint.

The *News* didn't use the word "colossus" once, and wound up its obituary with a quote from Allan Nevins, a historian at Columbia, that I thought underrated Mr. Hearst: "His importance has lain in the huge scale of his operations, and though he hardly ranks as a great innovator—his sensationalism imitated Pulitzer's, while E. W. Scripps preceded him in forming a newspaper chain—the Hearst methods have profoundly influenced American journalism." His innovation, as I intend to point out later, was one of means rather than method, and far transcended Pulitzer's. On the same page as the obit appeared a reminder of why the *News* didn't consider Mr. Hearst quite in the

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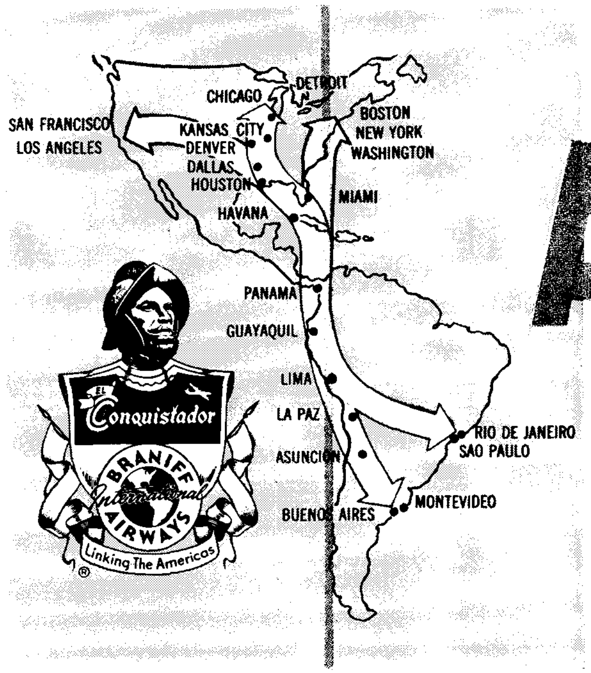
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colossus class. This was a message from Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and overlord of the *News*, to William Randolph Hearst, Jr. Around the *News*, obit writers don't have to be told who is a colossus. "My sincere sympathy to you in the loss of your father, news of whose death reached me over the radio," Colonel McCormick had wired. "His life up to the moment of his passing was devoted to the interests of his country and humanity." It was well for Colonel McCormick's disposition, I thought, that he had learned the news from the radio and not from the editorial page of a Hearst paper. Colonel McCormick knows who is the last of the dauntless pioneers, the sole surviving giant tree, and so does every man jack who works for him.

The three colossi have been as one politically, even while they scrabbled against each other like Algerian shoeshine boys for circulation coppers. In the case of the *Herald Tribune* and the *Post*, however, neither political affinity nor the considerations of circulation was a matter of concern, and yet their stories were disappointing. The *Tribune's* obit treated the late publisher simply as a whacking success, even if a bit of an oddity. "An extraordinary newspaper talent combined with a consuming ambition for power were the principal factors in shaping the career of William Randolph Hearst," the biography began. ". . . Mr. Hearst never permitted anyone to call him by his first name. To his employees he was known simply as 'The Chief.' He wielded an iron hand over all of them, treating them with utter cynicism, if not contempt." (The fellows who wrote about him in the Hearst papers invariably remembered him as a lovable character.) Editorially, the *Tribune* said, "The strange, erratic, and powerful genius of William Randolph Hearst has colored the American political and journalistic scene for so many decades that it is difficult now to realize that it has been extinguished at last. About the genius there has never been any doubt. About the uses to which he put it there has been constant and usually impassioned controversy throughout the more than half a century in which he held place on the national stage."

The *Post*, describing Hearst as "fabulous," showed its fearlessness by recalling that he had left Harvard by request in his senior year "after he had sent chamber pots, unsuitably inscribed, to his instructors." (The *Telegram* referred to this incident as a "campus prank," while the ruggeder *News* called it a "ribald joke.") The *Post* also alluded to a report that he had once asked his wife for a divorce so that he could marry Marion Davies, in whose residence the old man died. (All the newspapers persisted in referring to it as his house, but there was an understandable confusion. It was Miss Davies' house originally, but she deeded it to him, and then he deeded it back to her.)

WHERE all the papers I have quoted from so far fell down, I thought, was in the way they treated the story of Hearst as a closed episode, and an unqualified success story, at that. Moreover, they failed to bring out what seems almost certain to be, in the light of history, the most significant aspect of his career. It occurs to me that what is really important about Hearst is not whether or not he was a great newspaperman, or a talented and cynical amateur, or a great humanitarian, or a genius, or a liberal, or a reactionary; he could have been any of these, but I believe that as the years pass he will be remembered primarily as the man who introduced the use of big money into the newspaper business. It was only in the *Times* that I found what seemed to me to be adequate coverage of Mr. Hearst's prodigal, and not always successful, use of money to buy his way to the top. In fact, the *Times*, in its various departments, carried off all the honors of the campaign. For one thing, its lead story, by one of its own correspondents, Gladwin Hill, was naturally better than the press-association leads in other papers. Press-association stories are written for a theoretical average subscribing newspaper in a small city and consequently have to explain a story before they tell it. Hill stuck close to the Beverly Hills angle of the story—the publisher's apparent degree of control of the editorial policy of his mighty venture up to his death (more than you might think, according to Mr. Hill), the reported presence of Miss Davies as well as of the Hearst sons at the bedside, the seeming confusion in the Hearst organization in the hours following his death. The confusion must have been considerably augmented, later, by the report from Beverly Hills that the colossus and Miss Davies had drawn up an agreement vesting control of the Hearst Corporation in Miss Davies. The administrators of the Hearst estate, in the *Journal-American* of August 27th, stated, however, "This so-called agreement dated Nov. 5, 1950, was never

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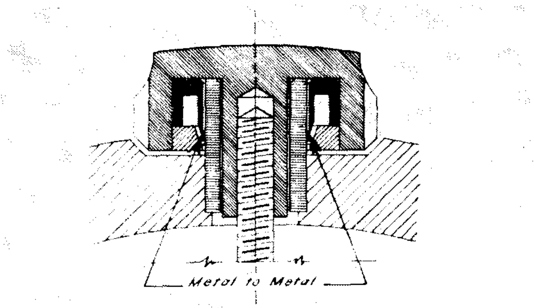

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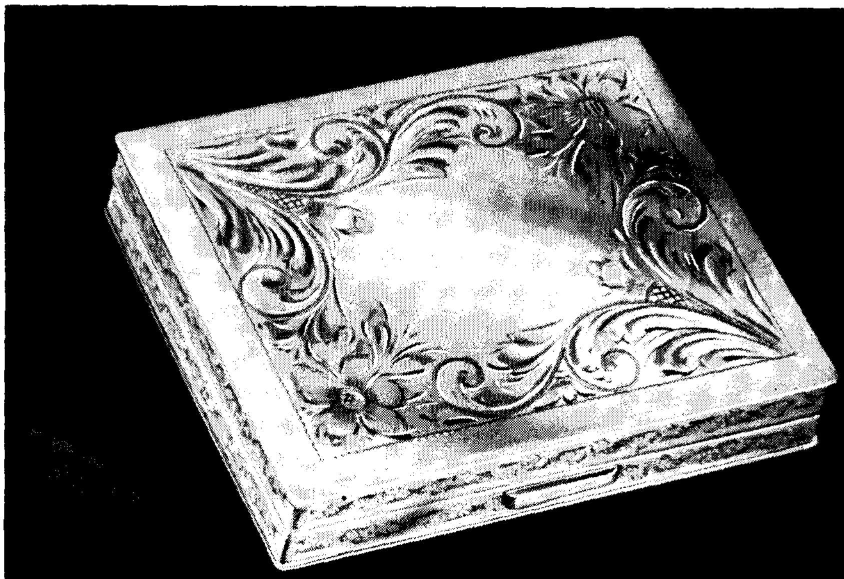
executed and for this and many other reasons has no more effect than if it never existed." The question is, presumably, to be left to the courts.

The *Times'* long, unsigned biography of Hearst, measured and occasionally wry, led off, "At the height of his career, William Randolph Hearst was one of the world's wealthiest and most powerful newspaper owners. . . . At the peak of his influence he engendered the heat of controversy more than any other American." Here it was at least implied that the height and the peak were past. There had not, in fact, been much controversy about Hearst for the last thirty years—nothing, that is, to compare with the controversy over Franklin D. Roosevelt or Harry S. Truman. And even at the height of his career he was never able to demonstrate the power he claimed. "Actually, few persons ever succeeded in picking the lock of his character to discover the demarcation line between self-interest and public interest," the *Times* obituarist continued. "He often expressed the belief that his mind was the same as the collective mind of the American people, a belief that the American people did not always share."

The *Times'* three best stories on the subject were deep inside the paper—one, on the financial history of Hearst's corporations, by Burton Crane; another, on Hearst's adventures in New York City real estate, by Lee E. Cooper; and a third, unsigned, on his self-invited misfortunes as an art collector. Crane's piece, particularly, seemed to me to get near the nub of the Hearst story. All the other newspaper approaches to Hearst, friendly or objective, assumed that he was, materially, a tremendous and continuing success, however "controversial" his character and policies may have been. (Most comments on these "controversial" aspects were astonishingly guarded, by the way, far more so than they would have been seven, or twenty, or thirty years ago. Hearst's chauvinism had by the time of his death made him a kind of sacred symbol, like Senator McCarthy.) There were, it is true, in some of the papers other than the *Times*, respectful allusions to Hearst's financial difficulties, owing to the depression, a circumstance beyond even colossal control—difficulties from which the publisher had somehow escaped. "It was World War II, ironically, which put many of Mr. Hearst's tottering enterprises back on their feet," the *Tribune* said. "By mid-1945 every unit in the Hearst empire was making money again." There



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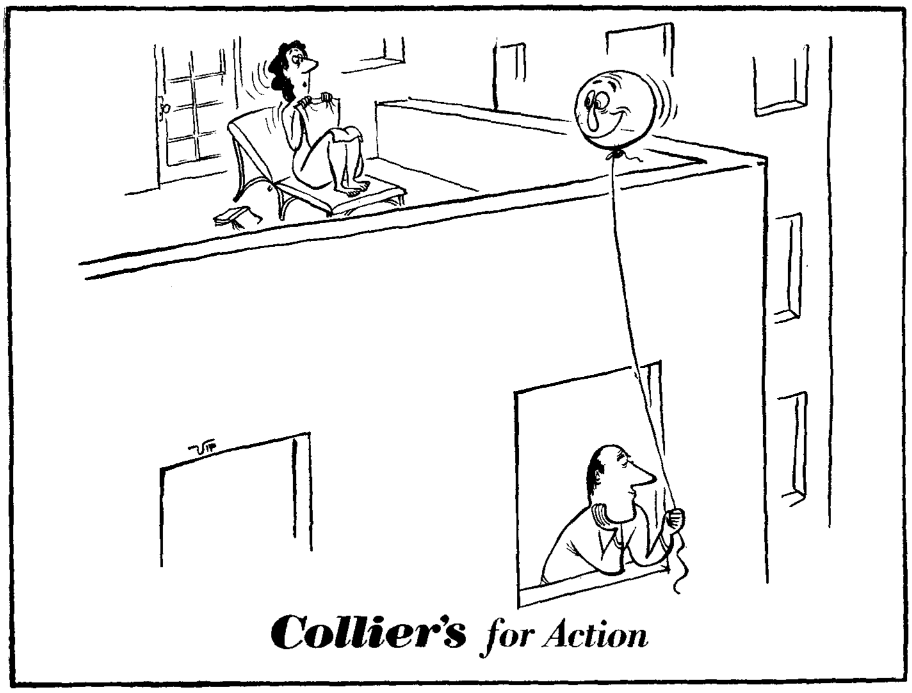

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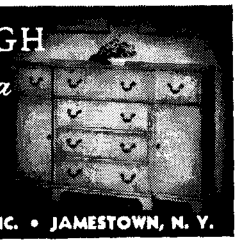

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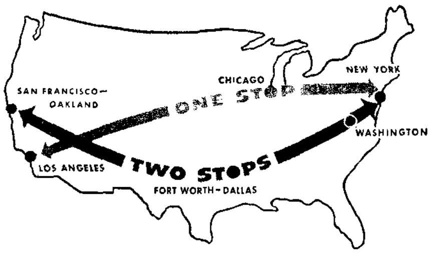
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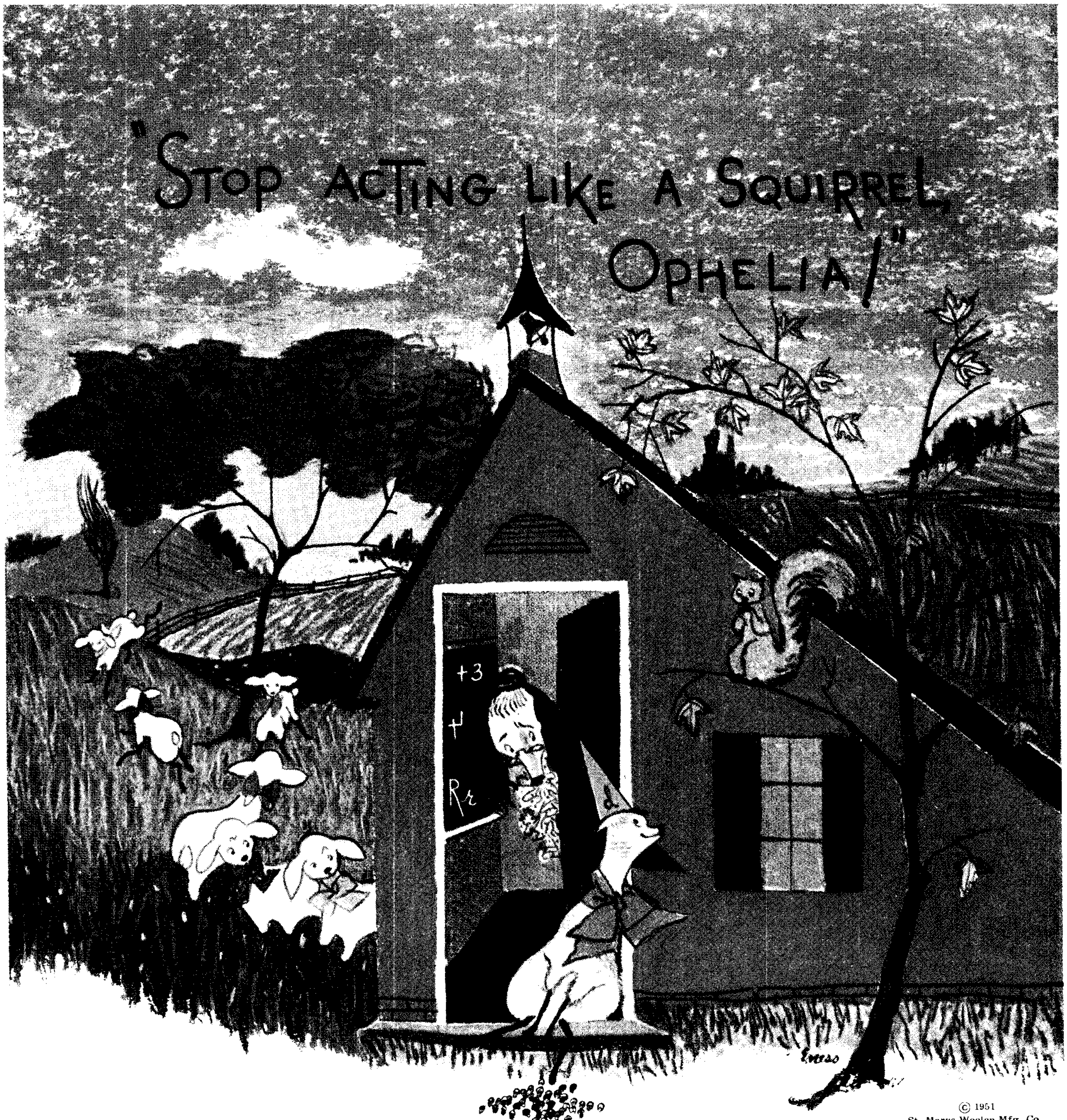
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Crane's financial history, based on facts easily accessible to every newspaper, cast considerable doubt upon this implication. Crane made it obvious that while no lay mind could be expected to comprehend the intricacies of Hearst's financial operations, there is plenty of evidence—watered stock, reorganizations, forced sales of property, and the like—that the business structure the publisher set up was and is not exactly in the same class as, say, General Motors or A. T. & T. "The story of the newspaper empire of William Randolph Hearst," Crane began, "is the story of a man who started with an inherited gold-mining fortune and accumulated more newspapers, radio stations, news services, and real estate than probably any other man had ever owned. But he never wanted to let anything go. It is also the story of a man who, for the last fourteen years of his life, seldom enjoyed more than nominal control of the dominion that bore his name." By 1924, long before the depression, Hearst "was pressed for ready cash," Crane went on. "His properties were costing him more than they were bringing in." (But there was the inherited thirty million dollars, largely in mines that were throwing off money steadily. What would have happened to the mightiest publishing venture without this steady support from the Hearst underground is problematical.) So a magazine holding company, known as Hearst Magazines, was formed in 1927 and a newspaper holding company, known as Hearst Consolidated Publications, in 1930. Hearst Consolidated Publications gave Mr. Hearst, through a third holding company, a note for fifty million dollars and all the common stock, and then paid off the note with the receipts from preferred stock, "sold at $25 a share with the aid of a great stock-selling campaign in Hearst papers," to quote Mr. Crane. "They inveighed strongly against spurious stock deals," he added.

Crane noted that in 1935, after Hearst had pocketed the fifty million, *Fortune* appraised the publisher's gross assets at two hundred and twenty million dollars and his net worth at a hundred and forty-two million. "In view of what happened in the years immediately following, this appears to have been something of an overstatement," Crane remarked. He then listed the principal Hearst "holdings" (so tenuously, yet so ostentatiously, held) in 1935, and described the legal apparatus

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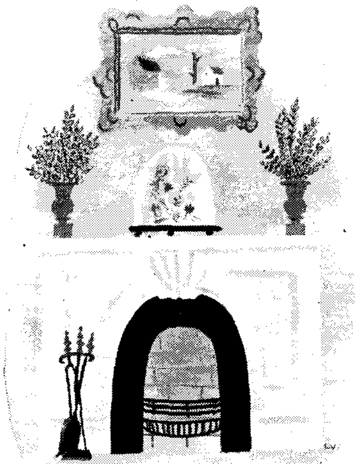
whereby they were manipulated. "But apparently all was not so rosy as it seemed," Crane wrote. "In 1935 American Newspapers, Inc. [Hearst's principal holding company], sold its newspapers in Baltimore, Atlanta, and San Antonio to Consolidated [in which the public held the fifty million dollars of preferred] for $8,000,000 . . . despite the fact that the three papers had lost $550,000 in 1934. This transaction was later questioned in a stockholders' suit. There was considerable water in the Hearst structure. . . . When a registration statement was filed by Consolidated in 1936, the company revealed that, between 1924 and 1930, it had written up the value of tangible assets by $4,490,863 and of intangibles by $58,261,820. . . . The attempt to hold on to everything for the sake of mere size proved unsuccessful. . . . Mr. Hearst held more than 2,000,000 acres of real estate and most of it yielded nothing."

So a corporate dictator, Clarence John Shearn, was named by a group of Hearst's creditors in 1937 and, as Crane put it, "set to work to clean up some of the mess. He immediately withdrew . . . some projected financing, because the Securities and Exchange Commission demanded additional information that the Hearst interests would have been embarrassed to reveal." Shearn, according to Crane, jettisoned five newspapers, a news service, and seven radio stations. But troubles continued to pile up. Hearst-Brisbane Properties, Inc., a New York real-estate corporation, ducked under the ropes, taking advantage of a mortgage moratorium. Hearst Magazines passed to the control of the Chase National Bank. Hearst's salary from Consolidated was cut from five hundred thousand to a hundred thousand dollars a year. The dividends of the fifty thousand holders of preferred stock were cut from a dollar and seventy-five cents a share to nothing at all. Harry Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, who held a mortgage of six hundred thousand dollars on Hearst's San Simeon estate, "goodnaturedly agreed not to foreclose." (A point of intercolossal courtesy, perhaps.) The fifty thousand shareholders came near taking over the best newspaper properties. They would have had the right to do so if a fourth consecutive dividend had been passed, on March 15, 1939. But somehow Mr. Shearn got up the scratch, and the Hearst organizations flopped into the healing shadow of the war.

"By 1945," Crane wrote, "the Hearst papers were making money again. Mr. Hearst was back in San Simeon—but 165,000 acres had been sold off to get $2,000,000 and only 75,000 acres were left." (Return to a bobtailed farm like that must have seemed a humiliation.) Shearn, Crane continued, was succeeded by a triumvirate, dominated by John W. Hanes, a former Under-Secretary of the United States Treasury, who found that ninety-four Hearst organizations owed a total of a hundred and twenty-six million dollars even after the war-stimulated improvement in the publisher's affairs. "In 1945, although Gimbel's department store was still unloading Hearst art treasures, there seemed reason for hope," Crane wrote. "No Hearst paper had been sold since 1939. All the New York real estate had been sold, including the Ritz Tower, where Mr. Hearst lived when here, and all the hundreds of thousands of unprofitable acres. . . . But by the spring of this year the financial affairs of at least one Hearst corporation—Consolidated, which controls the biggest newspapers—were beginning to take another form. . . . Their operating revenue had slipped to $90,321,000. They voted to defer the dividend to the 1,198,848 shares of Class A stock. It is now $8.75 a share in arrears."

The *Times'* story on the Hearst art collection made a fitting pendant to Mr. Crane's. "In cost and total value [cost, forty million dollars; value, estimated in 1937, fifteen million dollars] Mr. Hearst's collection ranked with the great collections of his time," this account stated. "But the publisher, unlike his contemporaries, seemed to have bought everything, from Egyptian mummies to a Spanish abbey of the medieval period. . . . It cost Mr. Hearst about $400,000 to bring the abbey



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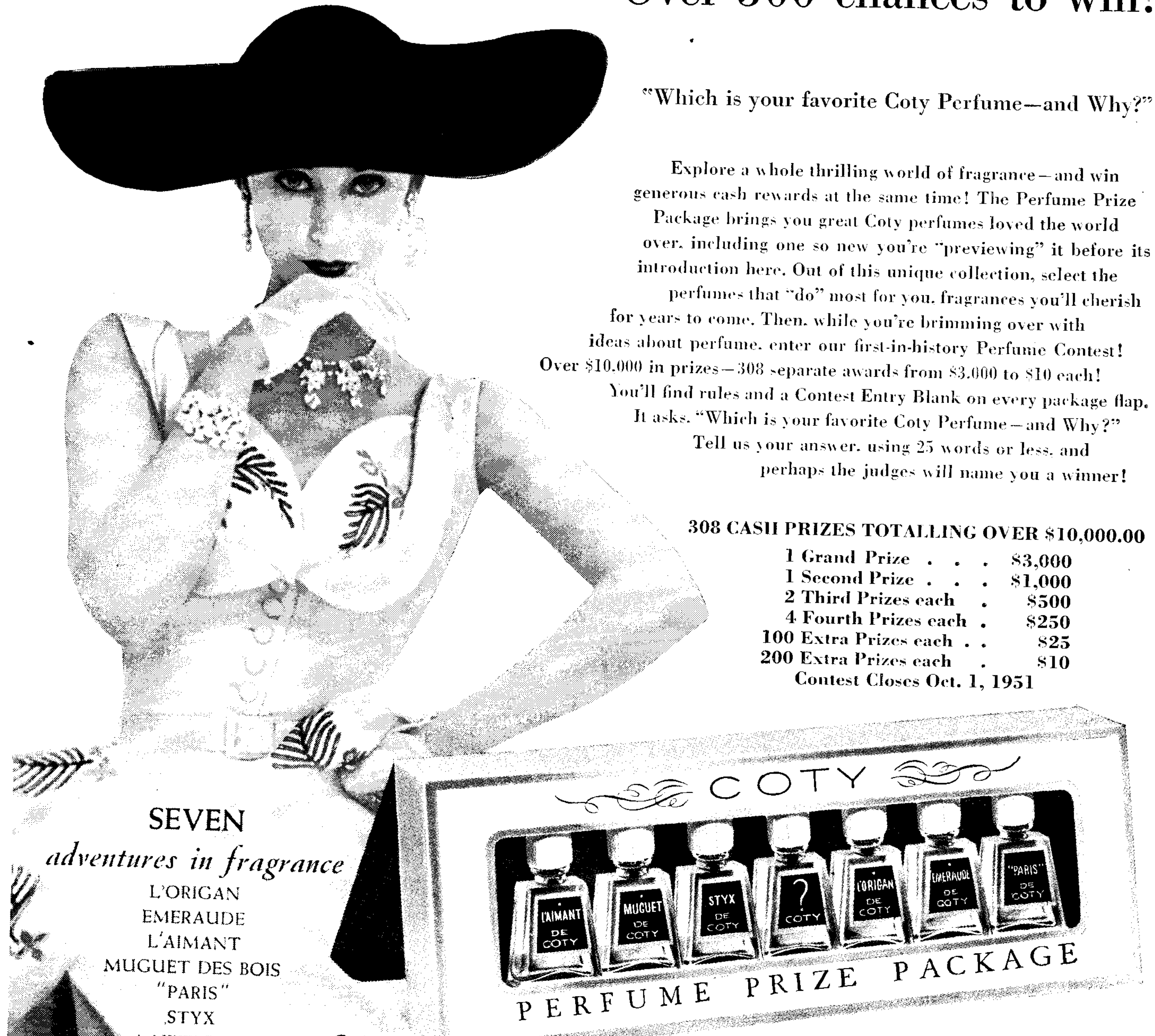

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here. . . . Marked down from $50,000, it was sold for $19,000 to an anonymous buyer in 1942." In the Gimbel's sales of Hearst art, the *Times'* story recalled, Egyptian statuettes sold for thirty-five, sixty, and ninety-five cents.

Lee Cooper's piece on the real estate filled in a bit of New York City history. Buildings, for a city man, acquire personal, as well as visual, associations, and their origins and ownership are as interesting as those of cattle to a farmer or ships to a Norwegian. The Ritz Tower (which never had a Ritzian quality), the Warwick (which has a good bar), and the Ziegfeld Theatre are more than abstract things, and they deserved a story to themselves in the New York newspapers. I sometimes think the reason editors forget about such matters is that most of them used to be small-town boys and are now suburban residents. "It was in coöperation with the late Arthur Brisbane, and largely under Mr. Brisbane's tutelage and influence" that Mr. Hearst invested, Cooper wrote. (Brisbane died worth twenty million.) "Mr. Brisbane, at one time, had felt certain a railroad bridge would be constructed across the Hudson River in the neighborhood of Fifty-seventh Street, and had made his major investments in the Fifties." Cooper didn't mention the innumerable editorials that Brisbane used to turn out for the Hearst papers extolling the future of the district in which he and the boss had invested. The other newspapers painted Brisbane only as an assistant colossus of fabulous genius. I found the real-estate relationship between the two men more diverting.

Thus the *Times'* stories made clear that, whatever Hearst's talents as a newspaperman and an operator of newspapers, his principal contribution to American journalism—a contribution that changed the whole nature of the profession—was to demonstrate that a man without previous newspaper experience could, by using money like a heavy club, do what he wanted in the newspaper world except where comparable wealth opposed him. It was a concept as simple as a very big bank roll in a very small crap game. There were one or two fortunes of a few million dollars apiece in the newspaper field when Hearst, at the age of twenty-three, decided to go into it, but they had been made in newspapers, by men who started with little. It had not occurred to any other mining millionaire that a man without experience but with money had a vast advantage over any editor who ever lived. Hearst went

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into the business as an acknowledged imitator of Joseph Pulitzer, but with enough money to hire any man he wanted. Some of the time he wasn't even selective; he hired help in platoons—the whole Sunday staff of the New York *World* at one swoop, for example. He brought seven and a half million dollars of his mother's money to New York with him when he came here in 1895 to buy and build up the *Journal*, and he could, quite naturally, hire more comic artists, more blood-and-thunder editorialists, more sportswriters, and more fakers of crime stories than anybody else in town. He lost money on his newspapers until they acquired vast circulation, but he put on such a show that in the end people had to buy them. It is a method open to few. The same scheme would probably have been just as successful, at the time, in the field of the conservative press. If Hearst had wanted to work that side of the street, he could have hired away from the *Herald* the foreign staff built up by James Gordon Bennett and then tripled it, beating out the *Herald*, or he could have provided such complete financial coverage that the *Times*, just beginning its climb, could not possibly have competed. But he had a predilection for the side of the street he chose.

After building his circulations, Hearst profited by practices new in journalism but old in big business; he got a rebate of five dollars a ton on newsprint, for instance, because he bought so much. But when he hit a city like Chicago, where the *Tribune* was entrenched behind an even denser concentration of wealth (built up by the newspaper itself, however, over a stretch of fifty years), he took a fearful beating. Hearst wangled rebates, but the *Tribune* owned paper mills. When he offered five hundred dollars a day in free handouts to readers—a form of lottery—the *Tribune* offered seventeen thousand dollars a day. His paper never made a dent in the *Tribune*, and he quit trying after thirty-seven years of losses. When he reached the point, in the twenties, where the store-bought empire had to support itself from its own earnings, his long retreat began.

"The question was asked on one occasion what the losses had been, first to last, in Atlanta," a man named Jim Brown wrote in the August 18th issue of *Editor & Publisher*, which was practically a Hearst memorial. "The reply was—$21,000,000." (The Hearst organization has had no paper in Atlanta since 1939.) The prerequisite for los-

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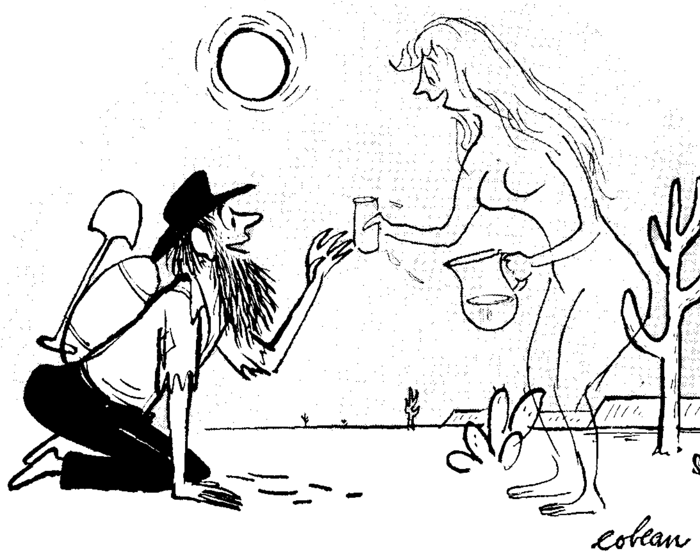

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ing twenty-one million dollars is not genius; it is to have twenty-one million dollars.

IT was said in some of the obituaries that Hearst had a flair for hiring good writers, but one must read page after page of his papers to find a trace of it. He certainly employed some talented men, but there has never been a time within my memory when they were not flanked by others who were hilariously inept, and the bad writers often enjoyed more esteem within the Hearst organization, and better pay, than the good. The truth seems to be that he bought talent the way he bought art—indiscriminately.

Hearst's two New York papers, in the first few days after his death, afforded a sample of what he had wound up with, as byliner after byliner approached the edge of the grave in print and threw a ceremonial fit. On Wednesday, August 15th, in the *Journal*, Cholly Knickerbocker led his column with a paragraph that read, "America's Irreplaceable Loss—William Randolph Hearst has passed on but his greatness will survive eternally. No leader, president or king, has ever given so much of himself to the guidance and uplifting of his people as had The Chief. The underdog's corner was his corner, and right was his might." In the next paragraph, Cholly was back at his regular job. "Beautiful Mary Sinclair, the actress, is in Reno to divorce producer George Abbott, and, her friends say, she has her next husband already picked out," he wrote inconsolably. Dorothy Kilgallen awarded the departed full credit for promoting her career. "William Randolph Hearst gave me the space and the assignments," she wrote, "and everything I have done in other fields since then has stemmed from his long-distance faith in a very young girl, and his paper remains my first love." E. V. Durling, who writes a column called "Life with Salt on the Side," wrote, "William Randolph Hearst was the finest, most considerate, kindliest and generous man I ever worked for. . . . Come to think of it, Mr. Hearst was probably the best friend all newspapermen ever had in the newspaper business. It was he who raised their standards of employment to a point comparable to their talents." (If he had, a number of Hearst columnists would have starved to death.) Artists were not excused from the funeral detail. Burris Jenkins, Jr., provided a dramatic drawing of the Statue of Liberty with a mourning band around her arm,

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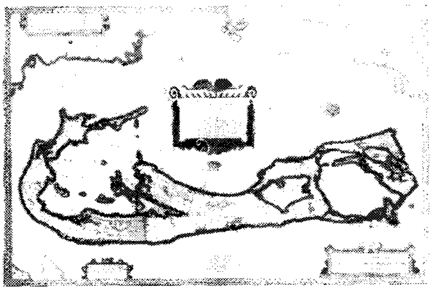

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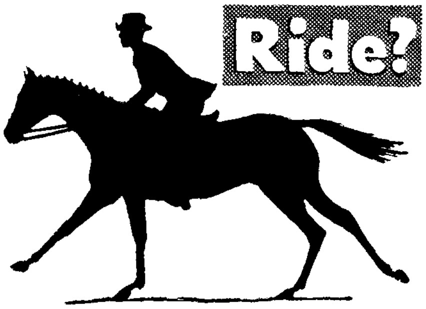

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marked "William Randolph Hearst."

On Thursday morning, August 16th, in the *Mirror*, Nick Kenny, the radio editor, produced a poem, entitled "The Chief Passes," of which I shall quote only the first stanza, although the others are even more beautiful:

> The Chief is gone, the man we all called Boss . . .
> Colossus of an age that changed the world.
> The galleons of his genius knew their course,
> His fingertips around the cosmos curled.

Kenny was one of The Chief's favorite writers, and Hearst quoted the poet several times in his own occasional column, called "In the News."

That same morning, Dan Parker, the *Mirror's* sports editor, contributed a bluff, regular-guy double column about Mr. Hearst in sports, from which I remember particularly the sentence "When racketeers invaded boxing, Mr. Hearst wouldn't let his newspapers be used to exploit the public." I suppose this referred to the time when a number of Hearst boxing writers resigned after it was disclosed that they had been receiving salaries as sub-rosa executives of Mike Jacobs' Twentieth Century Sporting Club to puff its attractions. "To say that Mr. Hearst was a great American is, to me, like saying that Ty Cobb was a great baseball player," Bill Corum wrote in the *Journal* on the afternoon of August 16th, making a hook slide to get to the headstone in a tie with his colleague.

Great or not, Hearst was the man who changed the rules of American journalism. He made it so expensive to compete that no mere working newspaperman has been able to found an important paper in this century.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

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NO man nearing or in his middle years should purchase a convertible coupé unless he is willing to face the fact that in the mind of the community his car will be a symbol of irresponsibility, erosion of character, and sin. His close friends, it is true, are apt merely to view him with a mixture of amusement and concern, as if he had developed a regressive desire to play Sunday-afternoon baseball. Other citizens, however—chance acquaintances, strange drivers, pedestrians, and the police—are almost certain to treat him with the suspicion and antagonism they would accord a potentially dangerous hellion.

My wife and I probably wouldn't have bought a convertible if, on the day we went shopping for a car, we hadn't had three Martinis before lunch and the afternoon hadn't been bright, gently warm, and conducive to the indulgence of impractical impulses. Under other circumstances, our mutual desire for an automobile with a disappearing top would have remained buried beside my wife's wistful longing for a cheetah and my own aspiration to possess an opera cloak. In any case, the first car we saw in the first showroom we went to was a long, low gray convertible with red leather seats, and after that all the other models we looked at seemed hopelessly circumspect, unworthy of a pair of free souls. We went back and bought the convertible.

THE first intimation we had that our car was likely to be regarded as a token of iniquity came about a week after it was delivered. On a Sunday afternoon, we went to show it to Lois and Bill Grant, who have been close friends of ours for many years, and after an immediate and involuntary exchange of startled glances they were quite flattering about it. "Well, darling," Bill said to his wife when they had inspected it carefully, "what do you think of it?"

"I think it's ideal for an unmarried couple like Gene and Jim," she said.

My wife's laugh had a metallic tinkle. "Why, Lois!" she said. "What a thing to say!"

Lois gasped, and then giggled nervously. "Oh, you know what I meant," she said. "I meant for a couple without children, like you two."

"I'm sure you did, dear," Gene said. She is one of those women who can end a declarative sentence with the usual downward inflection, yet somehow suggest the shadowy presence of a question mark.

"Let's all go in and have a drink," Bill said quickly.

A SOMEWHAT different manifestation of the same deep, instinctive suspicion appeared among our neighbors. We live in a rural area where the bus service is annoyingly lackadaisical, and it is customary for anyone driving to town to pick up people waiting at the bus stops. I work at home a good deal, and on the days I do go to town I rarely go before late morning, so my passengers are usually matrons bound for shopping. In the past, they always either recognized my car as I pulled up or peered through the windshield to see if they recognized me. When I turned up in the convertible, however, bringing it to a stop and hospitably throwing open the door, they all stared icily down the road, making it absolutely clear that they neither knew nor wanted to know anyone who drove such a racy conveyance.

Eventually, of course, the ladies did identify me, and I again frequently supplement the bus service, but I'm not certain that the relationship between driver and passenger has the same comfortable quality it once had. To illustrate, I recently stopped to pick up a somewhat stout woman in her early forties who had moved into the neighborhood a few months before. She recognized me, but she glanced guiltily at the windows of the nearby houses as I opened the car door, and she climbed in quickly, as if she were keeping some illicit rendezvous. She talked with great animation all the way to town, but I noticed that she kept herself pressed against the right side of the automobile, thus maintaining the widest possible buffer zone between us.

THOUGH respectable wives and mothers seek to avoid drivers of convertibles, the police, I have found, more than make up for this coolness. No leading Communist receives more constant scrutiny from the F.B.I. than the average convertible-driver gets from his local law-enforcement agency. Police cars and motorcycles trail him persistently. The mere presence on the streets of such a car as his leads the force to expect wholesale violation of the laws of God and the traffic department.

I have become reasonably adjusted to travelling with a uniformed escort, but the experience continues to nettle my wife. "If I'm going to be on the lam all the time," she said the other day after a motorcycle policeman had followed us for several miles, "I'll begin carrying a spring knife in my stocking top."

Good conduct does nothing to lessen the intensity of the coppers' surveillance. I usually drive at modest speeds, and from time to time I've felt that my pace may actually annoy them, since they obviously expect so much more from me. My experience with an officer in a patrol car a week or so ago indicates that such is unfortunately the case. He and I had been playing our game of eager hound and lethargic hare for about a mile when suddenly he pulled abreast of me and motioned me to the curb. Then he drove up ahead and came to a stop. He was clearly angry as he walked toward me. "You musta got a big kick outa me trailin' ya all this way," he said.

"I didn't ask you to stay behind me," I said coldly.

"Makes ya feel like a big man, don't it, makin' a cop look silly," he went on, growing still angrier.

"Look," I said. "What have I—"

"Laughin' to yourself all the way down the road," he said.

"See here," I said, "if I've violated any—"

"Keepin' the speedometer right on thirty-five, not a nickel's worth over. Very funny! Very funny indeed!"

"I was merely observing the law," I said with dignity.

"You'll forget," he said with gloomy satisfaction. "I've seen it before. Guy your age gets ahold of one of these cans and right away he thinks he's a hot-rod. Just watch your step," he added as he started back to his car.

During this scene, I had been aware that the drivers of all the automobiles that passed were smiling, apparently made happy by my embroilment with the law, and as I drove away I reflected sadly that the great assumption of American jurisprudence—that a man is innocent until he's proved guilty—is totally ignored when the accused has a canvas top on his car.

RECENTLY, my wife and I were given an illustration of how fully our fellow-motorists share the view

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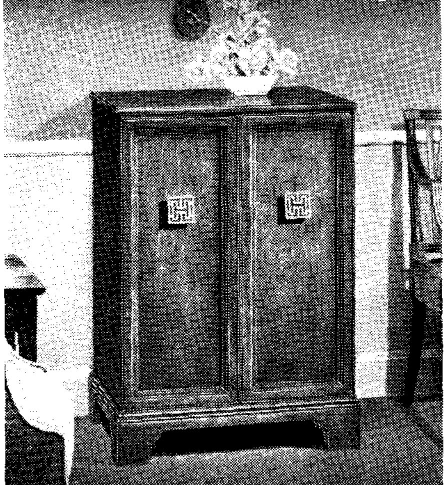

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of the police. We were in town, approaching an intersection where several streets come together, when the traffic light ahead of us turned red, stopping us on a gentle slope, just behind a Buick coach. The driver of the Buick began talking to his companion, and either he eased his pressure on the foot brake or the brake didn't hold, because his car rolled slowly backward toward ours. I honked my horn, but not in time to keep the two cars' bumpers from meeting. It was the slightest of jolts, and as the driver of the Buick turned around in surprise, I smiled and nodded my head to indicate no harm had been done. He looked sharply at my car, and then, leaning out of his window, shouted, "Quit that bumping!"

I was too startled to answer, and after moving his car up a few feet the man resumed his conversation. A second later, I saw him drifting toward me once more, and I sounded my horn sharply. Again his bumper hit mine, and this time when he stuck his head out of the car, he was in a rage. "Cut it out, I'm tellin' you!" he yelled.

"*You're* bumping *me!*" I bellowed.

He drew ahead once more, pulled on his emergency brake, got out of his car, and came back to us. "That's kid stuff," he said to me. "A man your age going around bumping people and blowing your horn. Don't you see that red light?"

"Stop shouting," I said. "You're on a slope. Your brakes aren't holding you, and you keep rolling back into us."

"My brakes're holding now, aren't they?" he demanded.

"That's your emergency," I said. "Your foot brake's on a different system."

"*Same* system!" he said triumphantly. "On a Buick, they're on the same system."

"No, they aren't," I insisted. "The foot brake is hydraulic and the hand brake's mechanical."

He laughed nastily. "A lot you know, wise guy. They've been on the same hydraulic system for years."

"I don't give a damn," I said hotly. "Your car has been—" I was suddenly conscious of a bedlam of horns behind us. The light had changed, probably some while before, and we were blocking a line of cars.

"Aah, what's the use of arguing with a playboy in a convertible," the man said, and stalked back to his car. I noticed that as we moved on and other cars began passing us, all the drivers glared at me, but I didn't see one

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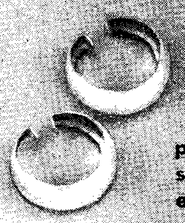

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of them direct a hostile glance at the Buick.

My wife, who hadn't spoken since we'd stopped for the light, said, "Interesting discussion."

"Glad you liked it," I said snappishly.

"You were right about the brakes," she said. "On the Buick, the emergency's mechanical and the foot is hydraulic. Of course, he was right, too, in a sense. They both use the same brake bands on the rear wheels."

"To hell with it," I said.

"Carl, down at the garage, explained it to me one day." She started to turn on the radio and then changed her mind. "The trouble is," she said thoughtfully, "we don't fit the symbol."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Symbols," she said. "Like the white whale in 'Moby Dick.' "

"Hungry?" I asked.

"Everybody expects a convertible-driver to be kind of sporty and carefree and don't-give-a-damn," she said, ignoring my question. "You—or, rather, we—aren't exactly . . ." Her voice trailed off. I don't think she actually sighed, but she made *some* kind of breathy sound.

I turned a corner sharply, the tires squealing in protest and possibly in surprise. We made the trip home in ten minutes' less time than it had ever taken us before, and we didn't so much as see a policeman during the entire journey.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

GARDEN VARIETY

If it isn't a worm, it's a bug.
If it isn't red spider, it's lice.
If it isn't a mole, it's a slug.
If it isn't a beetle, it's mice.
If it isn't a rust, it's a rot.
If it isn't green aphid, it's white.
If it isn't brown patch, it's black spot.
If it isn't a fungus, it's blight.
If it isn't rose chafer, it's thrips.
If it isn't red scale, it's white fly.
If it isn't a sucker, it snips.
If it isn't "Oh, damn!" it's "Oh, my!"

—ARTHUR KRAMER

•

City councilmen intend to ask the county for additional recreation funds for fiscal years 1951-1952.

The city officials decided on the action yesterday afternoon after Ross Doll, superintendent of the Bakersfield Recreation Commission, told them $83,000 more was needed to carry out a contemplated $44,794 program.—*Bakersfield Californian.*

Straightforward fellow, anyway.

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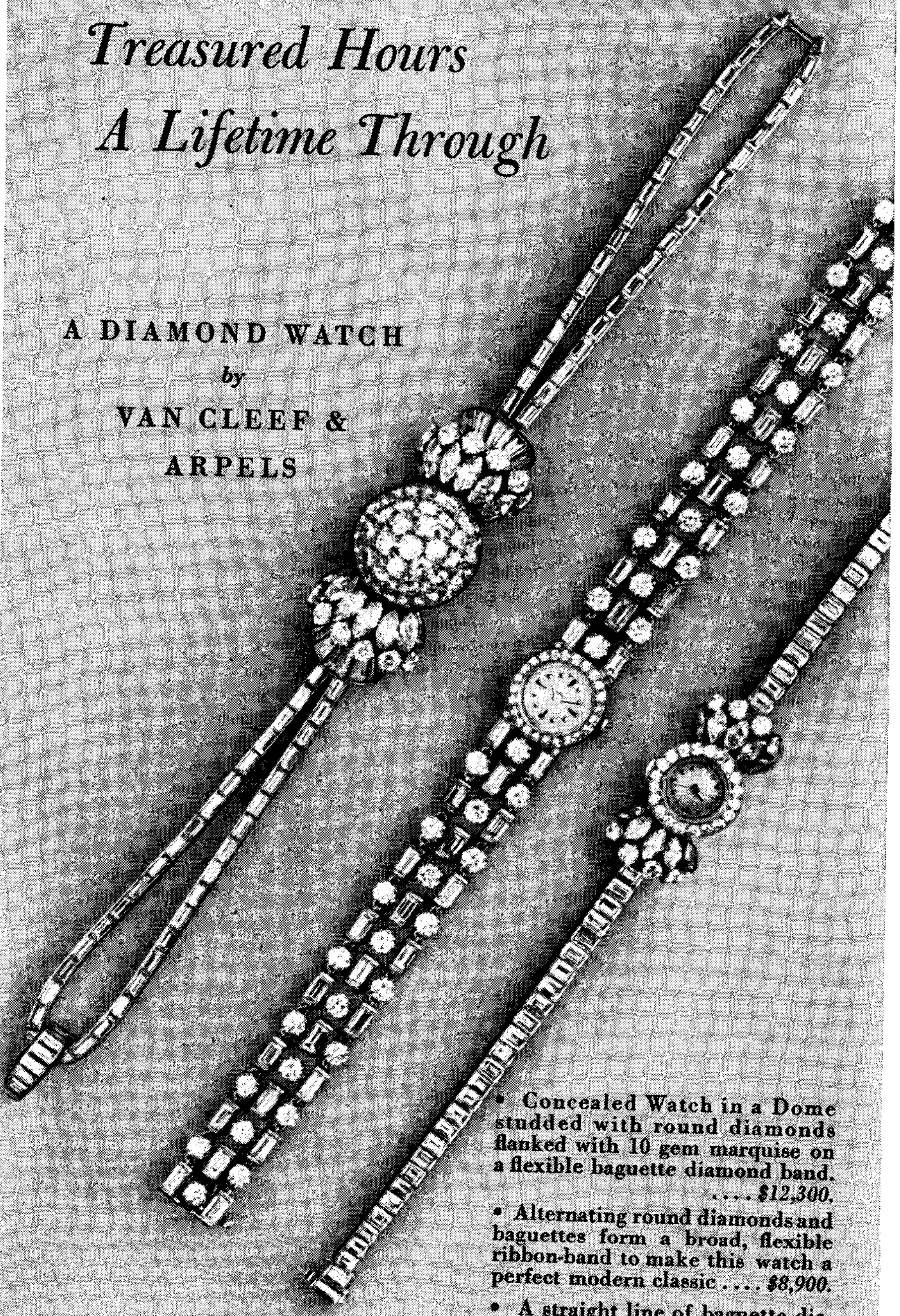

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

INFORMATION

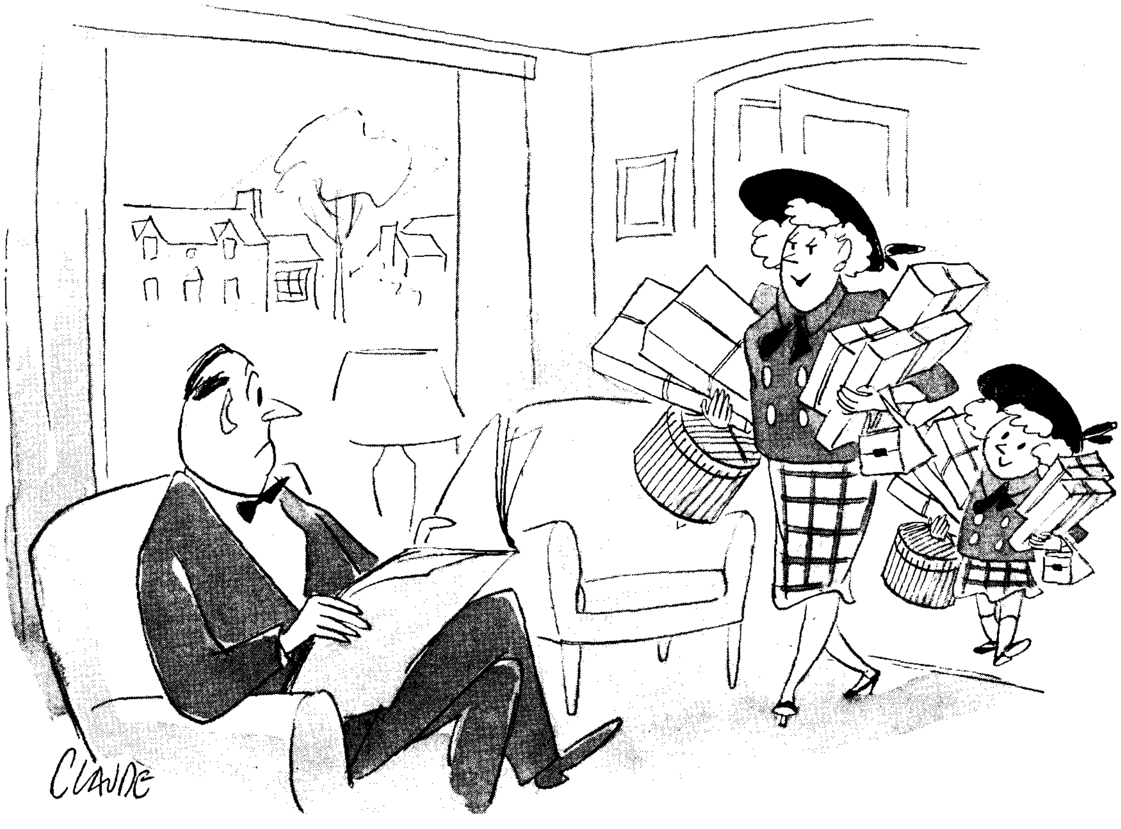
LONDON, AUG. 27

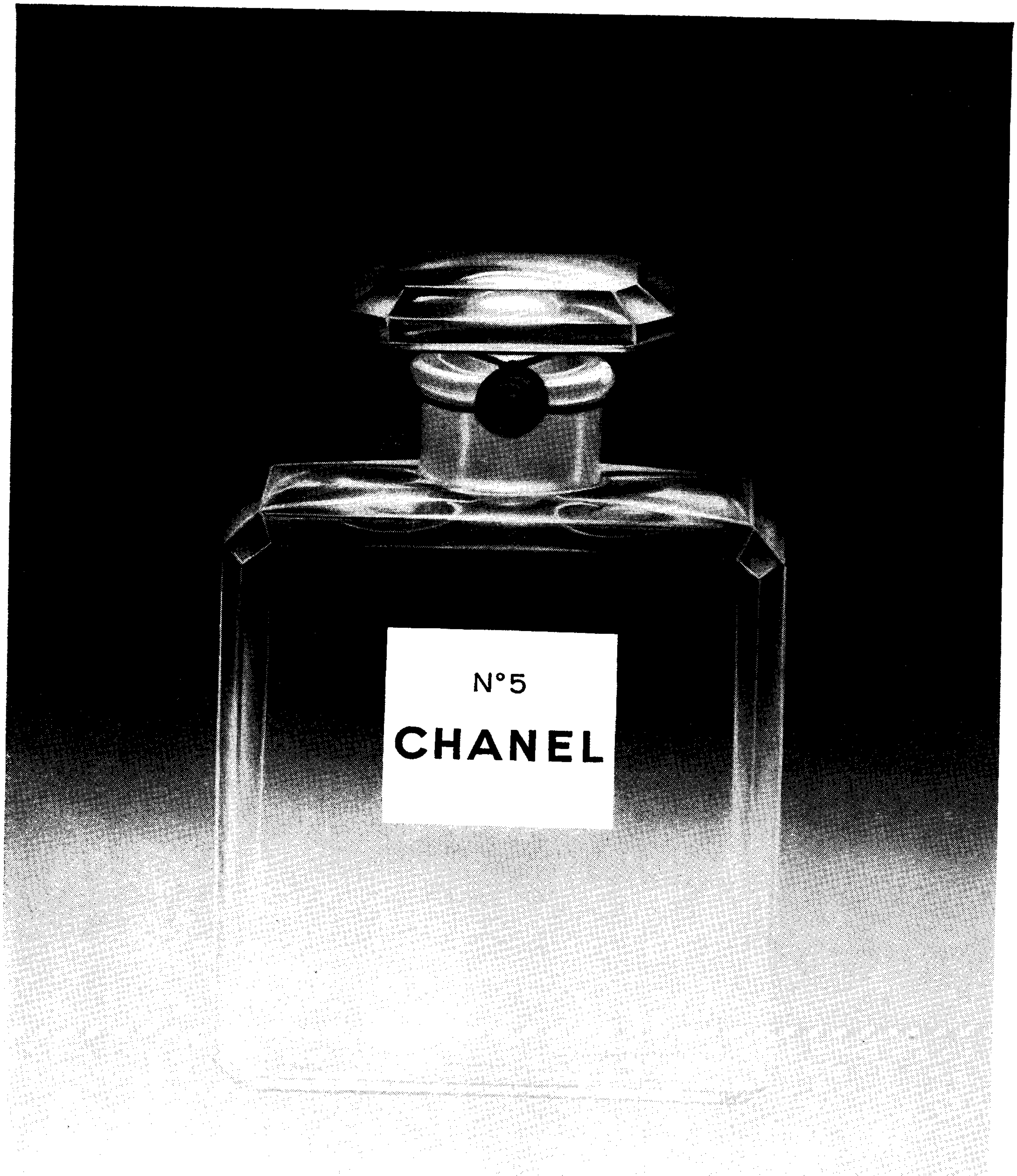
MILLIONS of words in dozens of languages, aimed at readers whose levels of interest range all the way from science comics to anthropological research in Outer Mongolia, have been published on the whims, dictates, vagaries, and foibles of what is called fashion, but to my knowledge there is no written testimony that in England nowadays women's fashions (naturally excluding military and professional uniforms) are prescribed by the whims, dictates, vagaries, and foibles of the human male. In New York, we often permit men to wear business suits at functions attended by women in rather dressy outfits (not to mention what goes on in the Far West). Here, the female of the species isn't taking the lead; she's usually wearing formal clothes in a wild attempt to at least match the splendor of her escort's raiment. British designers, having had lots of practice, can turn out not just classic, simple, unadorned dinner dresses but ball gowns of a magnificence that is probably unsurpassed anywhere. Fully a third of the dresses in the collections of the top-rank designers are frankly dress-up clothes, and the amount of space the department stores accord to evening gowns for adults and party dresses for junior misses and small fry is indeed noticeable.

Fashion writers and designers in London, as well as people with a completely nonacademic point of view about "style," do not deplore the formidable and trenchant reputation of the English male as the world's best-dressed man, but they do feel that some of the current trends in his lady's evening clothes are not unmixed blessings. A good deal of the dress-up habit, they claim, is simply force of a habit that dates back to when those British who had anything at all to do with fashionable clothes lived mostly on country estates, where the head of the house, after spending his day on horseback making the rounds of his lands, changed not so much into dinner dress as out of what he called his "work clothes," and the women of the house naturally followed his lead. Those were the days of unheated castles, and any dress that was not "a tweed country bag" was worn only in the evening, when long skirts were a necessity for warmth. (If anything but wool was worn, there was a hot-water bottle under the feet of every female at the dinner table.) Even today, the street-length dinner dress or ball gown, although more suited to the circumstances and the sentiments of our time, is considered such a new and untraditional departure that it is accepted only by those who are in hot pursuit of up-to-date living, and the hell with what other people wear. Fortunately, in London this group is rapidly increasing, but those who have managed the change without becoming objects of curiosity or ridicule have not yet done away with all the rules.

People here still dress formally the first four nights of the week but never on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, when all the "right people" are supposed to be in the country, anyway. (Two hours by plane across the Channel, everything is reversed, but the rules there are just as rigid. In Paris, most people who dine out in the fashionable restaurants wouldn't think of wearing evening clothes in a public eating place *except* Friday and Saturday.) Of all the evening clothes now being produced in London, probably only a tenth haven't ballroom-length skirts, but the street-length gowns are being worn by the most conspicuously fashionable women. Hardy Amies, the Savile Row couturier and a man dedicated to unobtrusive elegance, assures his clients that the evening dresses designed to be worn anywhere except in one's own home will look all right, if they're not too long, under a street-length fur coat, an opinion that may relieve the minds of women who are having trouble with their wardrobe budget.

The young ladies in a fashionable British family do not wear long party dresses until they're seventeen and are first allowed to dine formally with the family. In London, at clubs and at parties, the dance dress of the younger set usually has a full skirt, a few inches short of floor length, and a neckline





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CHANEL

as low as—well, *almost* as low as—those television has made familiar to Americans. There are a couple of other items worthy of note. For one thing, the best clothes are seldom worn in restaurants and clubs. For another, care is exercised by firms that make ready-to-wear evening dresses and ball gowns not to sell two copies of a design in even the larger cities. Running into a dress just like your own in a restaurant is one thing, but at a party it is, of course, something else, and likely to corrode whatever moral strength a pretty dress may offer its wearer.

SINCE prices are not getting any lower, the need for what the American woman might consider a more than adequate supply of evening clothes has effected considerable change in the buying habits of nearly all English women. Not very many of them can afford several of the elaborately beaded and embroidered dresses one sees at Peter Russell and Hartnell, where they run as high as six hundred dollars, or those of lace or just plain chiffon, which, in the better couturier places, come to around two hundred. Women who go in for the more violent changes of fashion are soon reduced to poverty if they don't adopt the new system of buying, which is to acquire two or three couture gowns at places like Victor Stiebel and Digby Morton, then fill in with ready-to-wear dresses bearing the label of Atrima (around $35) or Horrocks ($30 and under). Atrima's clothes are designed by Greta Newman, who also does the more expensive gowns at Rima, on Grosvenor Street, and those at Horrocks are designed by three young people sent to this firm by Kathleen Molyneux when her brother, Captain Molyneux, closed down his dressmaking house here last year. These designers are among the few European dressmakers who can produce good clothes in the wholesale field. A Horrocks dinner dress, for example, of honey-colored jersey, is long-sleeved and square-necked, and its finely pleated ankle-length skirt, which measures nearly ten yards around the hem, gives it a look of luxury. An Atrima dress of black taffeta, with an ample skirt that is crisply graceful on the dance floor, has a net-plus-jet blouse top that covers the shoulders. There is, by the way, a thirty-three-and-a-third-per-cent tax on luxury evening clothes. Most items in a woman's wardrobe are in the utility class and thus are not taxed. There are even utility furs—marmot, moleskin, Russian fox, and

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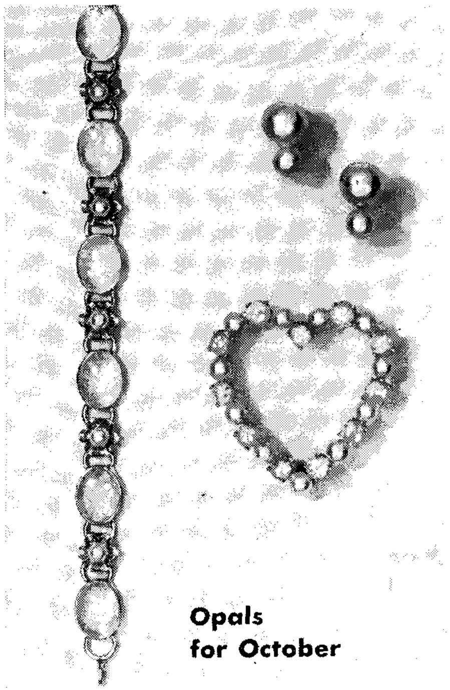

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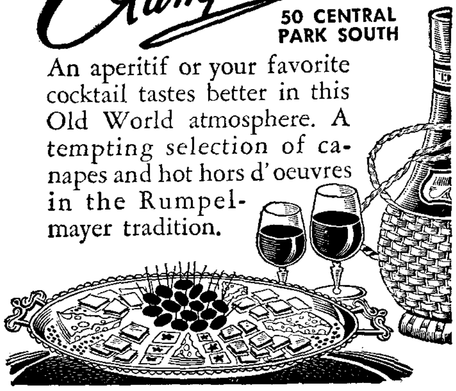

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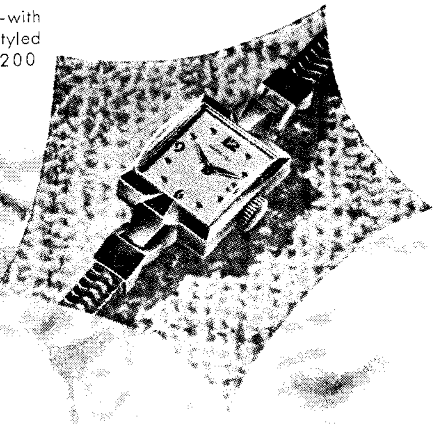
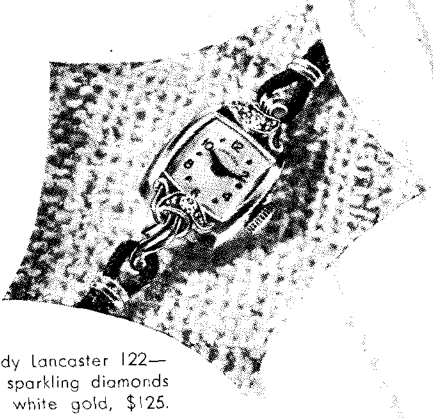


The First Lady 41—with bracelet, smartly styled in 14K gold, $200



The Lady Lancaster 122—with 2 sparkling diamonds in 14K white gold, $125.

The Ella—distinctively designed in 14K natural or white gold, $100.

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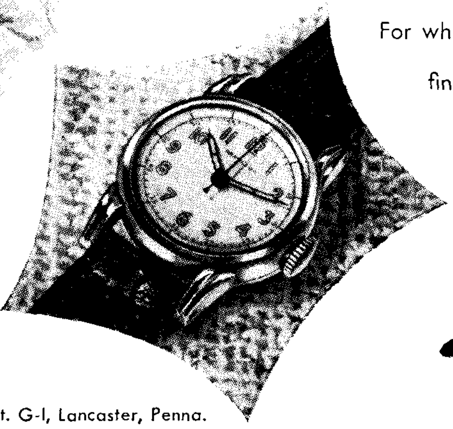

The Todd—gold-filled with sweep second hand and luminous dial, $63.25. All prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

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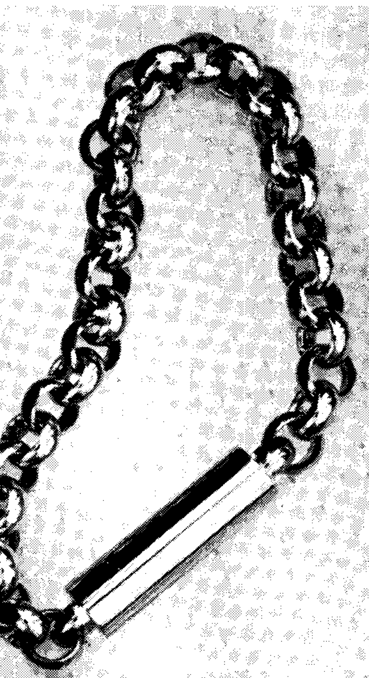

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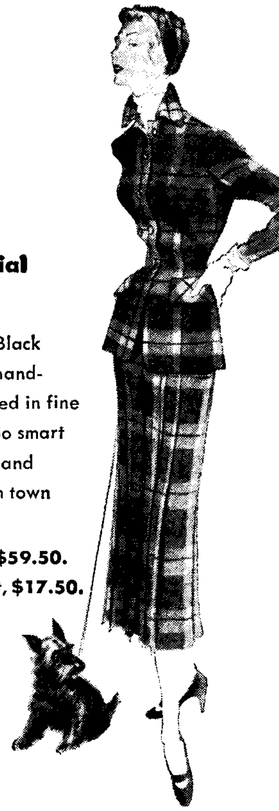
rabbit, among others—but no one has figured out a reasonable argument for getting evening clothes en masse on the utility list.

IN the big houses, of course, women get not only the most beautiful evening clothes in town but a fashion education as well. At Hardy Amies, they learn that the correct length for a dinner-dress skirt this year is fifteen inches from the floor; that this year's jacket, with any kind of dress or suit, is twenty-four inches long, which is slightly longer than last year's; and that what everyone here calls the Queen Mary coat, a loose and graceful thing of light-colored wool, with a bushy fur collar, is as good as ever. At Amies, there is sure to be a full-skirted chiffon dress (on the wall of the studio where he designs, he has written, "We must always make a good chiffon dress first"), and this year, in addition, there is red lace, crisp in the street-length skirt but soft and draped in the bodice, and a matching red taffeta scarf-sash that starts way up at the neckline in back, wraps about the figure in a downward swirl, and ties around the waist. And there is gray for evening, named everything from clerical gray to gunmetal, and often combined with black.

Gray is everywhere. It is the new color, and each designer has his own name for it, but it is certainly not intended to establish a dark mood. Stiebel uses it with deep reds and greens, and even with black velvet, without getting desperation into his clothes. The evening wrap, formerly so imposing in proportions, and in cost, is done by Stiebel as a tight little jacket fitted to the waist, with a small, flaring peplum below. It's of pastel wool (sometimes matching the dress it is worn with), and its lapels are faced with the satin that makes its lining. Clearly, this is a fashion that will be taken up quickly by everyone, since it is so suited to every type of evening or dinner dress.

The Digby Morton dinner coats, which may be worn either as a coat or a dress, are probably the most provocative new clothes in London. All of them are done of lavish stuff—brocades, cut velvets, or lamélike taffetas—and are fitted to the waist. The skirts are full and flaring, as in a redingote, and there is usually a small tailored velvet collar. Inside the neckline, at either side, are the beginnings of a long, wide, and sometimes pleated scarf, which, when spread out and crossed, under the front of the



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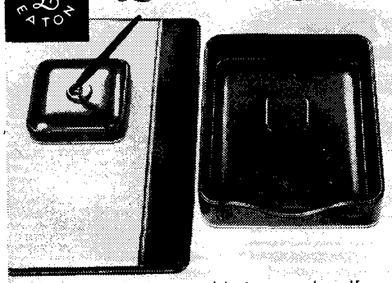

Moulded desk ensemble in superb calfskin. Desk Pad 18" x 26", $25*. Correspondence Box; Sheaffer Pen and Base, $40 each*. Other matching pieces available. Made by Laura Lee Linder Fine Leather Division, Eaton Paper Corporation, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. *approx.

coat, makes one think that there's a chiffon dress beneath. This is a real Friday-Saturday outfit for London, but it is practically perfect as a cocktail dress just about anywhere. Morton's formal evening clothes almost invariably have the classic lines that look so simple but require complicated construction, and his shoulder straps are consistently of the bootlace variety that no one else has done well since Chanel's good days. These are the sort of evening clothes that in England are worn by the sort of woman who looks good in a coronet. We might look equally regal if we could ever get over calling it a tiara.

—B. Mathieu

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Adv. in the Shreveport (La.) Journal*]

The West Point Scandal and the Result of National Moral Laxity

We like to sit in the stands and watch the boys from our Alma Mater carry the pigskin across the goal line to lick old Siwash in the final moments of the crucial game. We just like good clean football. But these West Point scandals knock us into the realization that something is wrong and that the discharge of a few cadets or even a congressional investigation will not solve the problem. You just can't investigate everybody.

What happened at West Point is just a symptom of the moral cancer that is widespread all over our nation. We've forgotten the true balance of values that give clean pastime roles so important in our lives. Any nation where football coaches get big salaries while professors are paid pittances; and where stadiums look like the Colosseum and dormitories like shacks; where alumni are football scouts instead of searchers for true honesty and talents; where high school quarterbacks are showered with offers and scholarships while poor but honest boys and girls who want to be doctors, chemists, engineers, home economics teachers or nurses go begging, is bound to have trouble.

We'll never avoid scandals, even in high places, when we are more generous to the stadium turnstiles than to the worthy causes of charity and character building; when we fail to provide wholesome recreation under spiritual direction for young folks, who because of our neglect challenge death in yellow convertibles and make honky-tonks their social centers; when we make "whoopee" instead of "amen" the choice phrase of our lives, what else can we expect?

We, the people, by our neglect, are responsible for such things that occurred at West Point. And such things will continue to be our fault until we make our homes and home life something to be worthy of with a Bible as the cornerstone and God as the protector.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

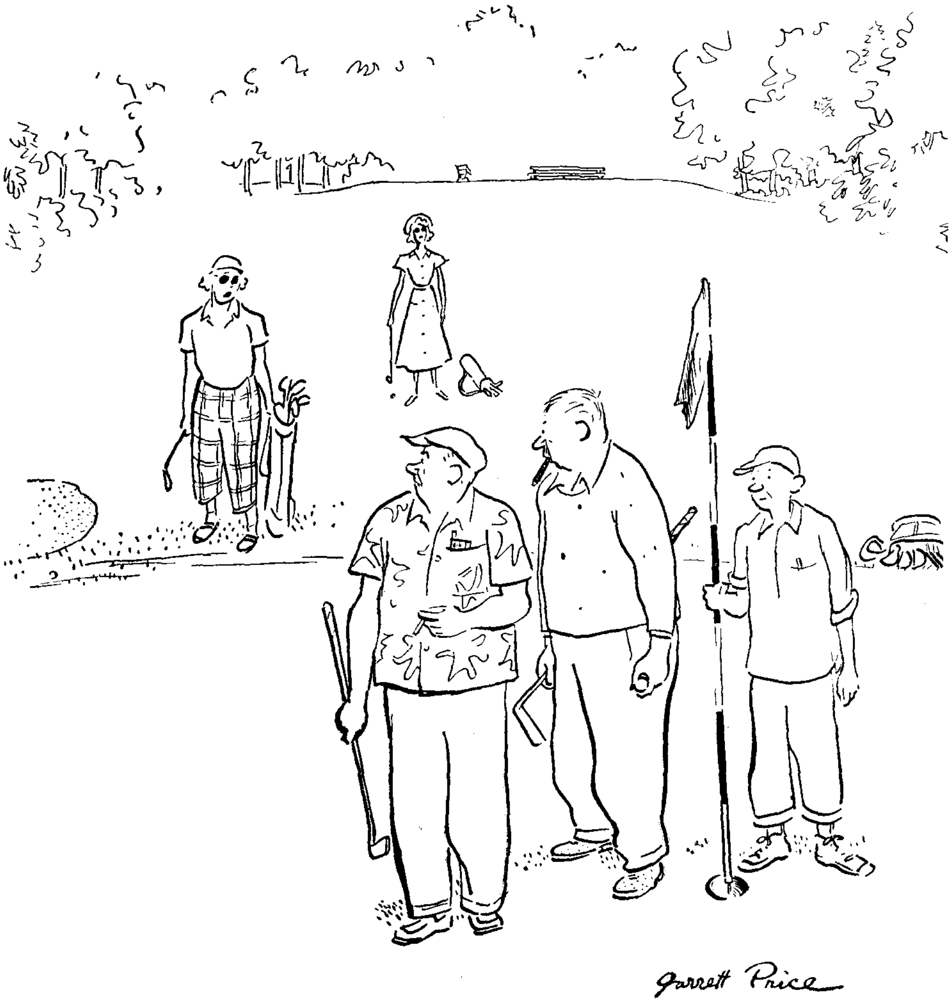
REMEMBER THEIR FACES, PUT DOWN THEIR NAMES

OF all the German underground movements working out of West Berlin on behalf of the oppressed people in Soviet Germany, the most important is made up of judges and lawyers. Offhand, one would not think of judges and lawyers as the kind of men most fitted for, or most effective at, the nasty, arduous, risky skirmishing that underground resistance requires, but when one reflects on the inbred German worship of the law, they do not seem so miscast. It is a fact that the German people, who have committed some of the most ghastly crimes in history, have more respect for the cold letter of the law than almost any other nation. Hitler knew exactly what he was doing when he surrounded himself with able jurists who could dress up in the formal language of the courtroom such shocking atrocities as the Nuremberg race "laws" and the genocide and mass-extermination decrees, and thus create around them a comforting fiction of legality. The lawyers' underground operating in West Berlin today takes advantage of this same national characteristic. Its name is Untersuchungsausschuss Freiheitlicher Juristen der Sowjetzone, which means Investigating Committee of Freedom-Minded Jurists in the Soviet Zone.

When I was in West Berlin recently, I was able to make an appointment with the Committee's chairman, Dr. Theo Friedenau. (His identity is no secret; the Russians know all about him.) I went to see him one morning at the Committee's headquarters—a big villa in the suburban district of Zehlendorf, in the American sector. It is one of those ugly, respectable-looking houses that Berlin industrialists and bank directors of the Kaiser's era thought elegant and cozy. The broad, tree-lined avenues and well-kept gardens of the neighborhood reminded me of the prosperous sections of Westchester. Beside the garden gate was a small, simple shield bearing the words "JURISTISCHER UNTERSUCHUNGSAUSSCHUSS." I walked on up to the front door of the villa and rang the bell. A peephole was uncovered, an eye peered at me, the door was opened, and I found myself in a small anteroom, facing an armed, impassive guard. I told him I had an appointment with Dr. Friedenau. The guard summoned a second man, who X-rayed me with his eyes, escorted me to a big, panelled room, which the vanished owner of the house had presumably thought of as a distinguished and opulent salon and which now resembled the reception room of a dental clinic, and asked me to wait. Twenty-five or thirty men and women were sitting in the room. Most of them were wearing shabby, patched clothes and shoes with run-down heels, and on the faces of many was the furtive and apprehensive expression that marks the inhabitants of Soviet Germany, even in the sanctuary of West Berlin. On the walls were posters warning the people not to talk about their problems. Every once in a while, a door at the far end of the room would open and a man would call out a number—"A-15" or "B-7" or some such—and one of the waiting people would glance at a slip of paper in his hand, get up, and walk through the door.

I sat down on a bench next to a severe-looking little old man wearing a stiff collar and old-fashioned pince-nez, who moved aside to make space for me. In a few minutes, a man came in and asked me to follow him. He led me to the next floor, through an anteroom, and into a private office decorated with cheerful curtains and flowers. Behind a big desk was Dr. Friedenau. He is a tall, energetic man in his early forties, with a pale face, long sideburns, and an alert look. If he was disturbed by the fact that the Russians, only a few minutes away from his office by car, have put a price of several million East marks on his head, he didn't show it. He had the air of a man who is immune to worry. As a concession to security, he had, I knew, sent his wife and child to West Germany, and he was certainly well guarded. He asked me to sit down and looked at me expectantly. I plunged right in and asked him where and how his Committee had started.

Dr. Friedenau leaned back in his chair



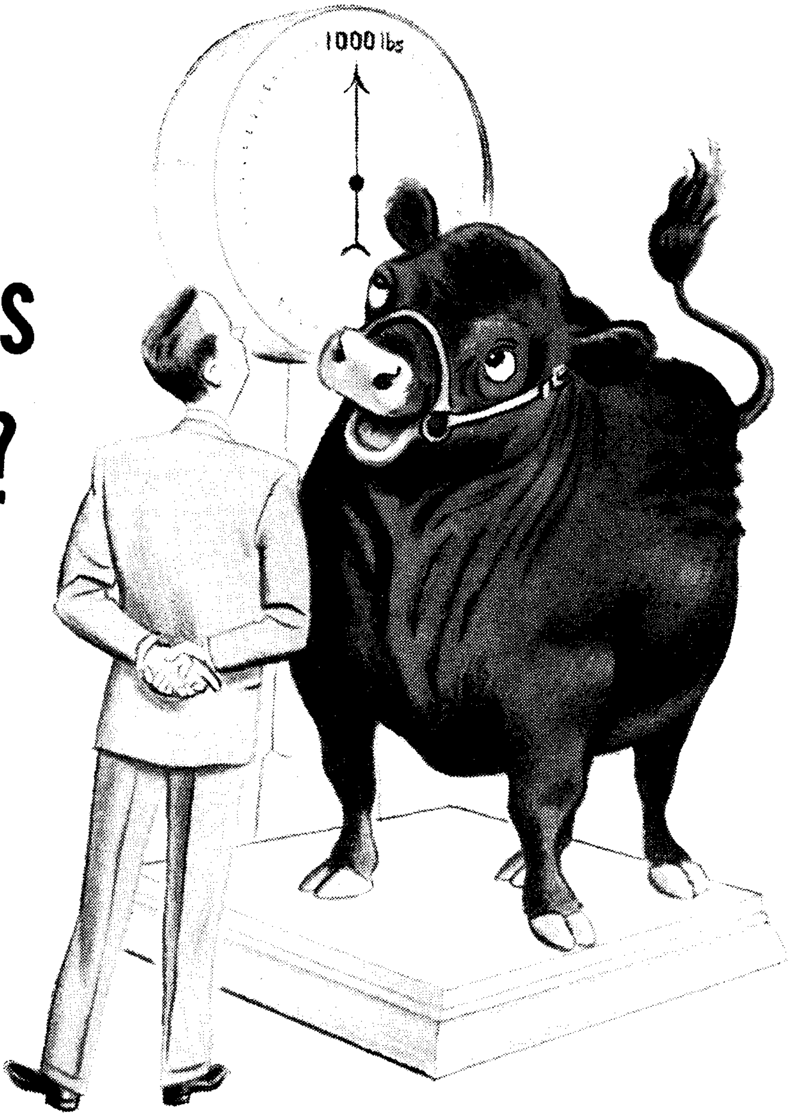
"I'm sorry we shot before you were through putting, but we've always landed in the woods before."

How many pounds are sirloin steak?

☐ 250 lbs.

☐ 150 lbs.

☐ 50 lbs.



Sirloin on a plate comes as thick as you want it and as big as your appetite (or your pocketbook).

Sirloin on a steer comes surrounded by hamburger, chuck, stewing beef and a lot of other cuts. The meat packer has to buy them all. And sell them all, too.

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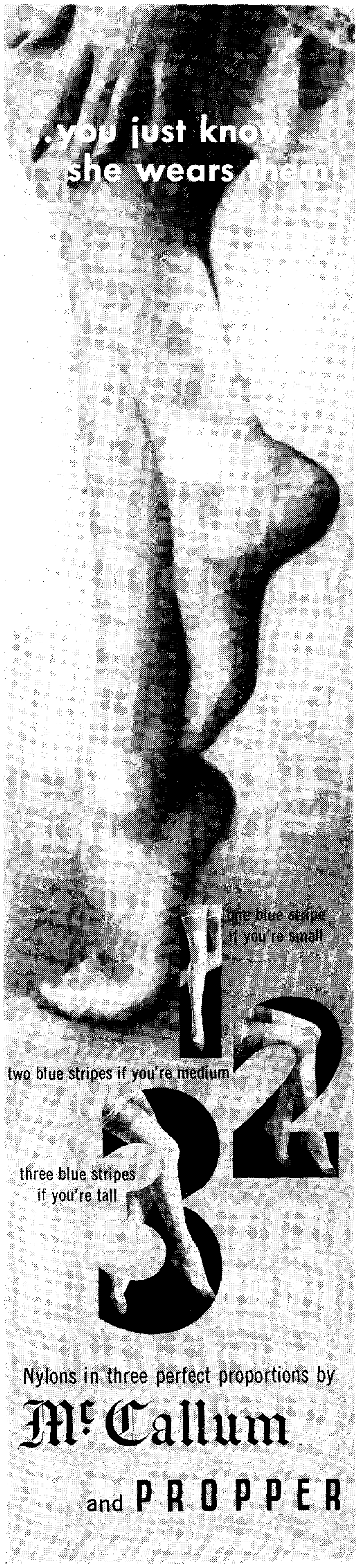
and looked thoughtfully out over the gardens of Zehlendorf. "In the summer of 1944, I was arrested by the Gestapo," he said. "I had been mixed up—in a very subordinate capacity—with the assassination attempt on Hitler. They put me in jail for six months. Naturally, I had been in jails before, as a defense counsel visiting clients, but it was a new and frightening experience to be in a cell of my own. I began to talk with some of the guards. Not one of them, I found, had *any* idea that he might someday be held responsible for his actions. They all had the same alibi—they were little men and only did what they were ordered to do. When I explained to them that under the law beating a man to death is murder even when it's done on orders from higher authority, they were incredulous at first. Then they began to get apprehensive. I think it was right then that the idea behind this Committee first flashed through my mind. If all the Nazis, big and small, had been aware that their power might one day collapse and that they, as individuals, might have to pay for their crimes, a lot of those crimes would very likely never have been committed. After my release, I talked my theory over with several of my lawyer friends and found that they agreed with me. At the end of the war, I went back to my law practice in Thuringia and Brandenburg, in the Soviet Zone. Being in daily contact with courts and government officials, I had a chance to get a good look at the new order. It was pretty appalling. The old Nazi system of terror was being continued under another name. There was the same Party dictatorship of trade unions, the same corruption of education, the same exploitation of labor—all for the benefit of the people, of course. Hatred was required, fear was taught. Denouncing neighbors was again a public virtue. The Russian M.V.D. had the same operational structure as Himmler's old Gestapo, the same job of destroying 'internal enemies.' It ran the same old concentration camps—Torgau, Sachsenhausen, Buchenwald, Bautzen, Fünfeichen, Mühlberg, Hohenschönhausen, Jamlitz, Weesow. More than a hundred and eighty thousand people were imprisoned in them between 1945 and 1950. Half of them died there. Buchenwald, pride of the Gestapo, had become Buchenwald, pride of the Russian Secret Police. M.V.D. men were working with the German police on all levels. The stool pigeons and undercover agents were the same dirty little creatures that had worked for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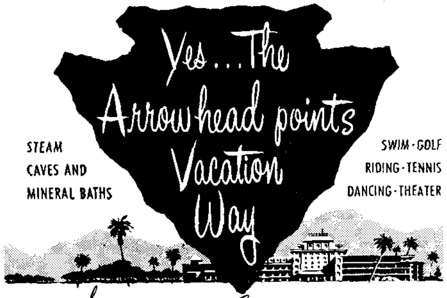
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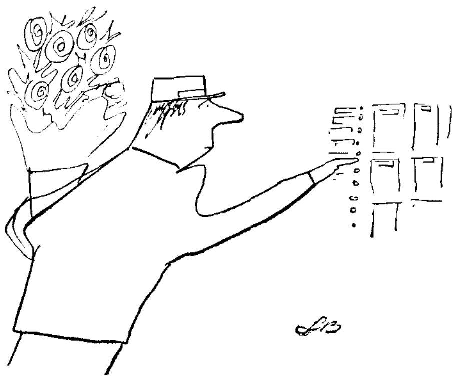
Himmler's outfit. I became obsessed with the idea of trying to convince the lesser cogs in the big wheel that they would someday have to pay for their crimes. And I thought it would be useful to collect and file away data and names of witnesses of crimes that *were* committed. My friends again agreed. It was dangerous, but it would be worth a try, they thought. There was a vast reservoir of resistance among all sections of the population. Everybody hated the Russians."

In 1948, Dr. Friedenau, at his own expense, had a leaflet printed and distributed all through the Soviet Zone. It was headed "*Widerstand! Ein Wort an die Unterdrückten der Ostzone!*" ("Resistance! A Word to the Oppressed of the East Zone!"), and was addressed to judges and prosecutors, to public officials, and to workers and farmers. They were warned not to participate in criminal acts, requested to note down any crime committed, and urged to keep an eye on the criminals. "Remember their faces, put down their names, investigate their backgrounds, get witnesses, and, above all, assemble the facts," the leaflet said. The reaction to the leaflet was so tremendous that Dr. Friedenau and his friends decided to set up an organization to collect detailed information on crimes and criminals. The Committee had its first, secret headquarters somewhere in the East Zone. In 1949, it moved to West Berlin, where it could operate more freely. The Committee's original aim was strictly legalistic; it concerned itself only with the investigation of cases of actual criminality. (More recently, it has expanded into other spheres.) In the beginning, Friedenau relied for his information on a few associates in various towns and cities in East Germany, who came to Berlin to make their reports. Today, one jurist out of every four in Soviet Germany is an associate of the Committee. More than a thousand men throughout the East Zone, all law graduates, supply the Com-



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mittee with data. The Committee's associates have infiltrated such secret German Communist bodies as the State Security Service (S.S.D.) and the Central Control Commission. Also among the associates are managers of nationalized industries, directors of enterprises taken over by the Soviet economic trust, mayors of cities, bureau chiefs of the Finance Service, police officers, district attorneys, and judges. At least one of Friedenau's associates sits in on the highest East German government meetings. Six have been elected members of the East German Parliament; they ran for office with the consent of the Committee. Quite a few are members of the S.E.D., the Socialist Unity Party, which is what the Communist Party in East Germany calls itself. (If an associate is asked to join the Party, he must get permission from the Committee before doing so.)

These facts, having been made widely known in the East Zone, have planted suspicion and distrust in Party circles. Dr. Friedenau is highly pleased with the psychological results. "It must be nerve-racking for the Party bosses to stare at each other at a meeting, knowing that there is *some*body among them who will report everything they do to our Committee," he said. "We are still a long way from our ultimate political aim, which is the isolation of the leaders from the masses, but we have made good progress toward it since we really got going on our campaign in October, 1949. Someday, I hope, the situation will get so tough for them over there that they'll have real trouble keeping the complicated machinery of their administration running. The top leaders—the Piecks, the Grotewohls, the Ulbrichts—have irrevocably cast their lot with the Soviets, for better or for worse, and can't be intimidated. But the second-level leaders, who are in power today and know they may be purged tomorrow—they're the ones we can intimidate. Even a blindly obedient Party robot knows what happened to equally obedient Party robots suspected of Titoism or any of the other isms. And the list of deviations grows every day." Dr. Friedenau ran through some of them for me: objectivism, the effort of the individual to determine the truth for himself; revisionism, the belief that Socialism can be attained without a violent class struggle; practicalism, the paying of too much attention to everyday tasks and too little to the ideological meaning behind them; cosmopolitanism, the entertaining of friendly and tolerant notions toward the West; opportunism, the attempt to achieve results without using the scientific methods of Stalinism; sectarianism, a too narrow-minded devotion to Marxist ideology; scholasticism, the teaching of facts without relating them to the worldwide struggle against Western imperialist warmongering; and conciliationism, the hope that ultimate victory can be reached by compromise with the West. "The Party people over there know that the West Berlin authorities have arrested several German Communists on the basis of our investigations when they had occasion to cross over into this sector," Friedenau went on. "That's started them worrying. Suppose they fall from grace tomorrow and *have* to seek refuge in West Berlin or West Germany to save their lives? A lot of Communist stooges think twice these days before carrying out orders that would clearly implicate them as co-criminals."

THE Committee has an excellent security record. Only three associates have been caught, and one of them was rescued. No associate knows who the others are. Each man has a cover name. Messages and reports are sent by hand in code to the Berlin headquarters, where the names of all associates are kept in a closely guarded file. Friedenau believes that many associates have joined not for political reasons but because of their deep feeling for the preservation of law and order. Among his men are some sincere theoretical Communists who have been disillusioned by the way Communism is being practiced in East Germany. There are also former Nazis—*Kleine Parteigenossen*, or "little Party members." The thousand associates are assisted by more than three thousand fieldworkers, who carry messages, put up posters, distribute leaflets, and perform all the tough, dirty, anonymous chores that daily resistance against a powerful enemy requires. Some fieldworkers have been caught, and most of these have not been heard from again. But since they did not know the identity of more than one or two of their fellow-workers, they couldn't have given much information, even under what Friedenau calls "extreme pressure." Of those caught, a few discovered that they had mysterious friends in the police or in the courts, and were able to escape or were given surprisingly lenient sentences. Friedenau thinks that there may be some double agents in his organization—people who work for both the Communists and the Committee—but he is convinced that sooner or later they will be tracked down, for their reports won't check with others.

"I have made it quite clear to everyone on the Committee from the beginning that our aim is to fight political crimes, not political beliefs," Friedenau said to me. "We don't attack a man because he is a Communist; we attack him because he is a Communist *criminal.* I believe the big mistake of the Western denazification program was lumping together actual criminals and people who had committed no crime but had merely followed the Nazi line of *Weltanschauung.* The German people would have approved of the punishment of brutal criminals. They know that a man guilty of torture and murder must be punished. But when the Western Allies started to prosecute men merely because they had been members of an organization, the Germans, with their inverted mania for legality, began to show sympathy for even the brutal criminals, and the whole thing became a farce."

I asked Dr. Friedenau what procedure his Committee followed when a criminal case was brought to its attention. "First, we investigate—thoroughly. Then, if the facts warrant, we draw up an indictment—a complete legal indictment, perfect in every detail except that it lacks the stamp of an issuing court. But there is something you should know. The laws we issue our indictments under are *East* German laws. That way, no criminal we are attacking can pass it all off by saying that he is being charged under laws that don't govern him—that were maybe even invented for the purpose. After all, premeditated murder is just as much an offense in East Germany as anywhere else—on the books, at least." The Committee, Dr. Friedenau told me, keeps two big files, a *Beurteilungskartei* (File of Facts) and a *Belastetenkartei* (File of Accused Persons). If a consultation of the two files indicates that there are legal grounds for proceedings against an individual, a regular *Ermittelungsverfahren,* or investigation, is undertaken, in strict accordance with East German law. The Committee acts like the staff of a prosecuting attorney. The only difference in the legal formalities is that the accused person is not called in to testify before an indictment is issued. "The Committee won't issue an indictment that isn't surefire," Dr. Friedenau said. "There are six thousand names in our File of Accused Persons, but so far we have indicted only a hundred and twenty of them. We want

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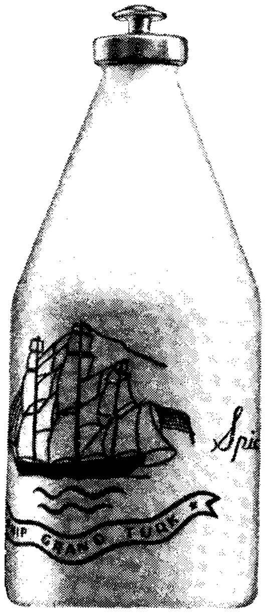

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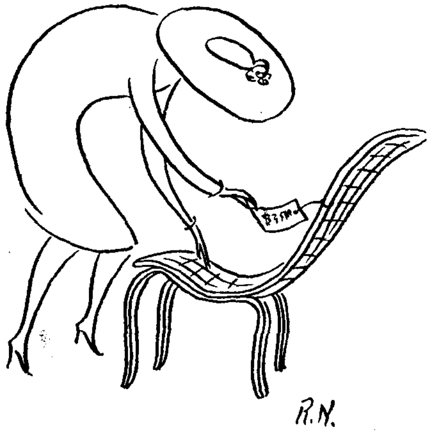
to be absolutely certain each time. The Communist press over there is just waiting for us to make a slip. We were very pleased when the courts of West Berlin began to use our findings as semi-official material for their own proceedings."

Not surprisingly, no court in Soviet Germany has yet tried a man on the basis of an indictment issued by the Committee, but there is evidence that the men indicted are getting quite nervous over the Committee's investigations. Dr. Friedenau showed me the file of evidence against Johannes Dieckmann, the Minister of Justice for Saxony and president of the Saxony Volkskammer, and a copy of his indictment. Dieckmann, according to the charges, committed crimes against humanity by his harsh treatment of the civilian population between 1948 and 1950, violating Article II, Law No. 10, of the Allied Control Council (Russia was a member) of December 20, 1945. In at least two instances, he used his official position, in defiance of further quoted statutes, to force subordinates to commit crimes. He issued a secret order that "economic criminals" must never be released from jail on account of sickness and that any who had already been released for this reason must be rearrested immediately, and he threatened to have any judge or prosecutor who disobeyed his order arraigned before a Soviet military tribunal. Finally, he threatened to revoke the licenses of lawyers and notaries who would not join the National Front and the Society for German-Soviet Friendship. The indictment listed the evidence, and specified the articles of the East German laws that had been violated. At the bottom was a separate paragraph: "The accused is requested to answer to the indictment within four weeks. The residents of the Soviet Zone are requested to submit their comment. All information will be treated confidentially. The names of persons giving information



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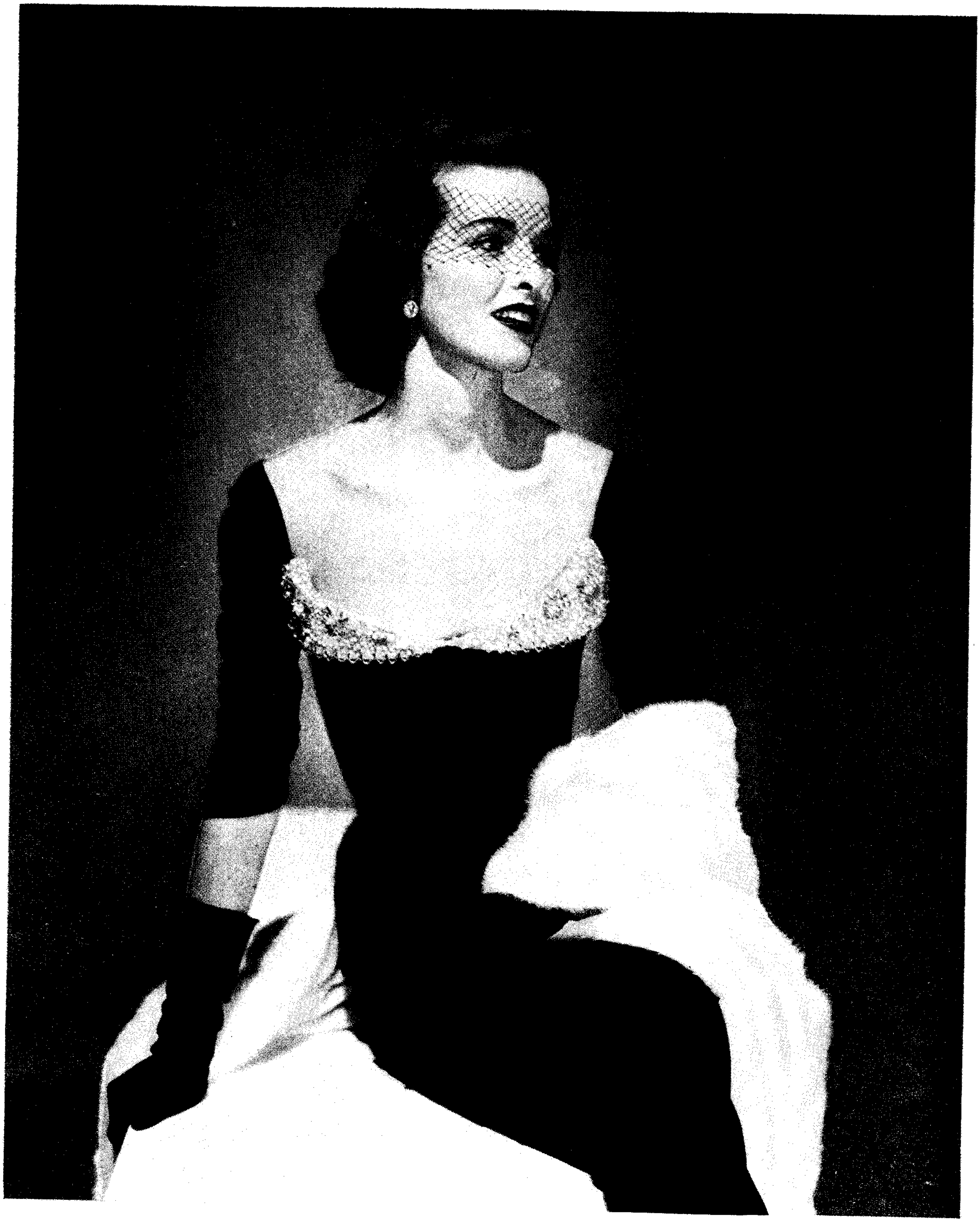

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will remain secret. All information will be used with the utmost care, so that the informant cannot possibly be traced."

"We print thousands of copies of each indictment in pamphlets and on posters and distribute them all over the Soviet Zone," Dr. Friedenau said. "We mail other copies direct to all members of the East German government, to court officials, and to the police, making them look like personal letters, bills, invitations to concerts, and so on, to be sure they get into the hands of the people they're addressed to. We figure that not only the accused but everybody guilty of similar crimes will be frightened when they read these indictments. Dieckmann really lost his head when he saw his. He instantly ordered his police to seize all copies, and announced that mere possession of one would be punished by a twenty-five-year jail sentence. During the night, however, he must have changed his mind, for the next morning he called off the search and cancelled his secret order against economic criminals. We also published an indictment against Dr. Hans Loch, Finance Minister of East Germany, who forced the mayor of Apolda to resign by threatening to have him arrested by the Soviet Secret Police; who sent District Court Judge Schallock to jail because he happened to be a political enemy; and who had a judge arrested for refusing to obey his orders. And there was the case of Fritz Lange, Lord Mayor of Brandenburg-an-der-Havel and chief of the Central Control Commission, which is a sort of economic Gestapo. Lange confiscated personal property, including furniture and jewelry, for himself. When the owners objected, Lange had them arrested by the M.V.D. His specialty is expropriation of industrial firms 'for the benefit of the people,' after accusing the owners of antisocial statements. When Lange read the indictment against him, he reacted in a way typical of the legalistic German mind. He didn't deny the charges; he merely objected that the indictment had not been properly delivered to him, in accordance with German court procedure. We know from our associates that several of his subordinates, after reading the indictment, hurriedly sent back furniture and other property they had confiscated for themselves." Other prominent East Germans under indictment are Fritz Selbmann, the East German Minister of Industry, who is accused of hijacking half a million marks' worth of textiles; Bernhard Bechler, former Minister of the Interior for

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• 24 WEST 57 •

Brandenburg, who is accused of sending his first wife to a Soviet concentration camp and having her declared legally dead, of putting people in jail without arrest warrants, and of falsifying election results; and General of the Police Ricard Staimer, the son-in-law of President Wilhelm Pieck, who is accused of confiscating a shipment of silverware and keeping it.

"The worst business we have come across was the secret *Schnellprozesse* [summary trials] in Waldheim, Saxony, last year," Dr. Friedenau said. "Between April 21st and July 1st, thirty-five hundred people were sentenced to prison terms ranging from six to twenty-five years, on the usual manufactured charges. A few were even executed. The shortest trial lasted fourteen minutes, the longest forty-five. The arraignments were written up, at the rate of more than a hundred a day, by seventeen-year-old students in the Criminal Police School in Arnsdorf. We indicted forty-one people's prosecutors and people's judges—none of whom had had any legal training—for their part in the trials. Two of them came to this office to plead for clemency, and three sent relatives on the same mission." Dr. Friedenau went over to the window and stared out. "We do what we can," he said, "and we will go on. One can't forget that those thirty-five hundred people—and so many others like them—are still in jail. Infamous, infamous! It's exactly as Orwell said: 'The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power.' "

DR. FRIEDENAU suggested that we listen in on some of the interviews being conducted in the building. The people I had seen in the waiting room, he said, were residents of the East Zone who had come to make a complaint, to convey information, to ask for legal advice they couldn't get in the Soviet Zone (where a lawyer must be very careful about counselling a client), or to ask for material help. (The Committee supports the families of many political prisoners.) Last year, more than twenty thousand visitors showed up at the Committee's headquarters. Most of them had got the address from somebody in the Soviet Zone. In the beginning, Dr. Friedenau did the greater part of the interviewing himself, aided by two or three associates, but now there are thirty staff members who listen to people all day long and in the evening collate what they have found out. The staff members are paid from funds the Committee gets from the government of West Berlin and from the Ministry for All-German Affairs, in Bonn. The associates and fieldworkers are unpaid volunteers. The headquarters interviewers are all law graduates and have spent most of their adult life in eastern Germany as lawyers or judges; each of them is intimately familiar with the situation in a certain part of the country. If a visitor comes from Potsdam, for example, he is sent to a specialist on Potsdam, who cannot easily be fooled about what is going on there; furthermore, his statement is checked back with the Committee's thirty associates in Potsdam. "One person may be wrong," Dr. Friedenau said. "Thirty people aren't likely to be."

Dr. Friedenau took me by the arm and led me to the stairs. "Most of the members of our staff know what it means to have trouble with the S.S.D. and the M.V.D.," he said as we climbed to the third floor. "They know that sick feeling in the pit of the stomach when the doorbell rings at night. Nothing you can read or hear ever equals the real-life experience." He opened the door of a small office at the top of the stairs. A man behind a desk was listening to the man with pince-nez whom I had seen in the waiting room. "The factory is now producing sheet metal," the old fellow was saying. "But if you ask me, the next step will be the production of armor plate. We sell our sheet metal for less than it costs us to produce it. The factory is losing eighty thousand marks a week. Who cares? It's a nationalized outfit, isn't it?"

"Let's forget about the possibility of armor plate and stick to the facts," said the man behind the desk, in a brisk and businesslike manner. "How many workers are there in the factory now?"

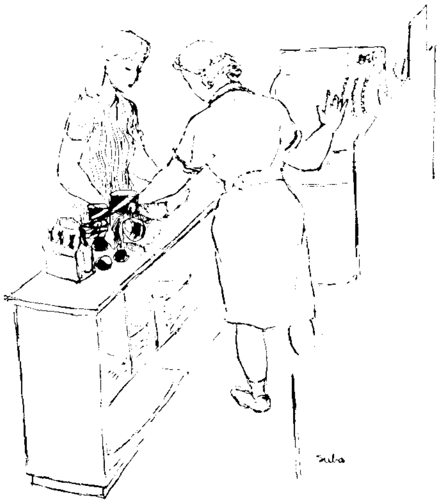
"Two hundred and twenty. And ninety apprentices. The most unproductive system I've come up against in my thirty-two years in the business."

Dr. Friedenau signalled to me, and we left. "Such bits of economic information sometimes help fill us in on the general picture," he said. He stopped at another door. "Let's go in here." In this office, a gray-haired man was sitting rigidly on the edge of a chair in front of the interviewer's desk. Beside him stood an elderly woman, holding his hat and gloves in her hands. She had been crying. Dr. Friedenau introduced me to Dr. R., the interviewer, a suave, relaxed man, who told us that two months before, the old couple's eighteen-year-old son had been sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Bautzen Prison for making an anti-social statement. "Yesterday, the parents received a letter from the boy," said Dr. R., and showed us a sheet of paper that had been written on in pencil. Several words and sentences had been blacked out by the prison authorities. Dr. R. took a small pocket mirror out of a drawer and settled back in his chair, so that the light fell obliquely on the letter. He turned the letter over and held the mirror to the reverse side. The impression made by the boy's pencil showed up faintly. Dr. R. scrutinized the parts that had been blacked out, and then started to read aloud slowly. " 'Please—send me a—cap. Also' "—he shook his head and bent closer—" 'gloves.' Yes, gloves."

"He must be miserable," said the woman aimlessly. The man was unable to say anything. They were both hanging on Dr. R.'s words. It was very quiet in the room. I thought of how long twenty years is.

Dr. R. put the letter down. "Now, about the cap and gloves," he said. "He's not allowed to have them—why, I can't say. He is allowed to receive one package a month, which may contain either food or laundry, but not both. If you put in something they don't allow, like the cap or the gloves, the boy may lose the privilege of receiving packages for the next six months. I don't think it would be wise to take that chance."

The old couple thanked Dr. R. and left. "We're getting quite a lot of stuff on Bautzen," Dr. R. said to us, studying the next file on his desk. "Here's another Bautzen case. Man sentenced by Soviet military tribunal, under Paragraph 58 of Soviet military law, for hostile acts against the U.S.S.R. Tough. They



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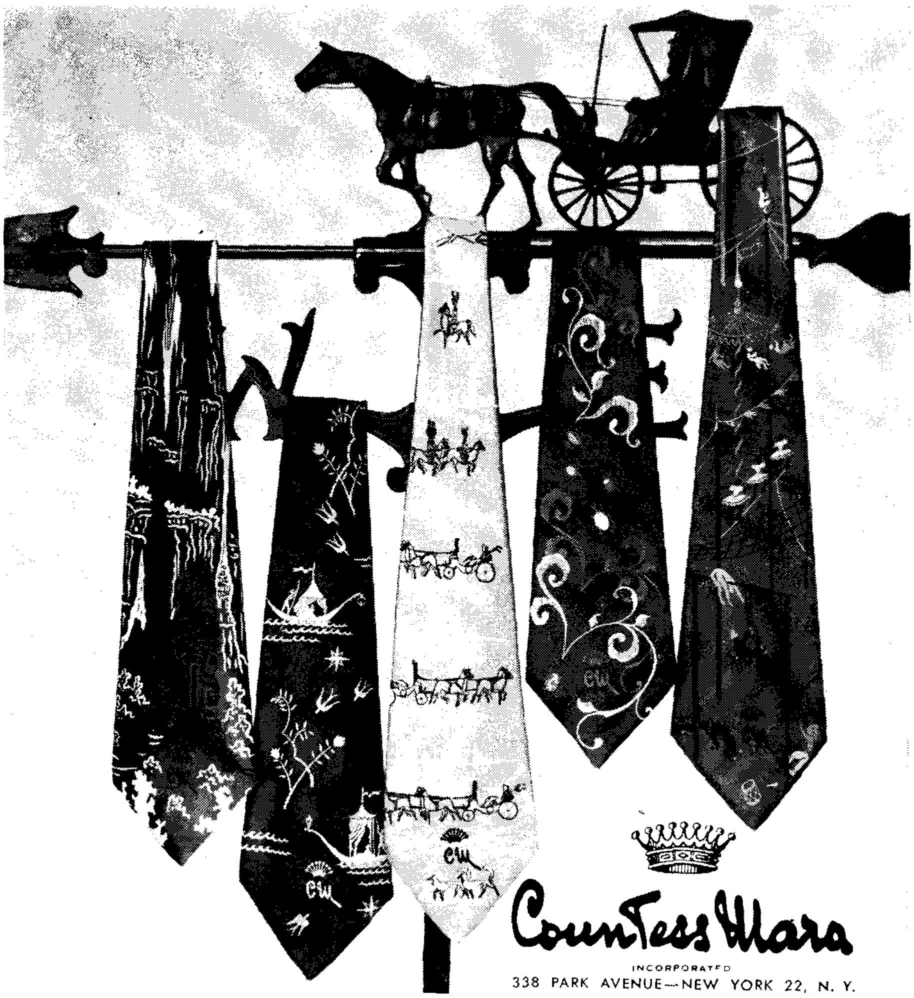
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rarely release such people." He picked up his phone and said, "Send up C-9." In a few minutes, a blond, gray-faced, undernourished-looking woman came in and sat down on the chair. She was carrying a shabby bag with a few apples in it. "My husband sits in Bautzen for twenty-five years," she said slowly. Her voice was dispirited. It was hard to imagine that she had ever smiled in her life. "He wrote me that he needs a pair of glasses. I know what kind, but I haven't got the money. We are refugees from East Prussia. I heard about you and I thought . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"What was your husband sentenced for?" asked Dr. R., still reading the file before him.

"He was painting 'F's on walls for the Fighting Group Against Inhumanity," she said. (The Fighting Group is another active underground organization, with headquarters in West Berlin. The letter "F" stands for *Freiheit*, freedom, and has become the symbol of resistance in East Germany.) "He was with another man when a cop of the People's Police came along. The other man lost his head and ran. They caught my husband with the paintbrush in his pocket. . . ." Again her voice trailed off.

Dr. R. nodded, still reading. The woman's information apparently checked with the file. "You'll get the money for the glasses," he said, looking up at last. "And we'll send you some money for yourself every month, and a kilo of pork." He picked up his phone again and made another house call. The woman hardly seemed to have heard. "How about the chances of a pardon?" she asked. "They say that when a prisoner is allowed to see his wife twice, he'll be pardoned. I was there twice. One of the guards told me there will be a pardon soon."

"Every once in a while, pardons are granted, to celebrate a Soviet holiday or because the prisons are overcrowded," Dr. R. said. "But you mustn't put too much faith in what the guards say. They may mean well, but they don't know anything."

"One of them said that if I would give him some money, he would buy some little comforts for my husband," she said. "I gave him seven marks. He kept it. Never gave my husband anything."

"Petty embezzler," said Dr. R. in a matter-of-fact way. "You know the guard's name?"

"Yes," said the woman and told him. Dr. R. made a note in his file. There

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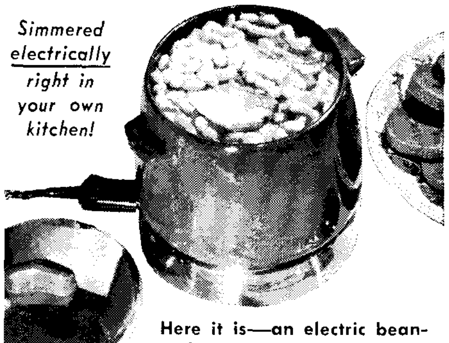

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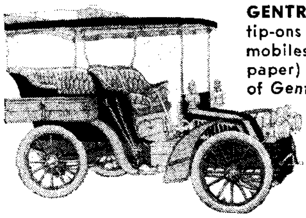

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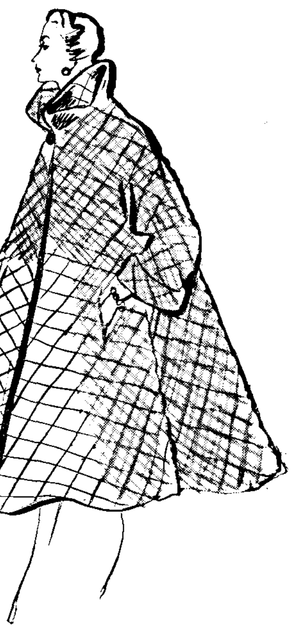

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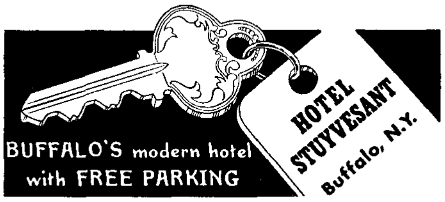

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was a knock on the door and a man came into the office, put some money on the desk, and went out. "Here are six West marks," said Dr. R. He wrote rapidly on a slip of paper and handed it to the woman. "And here's the address of a man who will give you a pair of glasses for your husband. The money for you, and the pork, will be brought to you by a Frau Erna Schmidt. Whatever Frau Schmidt brings you is from us. Don't come here any more. If you have something to report to us, tell it to Frau Schmidt." The woman thanked him and walked out, slowly and listlessly. Dr. Friedenau said that we should be leaving, too, and I shook hands with Dr. R., who was already absorbed in the next file.

Dr. Friedenau escorted me back to his office. "It's pretty discouraging when you have to listen to tragedy eight hours a day, six days a week," he said. "But at last we're beginning to accomplish something. People are getting off with lighter sentences. Police officers ask prisoners who are due to be released to report to us that they weren't so bad after all. In short, they're getting afraid of us. And we're not alone."

The Committee, he told me, is in touch with all the other underground organizations that operate in the Soviet Zone. All of them gather information about conditions there, disseminate propaganda, rescue people, and provide money and food for the families of victims of oppression. The Ost-Büro, organized by the Social Democrat Party, has helped many Socialists and trade-union members to escape from the East. The Fighting Group Against Inhumanity, led by Rainer Hildebrandt and Ernst Tillich, assembles data on concentration camps and locates prisoners. The Bureau for Cultural Aid distributes books, pamphlets, and newspapers behind the Iron Curtain. The Conference for All-German Student Affairs spreads propaganda among the students of East Germany. Other organizations are the German League for Human Rights and the Union of Persecutees of the Nazi Regime.

DR. FRIEDENAU'S Committee has broadened its scope only in the last few months. In addition to carrying on its legal work, it has been sending pamphlets and leaflets to various other sections of the East German community—students, workers, tax collectors and other civil servants, miners, and teachers. Prior to the last East German elections, letters went out to all mem-

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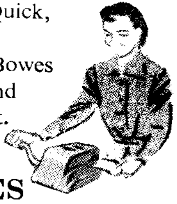

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bers of election committees, telling them that falsification of election results is a crime (Paragraph 108 of the penal code). The Committee warned the tax collectors to perform their duties within the letter of the law, whereupon the tax receipts from one province of East Germany decreased four hundred million East marks. It warned officials in the Ministry of Industry to keep their hands off personal property. It even intervened directly in two or three cases. One of these concerned the widow and heir of a Thuringian millowner. A Communist wanted her mill for himself. The usual Communist way of getting hold of a piece of property is to declare that the owner has endangered the Republic by making antisocial remarks. This particular Communist had recruited several "witnesses" who were willing to testify that the old owner had made such remarks. That the old owner couldn't have made such statements, for the simple reason that he had died before the Republic came into existence, was conveniently overlooked by both the witnesses and the court authorities during the preliminary investigation. The widow, in desperation, consulted the Committee the day before the verdict was to be handed down. Since there was no time to write the judge, Friedenau got in touch with RIAS, the United States German-language radio station, and had a warning broadcast to the witnesses, informing them that if they didn't tell the truth, their names would be added to the Committee's File of Accused Persons. The next day, all the witnesses happened to remember that the owner had died too soon to make antisocial statements about the Republic. The judge threw the case out of court and the widow kept the mill.

"Last year, we must have saved the inhabitants of the East Zone from more than a thousand years of prison," Dr. Friedenau told me. "That's only a drop in the bucket, though. During 1950, the people in Soviet Germany were sentenced to a total of sixty-three thousand and thirty-four years of imprisonment for alleged political crimes. In addition, twenty-four thousand-odd years were meted out for what they call 'economic sabotage'—refusing to hand over property to the Communists, mostly. In the same period, the courts of West Berlin imposed sentences adding up to thirty-two years seven months and seven days. There are now twenty-five thousand men and women in prison in the East Zone. We have a long way to go."

Dr. Friedenau went over to a bookcase and took down a volume. "I was reading in this last night, and I came across a passage that really startled me. Listen to this: 'Every member of the Society spies on the others, and it is his duty to inform against them. All are slaves, and equal in their slavery. To begin with, the level of education, science, and talent is lowered. Great intellects are not wanted. They have always done more harm than good. They will be banished or put to death. The one thing needed in the world is discipline. We shall make use of incredible corruption. We shall reduce all to a common denominator.' " Friedenau closed the book. "An able job of prophecy," he said. "It's Dostoevski's 'The Possessed,' and it was published in 1872."

—Joseph Wechsberg

• •

IN MEMORIAM

Hic jacet King, one of the canine Babbitts.
He died a virgin. In life he never associated
With other dogs. He had no dirty habits.
He played tag by himself, in the yard. He might have negotiated

The fence, but he never thought to. He knew what "No!" meant
(Unless the time he wolfed down Sunday's pie counts),
And he'd bark if you said to him "Speak!" at just the right moment.
His nose was lordly, his profile like a viscount's.

He never chased or bit a burglar; had he,
He'd have fretted for days about it. Kindly and affable,
He must, we think, have had a nice mummy and daddy.
When he tried to sit up on his spine like a man, he was laughable.

Wherever he happens at present to be, there's not
A dog as dumb. All of us miss him a lot.

—Trevor Williams

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stevens Delivers

"A PLACE IN THE SUN," an adaptation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," should wash away the guilt of a good many sins Hollywood has committed in its restless desire to cultivate the bubble-gum trade. As produced and directed by George Stevens, the movie is first-rate all along the line, and if perhaps the indictment of society that Dreiser was trying to draw isn't quite as trenchant here as he might have liked, the end product has a grace that was never evident in the novel. Quite a bit of credit should go to Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, who were responsible for the script, but it is to Mr. Stevens that we owe our largest debt for this most satisfactory film. He has taken as his principals a trio of actors who have never, at least in my previous acquaintance with them, demonstrated any profound dramatic talent and transformed them, through Lord knows what kind of sorcery, into deft, perceptive performers. Montgomery Clift is altogether believable in the role of the young man who finds himself saddled with a pregnant mistress just when it seems likely that he can lead a toothsome heiress to the altar. The ladies in question are played by Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor, and I tug my forelock to both of them. Until Miss Winters goes to her watery doom, she does a fine job of delineating a girl whose loneliness and dreary circumstances make her an easy victim of Mr. Clift's sweet talk, and Miss Taylor is equally impressive as the rich young lady hell-bent on formalizing a steamy partnership with the hero.

I hope I may be forgiven for discovering a worm in the bouquets I seem to be tossing around, but it did strike me that Mr. Stevens showed a regrettable tendency to introduce entirely too many closeups of Miss Taylor and Mr. Clift. They are fine-looking people, all right, but when the camera takes you in for a view of their sebaceous glands, it does seem to be overdoing things a trifle. With that out of the way, I can say that among the worth-while things about "A Place in the Sun" are a laudable attention to detail—the houses of the wealthy, for instance, look pleasantly opulent and never West Coast Monumental—and photography with a clarity that is very easy on the eye. With Mr. Stevens supplying the pictures and Mr. Dreiser the melodrama, this movie is certainly something for you to see.

"PICKUP" is a film that is said to be based on a Czechoslovakian novel by Joseph Kopta. Be that as it may, it has a blurred resemblance to Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" and James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice." As in those works, we have an elderly soul who takes a young wife and soon finds himself being cuckolded by a handsome juvenile. The ancient in this version works for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and, possibly from listening to too many whistles, he presently goes deaf. He doesn't remain in this sad state long, though, for he is lucky enough to be knocked down by an automobile, thereby receiving such a rewarding crack on the head that his eardrums begin to function again. By making a secret of the fact that he can hear, our man is able to listen to his wife and her paramour plotting to do him in. I gather that this sort of thing is all the rage out there on the arid stretches of Route 66, but I'm afraid these tawdry triangles are no more appealing to me than the melodies on the juke boxes that serve as outlets for the characters' artistic yearnings. Anyhow, this one winds up happily when our hero says bad cess to his beloved and settles down with a dog. Whether dogs are better than women as companions is a proposition I refuse to argue.

Among those figuring in "Pickup" are Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels, and Allan Nixon. Miss Michaels chews gum more noisily than any other heroine I have ever come across, and Mr. Nixon keeps the wave in his hair throughout the most trying circumstances. Mr. Haas, as the old beau, is bearable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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[From the Times]

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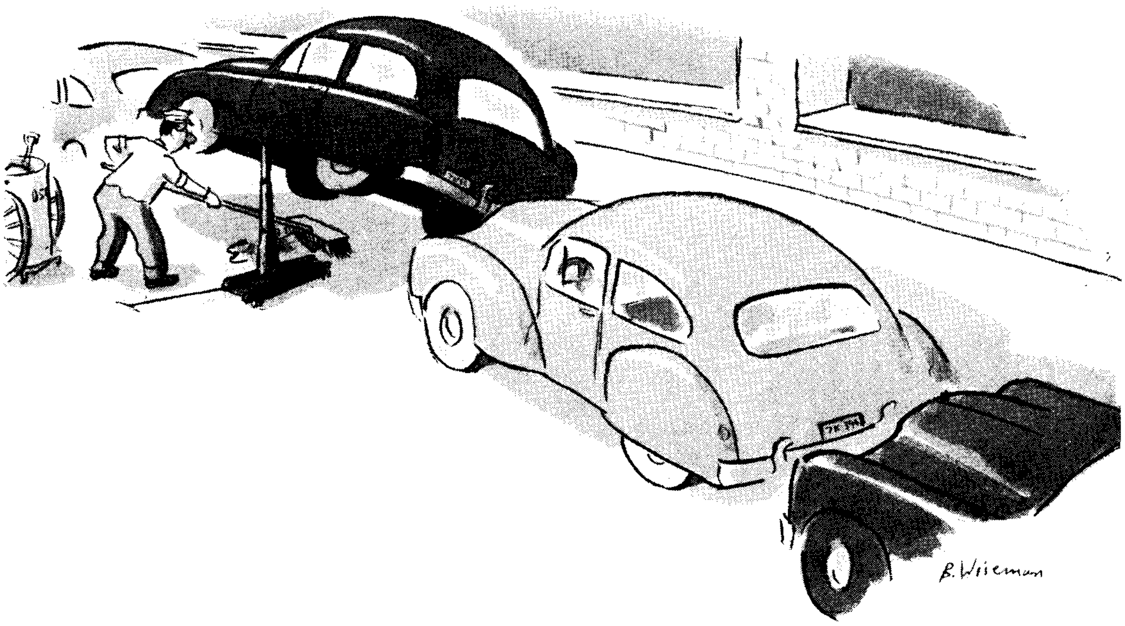
BOOKS

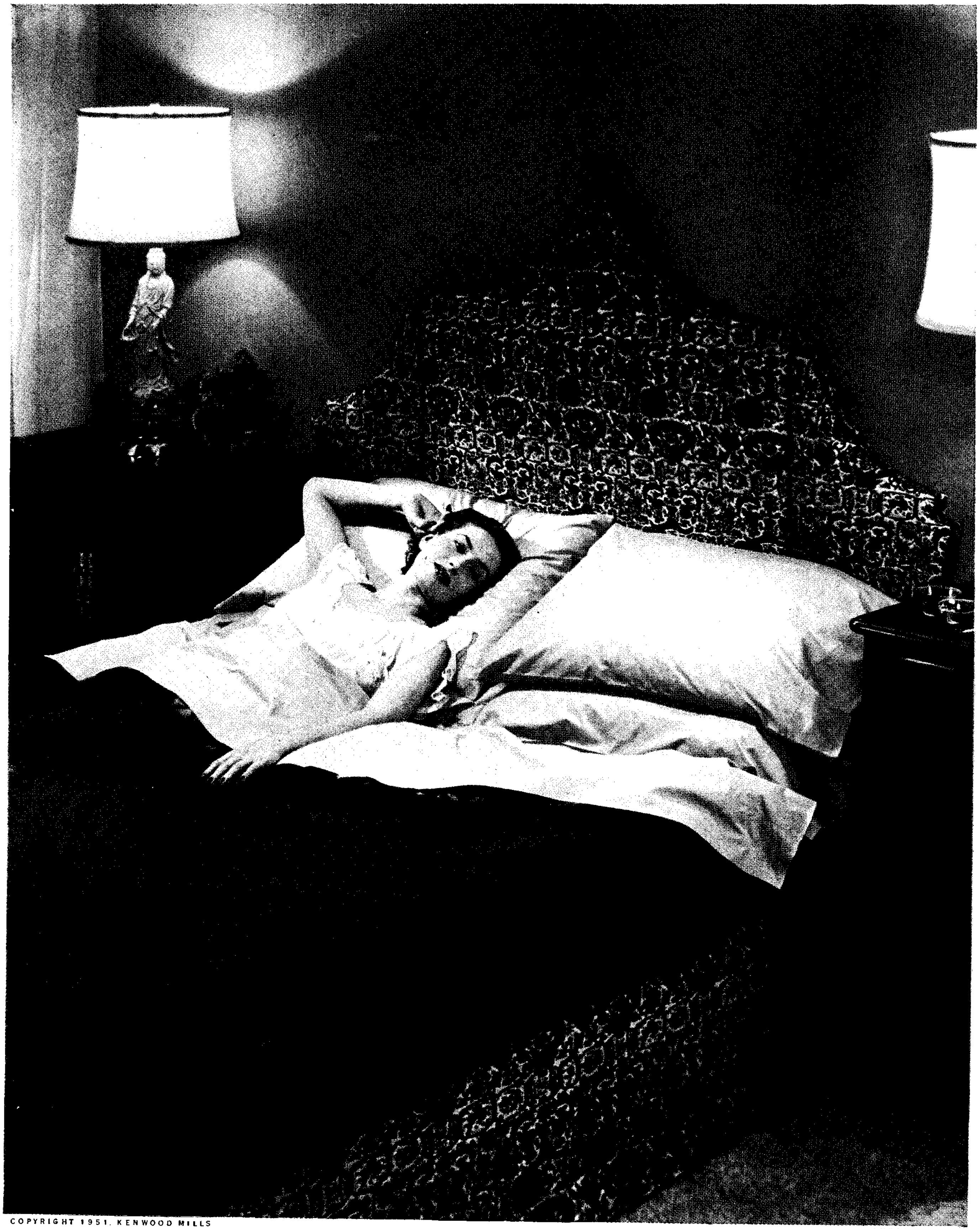
A Lost Generation

“THE UNWANTED” (Scribner) is by Dante Arfelli, an Italian writer in his thirtieth year, whose work has not been published in this country before. Though the novel is uneven, in places faltering and uncertain, and consistently dismal, it is a remarkably convincing one. The reader's initial feeling that here are dingy people in a dingy situation soon disappears; there is a power in the writing that lifts the very ordinary characters and their affairs into the world of tragedy. The essence of tragedy is that it cannot be about ordinary people or situations; it has to be about people large enough to challenge the natural order and determined enough to put up a fight against it. Arfelli has brought off a considerable tour de force in investing a story of people broken from the first and without will to do more than endure defeat with the dignity of tragedy. What does the trick, and makes the book's gloom tolerable, is that it is a virile lament, like “The Flowers of the Forest” and “The Battle of Maldon;” it is an expression of grief, but grief without loss of courage and without any grovelling appeal for sympathy. It is a journey through the emotional landscape of hunger, want, and frustration that Norman Mailer attempted to explore in “Barbary Shore.” But while Mailer seemed to be a tourist consumed by guilt at not being himself one of the ill-used sufferers, Arfelli has the natural dignity of the permanent inhabitants who know that tears and moonings for sympathy are beside the point.

The story is about the destruction of dreams of happiness by realities, an extremely moving account of what Italy's defeat meant to that younger Italian generation whose whole lives had been lived under Fascism. The feeling behind it is not like that in such postwar Italian writing as Carlo Levi's “The Watch,” since Levi speaks for an older generation, consciously political and with all their hopes outside Fascism, for whom its triumph was one kind of blighting disappointment and its collapse under external attack another. Arfelli's generation grew up in the intellectual twilight of the regime, with all their hopes invested in its success and endurance, carefully shielded from alternative sources of hope. It is decorous liberal thinking to assume that life under a tyranny must be unbearable for all concerned, but as a matter of fact the young—provided they were neither intellectually inclined nor the children of some persecuted scapegoat minority—had a very good time under Fascism. The reason is not far to seek: Seductions, if they are to be successful, have to be entertaining and agreeable, and Mussolini's regime was trying its best to raise a generation that would be Fascist by consent. (The type figure of one kind of nastiness has changed with the times in a somewhat Marxist way—yesterday's paunchy bourgeois seducer, laying traps for servant girls, shopgirls, and secretaries, has been replaced by the sun-bronzed youth organizer luring another innocence to a worse betrayal.) Apart from the bread-and-circus aspects of the Fascist seductive process, the lavish financing of youth organizations, athletic programs, and so forth, there was a serious propaganda line, more beguiling and in the long run more effective. This gave the young the constant assurance that they were precious to the State, that it needed them, would give them exciting and stimulating things to do, and would never make them feel unwanted and at a loss in an indifferent and unfriendly world. It was a con game, but an exceptionally skillfully managed one; a generation heir only to a hideous overpopulation problem, the exhaustion of natural resources, and bankruptcy grew up under the impression that they lived in a Mediterranean Texas, a wonderland of unlimited possibilities, in which life was bound to be a satisfying adventure. They matured to a disillusionment so great that it is hard to imagine it from outside. It is as if the graduating classes of the first three years of the thirties in this country had been faced not with a depression but with a revelation of what life in America was to be for the rest of their lives, and for any period that could be foreseen. The book brilliantly describes such a confrontation in terms of personal experience.

Arfelli's hero, Luca, is a young man who comes to Rome from the provinces to look for a job. He has worked hard, in the hope of acquiring the qualifications of a professional man or a technician. His education is only half complete, so all he can hope for is an inferior clerical post. He has introductions to a prelate and a politician and hopes of a clerkship in some government office, but there are so many young men in his situation, and every bureau is overburdened with brothers, sons, cousins, and nephews of officeholders. There is no chance of getting a place on merit;





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it all depends on pull, and Luca has no pull. He lives in a cheap rooming house, waiting for a break in the round of rejections before his money runs out, and in his loneliness he drifts into a lacklustre affair with a prostitute who lives in the building. She has only one dream and one hope—that if she can escape from Italy and get to South America there will be a promise and possibility in life. She is trying desperately to raise the money for the fare and for a stake to give her a fresh start in the new country, and prostitution seems the only way of getting it fast enough for her to fulfill her ambition before her youth is gone. Her one extravagance, and the one thing that sustains her dream, is a weekly Spanish lesson. Through her, by way of one of her patrons, Luca gets work at last as a payroll clerk for a contractor.

Neither the situation nor the people seem very interesting, but Arfelli nevertheless makes his story fascinating. The boy's slow recognition that his ambitious attack on Rome is not to succeed and that his whole life is to be a waste of his gifts and talents is described with a sympathy, remote from sentimentality, that is stirring and oddly gripping. The boy arrives at his desolating discovery before the girl arrives at hers, and Arfelli achieves something altogether unusual in his account of their relationship as it develops thereafter. Luca watches her long fight against admitting that she will never raise the fare to dreamland with a tenderness that literature rarely makes credible. The girl is ready to love, and capable of it. Love is the only thing that could possibly save her, and Luca is incapable of it. It is an exceptional study of the inadequacy of kindness when love is wanted. In the end, the girl kills herself, driven out of life by lovelessness and by the facts of her situation. She has only one vestige of happiness—the thought that her savings will be of some use to Luca, who has lost his job. Luca is left alone, a man who has had all the luck he is ever going to have, a man with a bleak future. The book, though it cannot be recommended to anyone who does not wish to be disturbed and disquieted, is a remarkable demonstration of the powers of a promising young writer.

"THE FACE OF INNOCENCE" (Harcourt, Brace) is a new departure by a writer of already proven talent. William Sansom has so far written about a highly individual, almost private vision of life; it is as if he had

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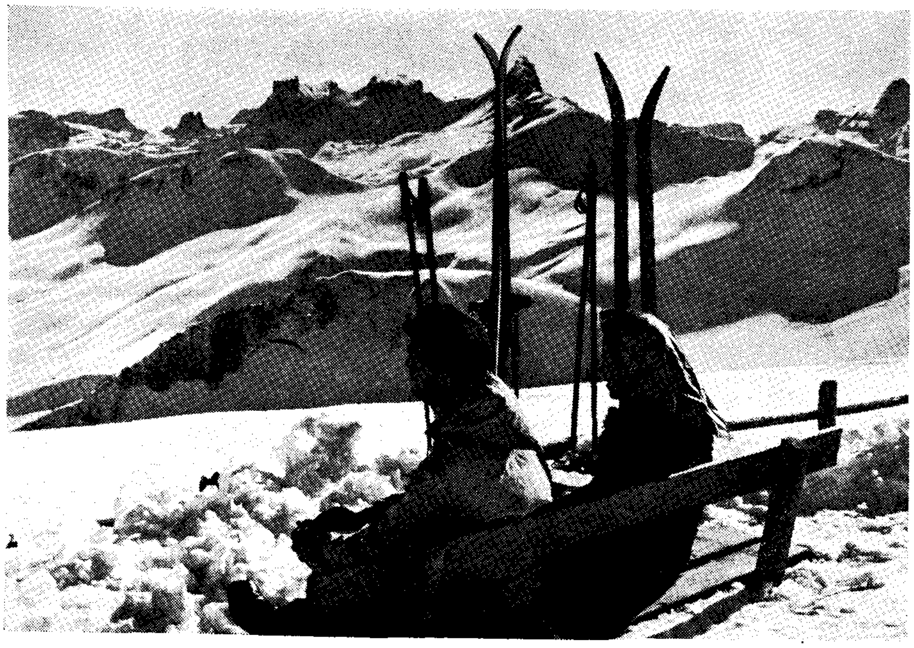

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fulfilled the child's dream of being three inches high and able to walk through the field grass, seeing the commonplace herbs transformed into a fantastic jungle. Most of his work has been dominated by the poetic lyricism of an entirely fresh and uncorrupted eye focussed on the familiar—seeing the side of a house, its hallway, the vest of the man who lives in it, and the light fixture on its stairway, as if such things had never been seen before. His novel "The Body" was an astonishing treatment of the optics of jealousy, a story almost entirely developed in terms of things seen rather than things heard or felt. His new novel develops largely through conversation, and the poetic vision survives in only a few passages, though in all its crystalline and limpid beauty. (There is, among other things, a description of lovers on a beach that might have been written by an ant of unusually acute sensibility.) What takes its place is a gay, if somewhat acid, humor, a tone of light mockery.

The story is about a lovely congenital liar who marries the man who is the narrator's oldest friend. The husband and the sympathetic friend explore the girl's fantasy life with a shocked Calvinist love of truth-telling and slowly strip her of all her nonexistent adventures and affairs until nothing but her complete ordinariness is left. As she feels them closing in on her, she concocts more bizarre, more unlikely, and more easily detectable romancings. Finally, pushed into a corner, she crosses the line between fantasy and reality, and, with no lies left to fall back on, gets herself a real lover and has a child by him. She persuades her husband that it is his, but not the oldest friend, who has watched the whole affair. Now that she has a real, dangerous lie—a keg of nitroglycerin in the basement—to live with, the pursuit of the truth has become far too perilous a game; she has won her right to go on telling her unimportant lies. Sansom has good, lighthearted fun with the absurd situations of the story, its upside-down morality, and the nice balance between physical desire and intellectual repulsion in the narrator's feeling for the dishonest lady. There is a pleasant edge—approaching satire—to it when the three chief characters go to the south of France and Tunis for a tense and unwise holiday; seldom has the discomfort and unease of a particular kind of British traveller been better drawn. Mr. Sansom's new manner has created something odd and enjoyable, a combination of emotional penetration and

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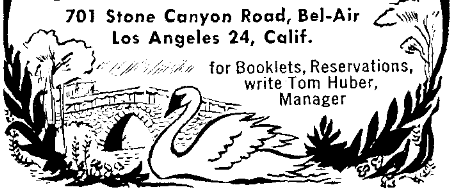

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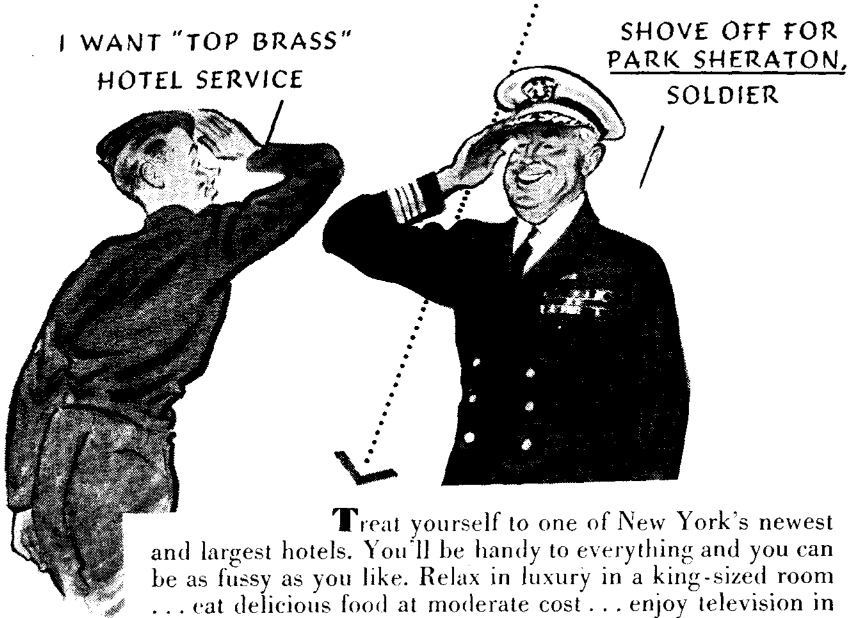
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Camilla Dickinson, by Madeleine L'Engle (Simon & Schuster). Camilla, a fifteen-year-old New Yorker, very pretty and rich, tells about her mother's brief flurry with an amorous Frenchman, and describes her own adolescent skirmish with a young boy named Frank. As the book closes, both affairs have come to an end. The natural chasm existing between the girl and her loving but unhappy parents is suggested with great skill and balance, but Camilla remains a fortunate person, and pleasant to read about, because it is obvious that her path is laid in relatively safe ways and that nothing disastrous is likely to happen to her.

The Rough and the Smooth, by Robin Maugham (Harcourt, Brace). Pat Doyne, an innocent-looking young English girl who is really the soul of badness, picks up a budding lawyer named Mike Thompson and ensnares him with no trouble at all, because, besides being imperceptive and inexperienced, he is also something of a reformer, and hopes to make her change her way of life. In the end, of course, he goes down, damaged but not destroyed, and she continues on her way, wealthier by a few hundred pounds and not in the least improved. Neither the girl nor the lawyer has much life, which is a pity, because the story depends on their relationship. Mr. Maugham writes in a stilted and incredulous tone, appearing to be far more affected by the conduct of his characters than any of his readers are likely to be.

The Picture Window, by Josephine Lawrence (Morrow). An inspirational guidebook, in novel form, for young people who want to get married but have parents or other dependents on their hands. Why not all live together, Miss Lawrence asks. Her heroine, Bonnie, returns from an eight-day honeymoon to tackle a house containing, besides her husband, her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and her father and brother. She not only runs the house singlehanded and cooks a big dinner every night but keeps her job at the office. Miss Lawrence's style is chatty but stern, and her book provides informative reading of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20TH MERIDIAN, by Robert Travers (Norton). In essence, this is the story of a very appealing young man, a merchant seaman called Johnny, who grows up considerably in the course of a wartime voyage in convoy from England to America. In an effort to keep things humming every instant, however, Mr. Travers has tossed a good many complicating factors into his story—an enemy attack, a violent storm, a dipsomaniac mate intrusted with a cargo of whiskey, and a quarrelsome crew. With all this going on about him, Johnny is pretty well swamped, even at the climactic moment of his young life, and his shipmates, although well and tersely drawn, are subordinated to all the creaking, banging, and general dashing around.

GENERAL

DIZZY, by Hesketh Pearson (Harper). A high-spirited tour through the life of Benjamin Disraeli by an author who has written a succession of books on British wits, and has become very good at this sort of thing. Attention is focussed mainly on Disraeli's personality, which made him, as Mr. Pearson says, "the most attractive figure in English politics." The author has helped himself liberally from the vast storehouse of Monypenny and Buckle's six-volume biography, and has drawn upon the subject's unfortunate novels for what they reveal about him. (Dizzy was almost invariably the thinly disguised hero of his romances.) The political theme is muted, or as muted as it can be in a book about Disraeli, but there is enough history to keep the reader aware of what was going on. Disraeli was, of course, one of the most controversial figures of his time, but Mr. Pearson, like Queen Victoria, finds him a very sympathetic and engaging man, and there is no doubt whose side the author is on as the old disputes are rehashed. A delightful, if not very profound, book. Illustrated.

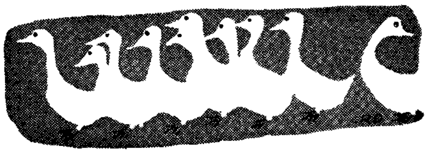
THE PAVILION, by Stark Young (Scribner). An affectionate retrospective glance at the Deep South of the eighties and nineties. Mr. Young grew up among plantation people in and around the towns of Como and Oxford, in Mississippi, and he is now of the opinion that their mode of living, despite its shortcomings, was far more valuable to him educationally than was his somewhat perfunctory early schooling, since it enabled him later on to hold his own in far more cosmopolitan circles, both here and abroad. Although this memoir contains glimpses of the latter phase of Mr. Young's career, it is mostly concerned with his kinfolk, who were both multitudinous and unfailingly picturesque; with the Wagnerian doings of the Negroes he came in contact with; and with his introduction, at the state university, to a now outmoded type of higher education, founded chiefly on the classics and, he feels, far superior to the type of learning currently dispensed.

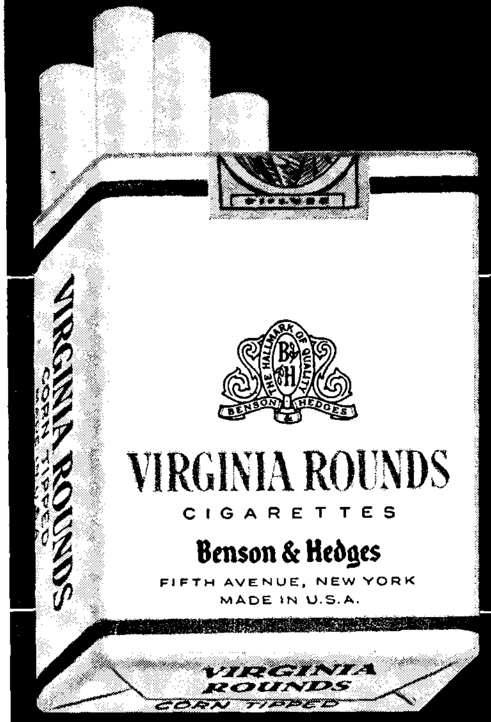
THE BIG SHOW, by Pierre Clostermann (Random House). This book is subtitled "Some Experiences of a French Fighter Pilot in the R.A.F.," and is based on a journal kept by the author during World War II. M. Clostermann, who is now a member of the French National Assembly, in 1941 joined the Free French Air Force, which a year later was incorporated into the R.A.F. He flew, first in Spitfires and then in Typhoons and Tempests, four hundred and twenty sorties, and was credited with twenty-three enemy planes shot down for certain. He was heavily decorated, naturally, and was in command of a fighter wing at the end of the war. The detailed descriptions of his more spectacular missions are vivid, but they are crippled, as so much of this sort of thing always is (and in the most exciting spots), by the kind of dialogue that goes: "Hullo, Grass Seed. Brutus answering. Steering 096°. Roger out . . .," and so forth. But there is also some first-rate writing, and since the author is French and has no traditional restraint about recounting his exploits as well as his failures, there is much interesting and emotional material about the lot of an air fighter.

MY MISSION IN ISRAEL, by James G. McDonald (Simon & Schuster). An account of a mission that succeeded, written by President Truman's representative to Israel, who was promoted, in the field, to become the first United States Ambassador to that nation. Although Mr. McDonald is an admitted amateur in diplomacy, it will be remembered that he was the League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees during the early years of the Hitler terror (he was one of the first Americans to whom Hitler spoke of his cherished plan for wiping out world Jewry); he consequently went to Tel Aviv well equipped with a knowledge of and sympathy for Jewish problems. He did not have an easy time of it; he had trouble with our State Department, with the Pope, with Ernest Bevin, with the Arabs, and, at times, with Jewish leaders. He had a great deal of trouble over the assassination of Count Bernadotte, but he weathered all storms, and in this book he writes modestly and interestingly of his adventures in the infant state.

White Collar, by C. Wright Mills (Oxford). An anatomy of the twentieth-century American middle class, which, as Mr. Mills describes it, is composed of white-collar workers, from managers and idea men to salesgirls and clerks, who have no property and nothing to sell but their aptitudes and personalities. Mr. Mills, a Columbia University sociologist who has plainly studied his Marx, Veblen, and Max Weber, paints, on the whole, a very depressing picture of this stratum. He sees it as a vast and growing class of "little people" who have no real roots, who are alienated from their work and from their true selves (because they must conform to a prescribed personality to be marketable), who are politically apathetic, and who, as general education becomes more widespread and the value of the trained employee goes down commensurately, are doomed to ever increasing disappointments. This is, of course, a very large subject, and it often gets out of Mr. Mills' hands, especially when it comes to keeping his middle class within the somewhat arbitrary bounds of his definition. Still, it is a serious study and an original approach to an undeniable problem.

Collector's Progress, by Wilmarth Lewis (Knopf). The story of the amassing of a unique collection of works, letters, and possessions of Horace Walpole—who was a sort of one-man eighteenth century—as well as of books about him. The collection is now in the author's library, at Farmington, Connecticut, and is





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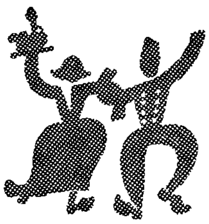

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destined eventually to be incorporated in the Yale Library, at New Haven. Mr. Lewis has spent twenty-five years assembling this hoard of Walpoliana, and he writes about his tireless searching into odd corners of the Western World with enthusiasm, humor, and urbanity. The book is illustrated with prints and photographs of Walpole's Gothic mansion, Strawberry Hill, and of some of the treasures in the Lewis collection.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY JAMES, SR., by Frederic Harold Young (Bookman Associates). A study of the theological and philosophical thought of the father of William and Henry James—a man in many ways as remarkable as his sons. Dr. Young hews pretty close to the line of his title, and the reader is treated to little straight biography. As intellectual history, however, the exposition of James's spiritual doctrine, or doctrines, is very good, even though at times the going is difficult. James, whose doctrines Ralph Barton Perry once described as "Calvinistic anti-Calvinist," was a foe of dogma and of theological protocol; it was his misfortune that few people were interested enough to take up the gauntlets he was forever hurling down. Nineteenth-century America, it would seem, had its mind on other things. Although it would be an oversimplification to sum up his philosophy as the doctrine that man creates God in his own image, it was something akin to that and, as such, was anticipatory of much of our more enlightened religious thinking. Portraits.

SCATTERGUNNING, by Ray P. Holland (Knopf). A well-stocked volume on the pursuit of all fowl, from railbirds to wild turkey, customarily brought down by shotgun in this country. The author, one of our more experienced and articulate sportsmen, includes a lot of sound pointers on such corollary items as how to choose guns and dogs, how to hang game, rules of hunting decorum, and so on.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEFENDER'S TRIUMPH, by Edgar Lustgarten (Scribner). Mr. Lustgarten, the English lawyer whose "Verdict in Dispute" (1950) was a really brilliant exercise in crime reporting, has got together another fine collection of famous trials, again all for murder. As before, the emphasis is on the technique of various celebrated lawyers, all of whom somehow succeeded in getting ac-

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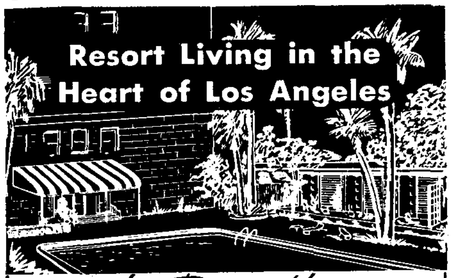

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quittals for clients whose guilt was apparently beyond question. The four defendants involved are Adelaide Bartlett, who was charged with chloroforming her husband; Robert Wood, whose behavior toward a prostitute known as Phyllis Dimmock was suspicious, to put it in the most favorable possible light; Elvira Barney, a very doubtful ornament of Mayfair society, who was mixed up in a struggle over a gun, in the course of which her paramour died; and Tony Mancini, a London gutter rat, who carted his mistress's body around in a trunk, an eccentricity that struck the authorities as rather unusual conduct for an innocent man. Their attorneys were, respectively, Edward Clarke, Edward Marshall Hall, Patrick Hastings, and Norman Birkett, and the art of cross-examination in their hands obviously came very close to genius. In its special field, one of the most entertaining and impressive books of the year.

The Dark Road, by Clifford Knight (Dutton). People keep telling John Woodruff that his cousin Martin isn't quite like other young men, and might easily be a dangerous character to have running around loose, but since the pair have grown up together, John doesn't pay much attention to them. As a result of his obstinacy, Martin's obsession (it has something to do with taking his cousin's place as the heir to a million and a half dollars) is allowed to go on unchecked. Mr. Knight's study of a mind for which reality has long since ceased to exist is a nice, chilly piece of work, and his plotting is orderly and well sustained. A commendable entry in the psychopathic division.

A Shroud for Grandmama, by Douglas Ashe (Scribner). Another one about a wealthy, aged recluse found dead under highly suspicious circumstances. This old lady is dressed in a Bikini bathing suit, was apparently on the verge of starvation, and had been poisoned. Her favorite granddaughter, a young girl who affects Victorian clothes and behavior, and a magazine editor who has more than an academic interest in the crime help the police to draw startling conclusions from such clues as a waltzing poltergeist, a red wig that turns out to be nonexistent, and a cylinder of helium. Intricate and perhaps a bit overwritten, but a legitimate enough puzzle.

By-Line for Murder, by Andrew Garve (Harper). This British im-

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port is concerned with a mad reporter and his attempt to wipe out practically the entire staff of the *Morning Call*, all of whom have annoyed him in one way or another. The reader is introduced to the murderer almost at once, but his colleagues and the police are less fortunate, and one successful poisoning and two near misses are recorded before Scotland Yard gets its man. Mr. Garve hasn't provided much in the way of suspense, but his action is lively and his picture of the unearthly leisureliness of English journalism has its own charm.

THE UNDER DOG AND OTHER STORIES, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). The title novelette and the eight short stories that complete this collection were all turned out at about the time that Miss Christie wrote "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" and employed Hercule Poirot to solve it. The plotting is fully up to the author's present standards (it would take a remarkably alert reader to single out the murderer before the last page in each story), the style is brisk and ladylike, and nearly all the people involved, with the exception of M. Poirot, a few servants, and two or three persons connected with the police, are prominent members of a vanished society. Reading Miss Christie is likely to remind you of the hammocks of long-ago summers, but that may not be so bad, all things considered.

•

Editor—Do you notice that there aren't as many stars in the sky as there used to be? I wonder why it is. The sky used to be covered with the stars.

MRS. JANE MURFY
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Damned if it didn't!

•

Mrs. John Heilman greeted her trash and garbage yesterday with a smile and a pitcher of lemonade in a popular ritual designed, according to sanitation chief William P. Fannon, to make them feel they "are part of the community."—*Baltimore Sun.*

As if they didn't know.

•

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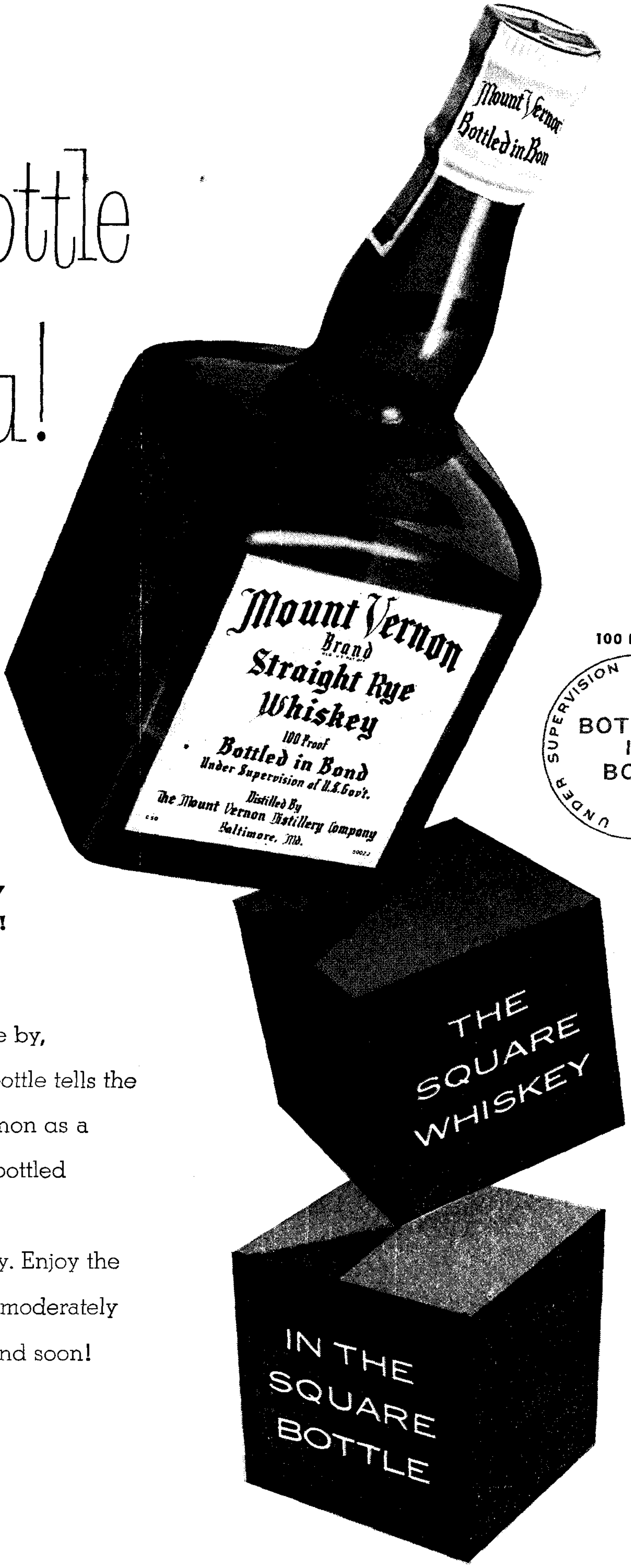
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